











THE  
JUVENILE SPEAKER;

COMPRISING

ELEMENTARY RULES

AND

EXERCISES IN DECLAMATION,

WITH

A SELECTION OF PIECES FOR PRACTICE.

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*The three principal Lines of Gesture.*

21



DESCENDING.



HORIZONTAL.



ASCENDING.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE author of the following manual, when engaged, as he occasionally is, in teaching classes in *schools*, has felt, in common with others, the want of a book of regular instruction in declamation, adapted to juvenile speakers.\* For, although there are, already, before the public, several collections of *pieces*, designed for young classes, there are none which furnish a systematic course of *rules* and *directions*, to guide the learner in the management of the voice and the practice of gesture.

The plan of the following work, is designed to present, 1st, the most important elements of elocution, as they apply to the practice of boys in *declamation*; 2d, to facilitate the reduction of every principle to immediate practice, by introducing one or more appropriate *examples* designed as *exercises*; 3d, to present the primary rules of feeling and of taste, which apply to the practice of *gesture*, as comprehending *attitude* and *action*; 4th, to furnish young speakers with a supply of *pieces*, from which to select matter for a more extended application of the rules of elocution, or for their customary school exercises in speaking.

The compiler of the present volume, would not under-rate any of the works already in use, whether as treatises on elocution, or selections of pieces for declamation. His

\* Students at *academies* and *colleges* are sufficiently provided with elocutionary aids, in the volume entitled, "The American Elocutionist," and in that on "Orthophony,"—prepared by Mr. William Russell, or in similar volumes by other writers. The intention of the author of the present work, is to furnish a corresponding text-book on *declamation*, for *younger* speakers.

wish is merely to secure the convenience of a work embodying his own system of instruction.\* He will feel gratified, if, at the same time, he may thus facilitate the labors of other teachers who are desirous of receiving the aid of a text-book containing rules and principles along with examples. The pupil's progress may, in this way, be rendered systematic and definite; and the instruction which he receives, may be rendered more effectual, by assuming a permanent form, for reference and practice. A work of this description was indispensable to the author, as a class-book for his own pupils, and he has endeavored to make it serviceable to all teachers who, either regularly or occasionally, give instruction in declamation.

The American School Reader and Speaker, and the Introduction to the same, by Messrs. John Goldsbury and William Russell, are,—so far as the author can judge,—the best books of their kind, for the general purposes of school instruction in elocution,—combining rules for reading and pieces for practice. The present volume differs from these in two respects: it furnishes *rules and examples adapted exclusively* to the exercise of *speaking*, and extended to the departments of *attitude* and *gesture*. The pieces, also, which the book contains, are intended, exclusively, for practice in *recitation or declamation*. The author does not wish that this work should supersede any of a more general character, as regards the rules of elocution, or the selection of pieces. His sole intention is to provide a book which boys will find useful, as a guide

\* The reference above is not made as claiming originality of method. The author would acknowledge himself indebted, for whatever merit his system possesses, to the elaborate theory of Dr. Rush, in his *Philosophy of the Human Voice*,—to the personal instructions, also, of Mr. James E. Murdoch, while that gentleman was engaged in the business of training the vocal organs, for the practice of public speaking, and to the superintendence and directions of the compiler's father, Mr. William Russell, whose modes of instruction are developed in his various works on the subject of elocution.

in their usual weekly or monthly school exercises in speaking.

The directions for *the cultivation of the voice*, which are contained in the following pages, will, it is hoped, be found of essential service to the pupil. By a few weeks' diligent practice on the exercises, he will be enabled to secure a healthy expansion of the chest, a firm, round, and full tone of voice, and a distinct articulation, all which are indispensable to effective elocution.

A considerable space, in the following pages, has been assigned to a plain statement of the main principles of *gesture*, as they apply to juvenile exercises in declamation and recitation. This much-neglected branch of practical oratory, deserves particular attention during the period of education. It is one for which boys possess a peculiar aptitude, and one, also, in which the early formation of correct habit, is of unspeakable value, to all whose duties, in subsequent life, render impressive speaking an important attainment.





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THE

# JUVENILE SPEAKER.

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## PART I.

### PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

---

#### LESSON I.

##### PREPARATORY TRAINING.

##### *Proper Attitude\* for Practice of Vocal Exercises.*

THE proper attitude for the practice of exercises designed to cultivate the voice, requires attention to the following directions for firm, easy, and graceful position: Advance the *right* foot, about a hand's breadth from the left. Let the *left* limb be *straight*, so as to give *firm* support to the body; but let the *right* knee *bend* a little, so as to keep the attitude *easy*; and, for the same purpose, let the toes point moderately outward—not straight forward. When practising exercises designed for strengthening the vocal organs, the arms should be placed akimbo, with the elbows thrown back as far as possible, so as to open the chest. The shoulders should be held back and down—the head, perfectly erect.

The pupil will perhaps ask, "Why all this attention to position?" The answer is, that the weight of the body cannot rest easily, if planted upon both feet, equally. This position is, for the purposes of speech, stiff and awkward. We bend the knee, therefore, of one limb, and throw the weight of the body on the other. This posture gives us an easy and unconstrained attitude, without which the breath cannot be drawn freely and fully, and, consequently, the voice cannot sound clear. The arms are placed akimbo, and the shoulders held back and down,

\* The teacher can never be too attentive to this preliminary point. The weak and imperfect voices which boys so often betray in their declamation, are mainly caused by the faulty habit of imperfect breathing, owing to wrong positions of the body. An erect attitude, an open chest, and full breath, are all indispensable to full voice, and easy, energetic speaking.

to keep the chest open, to secure a full supply of breath, and to make the voice ring in the chest and head, and thus give it a true and full sound. If the head is allowed to droop, and the chest to sink, it partly shuts up the organs, and so prevents the sound of the voice from coming forth clearly. But when the head is held erect, and the chest is raised and expanded, the organs are freely opened, and the voice fully let out.

### *Exercises in Breathing.*

To prepare the organs for full efforts of voice, it is important to acquire the habit of full and deep breathing; as public speaking demands a much stronger voice, and, consequently, a larger supply of breath, than private reading or conversation. Before commencing the subsequent exercises, therefore, let the pupil practise the following modes of respiration:

1st. Draw in the breath very slowly and fully, till the chest is completely expanded, and the lungs are fully distended. Repeat this three times, with strict attention to the proper attitude.

2d. Let out the breath very slowly and sparingly, making the issue of the breath last as long as possible. Repeat, as before.

3d. After drawing in the breath, as before, send it out, with energy, in the style of a long-drawn, whispered cough. Repeat, as before.

4th. Expel the breath with a sudden, short, whispered cough. Repeat, as before.

---

## LESSON II.

### ORTHOËPY.

#### ARTICULATION.

THE pupil's attention is now to be directed to the practice of orthoëpy, comprising the following branches: 1st. *Articulation*, which regards *the position and action of the organs of speech*, as creating *distinctions* in the sounds of the voice. 2d. *Enunciation*, which regards *the mode of uttering the sounds of letters and syllables*, with reference to *the exact quality and character* of each. 3d. *Pronunciation*, which regards *the sounds of letters and the accent of syllables*, as combined in *words*, according to the rules of custom, in spoken language.

The following exercises are meant to attract the pupil's attention to the exact sound of every vowel and consonant in the



language, and thus to avoid the common faults of omitting, obscuring, or slighting the sounds of letters. The prevailing carelessness of conversational usage, in our daily habits of speech, is apt to produce a corresponding faulty style in reading and declaiming. The words *moment* and *political*, for example, are, in the current negligence of conversation, corrupted into "mommunt," "politicle," and, in the still greater negligence of puerile habit, the latter is corrupted into "p'liticle."

Nothing is so effectual a guard against such tendencies, as the habit of a close and watchful attention to the exact quality and character of sound, as associated in the *ear* with the form of every letter to the *eye*. This result can be obtained only by vigorous practice on the elementary sounds and combinations of spoken language, as presented in the following or similar analytical exercises. Much time should be occupied in practising and repeating these tables; and for the care and labor thus bestowed, both teacher and pupil will be amply rewarded in the acquisitions of the latter. Nothing is more grateful to the ear of true taste, or more important to the purposes of speaking, than a distinct and finished style of enunciation, as contrasted with one which is slovenly and low. The habits of the man, in this respect, are usually laid in boyhood; and he who would be a correct and graceful speaker, must be willing to toil for acquirement by juvenile effort.

## EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

I.—*Vowels and Diphthongs—Vocal or "Tonic" Elements.\**

## SIMPLE SOUNDS.

- |                |         |
|----------------|---------|
| 1. All;†       | 7. End; |
| 2. Arm;        | 8. In;  |
| 3. An;         | 9. Air; |
| 4. Eve;        | 10. Up; |
| 5. Ooze, Look; | 11. Or; |
| 6. Err;        | 12. On. |

## COMPOUNDS.

The following elements are formed by combining two sounds, and, on that account, are called *compound* elements. *A* in *ale*, for instance, has two sounds: the sound commences with the letter *a*, and closes with a slight approach to the sound of *ee*. *I* in *ice* is a compound of *a* in *an* and *e* in *ere*.‡ *O* in *old*, of an

\* Sounds which admit of *vocal* tone.

† The teacher should have the pupil enunciate, in every instance, first, the *word*, then the *sound* of the letter in *Italic* type, *without* the word;—repeating every word and the sound of every letter, three times, with the utmost *exactness*, *clearness*, and *fullness* of sound.

‡ The broad initial sound, in this compound element, as prescribed by Walker, is now obsolete, both in England and America.

opening sound, followed by a slight approach to *oo* in *ooze*; *Ou* in *our* is compounded of *o*, as in *come*, (or *u* in *up*,) and *oo* in *ooze*; *Oi* in *oil*, of *o* in *on* and *e* in *eve*; *U* in *use*, of *e* in *eve*, and *oo* in *ooze* or *look*.

- |          |                           |
|----------|---------------------------|
| 13. Ale; | 17. Oil;                  |
| 14. Ice; | 18. Use, (the verb;) Use, |
| 15. Old; | (the noun.)               |
| 16. Our; |                           |

## II.—“*Subtonic*,”\* “*Subvocal*,” or *Semivowel Elements*.

### SIMPLE SOUNDS.

- |           |                       |
|-----------|-----------------------|
| 1. Lull;† | 10. Valve;            |
| 2. Maim;  | 11. Zone;             |
| 3. Nun;   | 12. Azure;            |
| 4. Rap;   | 13. Ye;               |
| 5. Far;   | 14. Woe;              |
| 6. Sing;  | 15. Thine;            |
| 7. Babe;  | COMPOUND of 8 and 12. |
| 8. Did;   | 16. Joy.              |
| 9. Gag;   |                       |


## III.—“*Atonic*,”‡ “*Aspirate*,” or *Mute Elements*.

### SIMPLE SOUNDS.

- |           |                      |
|-----------|----------------------|
| 1. Pipe;  | 6. He;               |
| 2. Tent;  | 7. Thin;             |
| 3. Cake;  | 8. Push;             |
| 4. Fife;  | COMPOUND of 2 and 8. |
| 5. Cease; | 9. Church.           |

### *Elements Classified by the Organs.*

The *Tonics* are all formed by the action of the *larynx*, and by various positions of the different parts of the *mouth*, which, during the utterance of every tonic element, remains *open*; while in the utterance of the *Subtonics* and *Atonics* the *mouth* is more or less *shut*, or obstructed.

 Repeat the tonic elements, and observe attentively the position and action of the organs, in articulating them.

\* So called by Dr. Rush, on account of their imperfect susceptibility of intonation, compared with the “*tonic*” elements.

† The sound of each letter is obtained by commencing the word in which the letter stands, and stopping on the first letter, and, sometimes, on the last—when the letter occurs twice in the same word.

‡ Toneless or mute elements.



I. "LABIAL" SOUNDS,—FORMED BY THE LIPS.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. <i>Babe</i> ; | 4. <i>Woe</i> ;   |
| 2. <i>Pipe</i> ; | 5. <i>Valve</i> ; |
| 3. <i>Maim</i> ; | 6. <i>Fife</i> .  |

II. "DENTAL" SOUNDS,—FORMED BY THE TONGUE AND TEETH.

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. <i>Did</i> ;   | 5. <i>Azure</i> ; |
| 2. <i>Tent</i> ;  | 6. <i>Push</i> ;  |
| 3. <i>Thin</i> ;  | 7. <i>Cease</i> ; |
| 4. <i>Thine</i> ; | 8. <i>Zone</i> .  |

COMPOUND of 1 and 5.

COMPOUND of 2 and 6.

9. *Jay*;

10. *Church*.

III. "PALATIC" SOUNDS,—FORMED BY THE TONGUE AND PALATE.

1. *C*, "hard," and *K*, as in *Cake*; 2. *G*, as in *Gag*;  
3. *Y*, as in *Ye*.

IV. "ASPIRATED" ELEMENT,—WHISPERED BREATHING.

*H*, as in *He*.

V. "NASAL" SOUNDS,—FORMED IN THE HEAD AND NOSTRILS.

1. *N*, as in *Nun*; 2. *Ng*, as in *Sing*, or *N*, as in *Ink*.

VI. "LINGUAL" SOUNDS,—FORMED BY THE TONGUE.

1. *L*, as in *Lull*; 2. *R*, as in *Rap*; 3. *R*, as in *Far*.

LESSON III.

ORTHOËPY.

ENUNCIATION.

*Combinations of Letters in Syllables.*

THE practice of enunciating, with great exactness, syllabic combinations of consonants, is the only effectual means of attaining a distinct manner of pronouncing *words*. The force of voice, in the practice of the following exercises, should be that of bold declamation. But the consonants should receive more attention, in the utterance, than the vowels. The utmost exactness should be observed in every sound.

COMBINATIONS IN INITIAL SYLLABLES.

\* *Bl*, *cl*, *fl*, *gl*, *pl*, *spl*, *sl*; as in *blame*, *clime*, *flew*, *glide*, *please*, *spleen*, *slew*.

\* The combinations in Italics to be articulated very forcibly, after pronouncing the words, and to be enunciated simultaneously by the class, after the teacher.

*Br, cr, dr, fr, gr, pr, spr, tr, str, shr*; as in *brave, cried, dread, frown, grind, pray, sprung, true, stray, shriek.*

*Sm, sn, sp, st*; as in *small, snow, spare, step.*

#### COMBINATIONS IN FINAL SYLLABLES.

*Ld, lf, lk, lm, lp, ls, lse, lt, lve*; as in *bold, hail'd, gulf, silk, elm, scalp, toils, wells, else, melt, elve.*

*M'd, ms, nd, ns, nk, nce, nt*; as in *maim'd, gleams, and, dens, bank, once, ant.*

*Rb, rd, rk, rm, rn, rse, rp, rt, rve, rb'd, rk'd, rm'd, rn'd, r'st, rv'd*; as in *barb, lord, hark, arm, urn, horse, warp, mart, carve, orb'd, mark'd, arm'd, scorn'd, dar'st serv'd.*

*Sm, s'n, sp, st, ks, ct, k'd, ft, pt, p'n, k'n, d'n, v'n, t'n*; as in *chasm, reas'n, chos'n, lisp, mast, casks, act, wak'd, oft, apt, op'n, weap'n, tak'n, ev'n, bright'n.*

*L'st, m'st, nst, rst, dst, rd'st, rm'dst, rn'dst*; as in *heal'st, arm'st, canst, worst, midst, guard'st, arm'dst, burn'dst.*

*Ble, ple, dle, rl, bl'd, dl'd, pl'd, rld*; as in *able, triple, idle, hurl, troubl'd, cradl'd, topp'l'd, world.*

*Ngs, ngst, ng'd, ng'dst*; as in *rings, singst, hang'd, wrong'dst.*

### LESSON IV.

#### ORTHOËPY.

#### PRONUNCIATION.

#### *Elements combined in Words.*

THE main points requiring attention in the following exercises are, 1. *The exact sound of every letter*; 2. *The true accent of every syllable*; the force of the utterance being as in the full style of public speaking or bold declamation.

#### EXERCISE I.—WORDS CONTAINING “TONIC” ELEMENTS.

1. *A*, as in *All*.—*All, war, law, awful, water, dawning.*
2. *A*, as in *Arm*.—*Harm, bar, mart, balm, daunt, launch.*
3. *A*, as in *An*.—*Add, band, mass, last, slant, dance.*
4. *E*, as in *Eve*.—*Theme, feel, heed, \*week, feet, deep.*
5. *Oo*, as in *Ooze*; *Oo*, as in *Look*.—*Cool, boom, moon, \*hook, hoop, boot.*
6. *E*, as in *Err*.—*Erst, serve, earth, firm, mercy, person.*
7. *E*, as in *End*.—*Elk, hence, let, bell, den, bed.*

\* The same sound shortened.

8. *I*, as in *In*.—Din, dim, bid, ill, lip, bit.
9. *A*, as in *Air*.—Bare, fare, hair, stare, barely, aware.
10. *U*, as in *Up*.—Up, bud, gum, dun, but, done.
11. *O*, as in *Or*.—Orb, born, cork, sort, form.
12. *O*, as in *On*.—On, mob, bog, rod, top, loss.
13. *A*, as in *Ale*.—Ace, day, hail, lade, make, came.
14. *I*, as in *Ice*.—Dice, bide, life, lime, file, mine.
15. *O*, as in *Old*.—Oh, go, bold, home, lone, hope.
16. *Ou*, as in *Our*.—Out, loud, how, cow, fowl, crown.
17. *Oi*, as in *Oil*.—Boil, toil, joy, coin, broil, rejoice.
18. *U*, as in *Use*, [long, as in the *verb*,—short, as in the *noun*.]—Pule, tune, fume; mute, duke, dupe.

II.—“SUBTONIC” ELEMENTS.

1. *L*, as in *Lull*.—Loll, lie, lad, all, weal, dull.
2. *M*, as in *Maim*.—Mime, may, move, am, him, hum.
3. *N*, as in *Nuz*.—Nine, nay, now, an, den, din.
4. *R*, as in *Rap*.—[*R* initial, before a vowel, or after a consonant:—hard, but not rolled.]—Raw, red, rid, ream, robe, rude, rub.
5. *R*, as in *Far*: [*r* final, or before a consonant:—soft, not silent.]—Hare, bar, ear, ire, ore, lure, bur.

*Exercise on words containing both sounds of R.*

Rare, rear, roar, reared, roared, rarely, drier, error, horror, terror, brier, prior, truer, crier.

6. *Ng*, as in *Sing*; [or *n*, before *g* hard or *k*.]—King, gong, hang, anger, bank, ink.
7. *B*, as in *Babe*.—Babe, ball, bead, blab, mob, curb.
8. *D*, as in *Did*.—Did, dawn, den, laid, mad, bed.
9. *G*, as in *Gag*.—Gig, gave, gall, gull, hag, log.
10. *V*, as in *Valve*.—Valve, vaunt, cave, leave, velvet, survive.
11. *Z*, as in *Zone*, [or *s* flat.]—Zone, maze, has, daisies, disease.
12. *Z*, as in *Azure*, [or *s*, as in *measure*.]—Seizure, measure, vision, composure, derision.
13. *Y*, as in *Ye*.—Ye, yes, young, yawn, yearly.
14. *W*, as in *Woe*.—Way, was, ware, wed, wine.
15. *Th*, as in *Thine*.—They, than, then, thee, bathe, beneath.
16. *J*, as in *Joy*, [and *G* soft.]—Joy, jar, jilt, page, giant, judge.

## III.—“ATONIC” ELEMENTS.

1. *P*, as in *Pipe*.—Pulp, pall, pile, pale, paper, pulpy.
2. *T*, as in *Tent*.—Tight, tall, top, mat, tatter, total.
3. *C*, hard, and *K*, as in *Cake*; and *Q*, as in *Queen*.—  
Key, cane, queen, creak, deck, cork.
4. *F*, as in *Fife*.—Fade, fell, file, off, hoof, fly.
5. *S*, (sharp,) and *C*, soft, as in *Cease*.—Say, see, sauce,  
mass, source, ceaseless.
6. *H*, as in *He*.—Hail, had, heel, hit, what, whet.
7. *Th*, as in *Thin*.—Thank, through, thong, thrust, hath,  
breath.
8. *Sh*, as in *Push*.—Sham, shine, share, shroud, ash, hush.
9. *Ch*, as in *Church*.—Chair, check, march, chine, fetch.

## LESSON V.

## QUALITY OF THE VOICE.

## “PURE” OR “HEAD” TONE.

PURE head tone\* is voice so formed as to resound in the head. A clear, smooth sound, and, commonly, a high, or, at least, a moderately high pitch of voice, are used in this form of tone. It is the kind of voice which we use in singing treble notes. It implies a vocal sound free from all harshness and impurity, such as we hear in guttural and nasal, and other faulty tones.

RULE.†—Pure “head” tone, is used in the utterance of any passage which contains *pathetic*, *melancholy*, and *sorrowful* emotions. It belongs also to *tranquillity* and to *joyous* feeling, in all its various degrees.

## EXERCISES IN PURE HEAD TONE.

EXERCISE I.—*Grief*.

‡[From the Orphan Boy.]§

And now they’ve tolled my mother’s knell,  
And I’m no more a parent’s joy :  
O lady ! I have known too well  
What ’tis to be an orphan boy !

\* The phrase “pure tone” is often used, in elocution, to denote the effect of “head tone,” in music.

† This rule, in substance, is to be impressed on the mind of the pupil.

‡ The teacher may read these exercises, first, himself, to exemplify the style, then have the class read with him, simultaneously, and then have every pupil read each example, separately.

§ The pieces from which these exercises are taken, may, in general, be found by referring to the Contents.

II.—*Pathos.*

[From Charity.—By Mrs. S. N. Coleridge.]

Open your hospitable door,  
 And shield me from the biting frost ;  
 Cold, cold it blows across the moor,  
 The weary moor that I have crossed.

III.—*Tranquillity.*

[From Wilson's Lines on a Highland Glen.]

To whom belongs this valley fair,  
 That sleeps beneath the filmy air,  
 Even like a living thing,—  
 Silent, as infant at the breast,  
 Save a still sound that speaks of rest,—  
 That streamlet's murmuring ?

IV.—*Happiness.*

[From the Poor Man's Garden.—By Mary Howitt.]

Ah ! yes,—the poor man's garden,  
 It is great joy to me,  
 This little, precious piece of ground,  
 Before his door to see.

V.—*Animation and Cheerfulness.*

[From Spring.—Anonymous.]

The little brooks run on in light,  
 As if they had a chase of mirth ;  
 The skies are blue, the air is balm ;  
 Our very hearts have caught the charm  
 That sheds a beauty over earth.

VI.—*Humor and Gayety.*

[From Hodge and the Vicar.—Anonymous.]

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,  
 Not over-stocked with learning,  
 Chanced on a summer's eve, to meet  
 The vicar home returning.

“ Ah ! Master Hodge,” the vicar cried,  
 “ What ! still as wise as ever ?  
 The people in the village say  
 That you are wondrous clever.”

“ Why, Master Parson, as to that,  
 I beg you'll right conceive me;  
 I do not brag; but yet I know  
 A thing or two, believe me.”

VII.—*Joy*.\*

[From Wordsworth's Idiot Boy.]

But when the pony moved his legs,  
 Oh! then for the poor idiot boy!  
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
 For joy his head and heels are idle—  
 He's idle all for very joy.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
 That, till full fifty yards were gone,  
 He quite forgot his holly whip,  
 And all his skill in horsemanship;  
 Oh! happy, happy, happy John!

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LESSON VI.

PRACTICE OF PURE HEAD TONE ON THE ELEMENTS.

TURN back to the elements, and repeat the tonic elements in tones of 1, *pathos*; 2, *tranquillity*; 3, *animation*; 4, *joy*; as they occur in the preceding examples.† Repeat each element three times, in succession; being careful, meantime, to preserve perfect purity of tone. These should be practised as the exercises preceding; first, the teacher giving an example, then the teacher and the pupils reading together, and then each pupil separately.

\* The teacher should endeavor, in every way, to aid his pupils in entering, with full spirit, into every feeling which they express, so as to obtain full and true tones. There is but little danger of their *overdoing* the expression. No fault is more common with boys than a dry, inexpressive style of voice, caused by inattention, want of feeling and interest, or false restraint.

† To secure a perfect exemplification of every tone, in the practice of the elements, select, from one of the examples, any emphatic word, containing a long vowel; repeat this word three times, so as to fix its tone definitely in the ear. Then repeat the elements in the same tone. Proceed, in the same way, with all the other examples.



## LESSON VII.

## "OROTUND," OR ROUND TONE.

*Round Tone* is a stronger and deeper voice ; and it demands a wider opening of the organs than that which is merely *pure* or *smooth tone*. It causes the voice to resound in the *chest* and *throat*, as well as the *head* ; and resembles the upper *bass* notes and lower *tenor* notes, in music. It requires a full and free opening of the mouth and throat. *Head* tone is not capacious enough to express deep and powerful feeling. In all such emotions, therefore, *round* tone is used, as producing a fuller effect of voice.

The two great divisions in the "quality" of the voice, are *head* tone and *round* tone. *Head* tone is used whenever the piece expresses but the single emotion of *pathos*, *tranquillity*, or *joy* ; but *round* tone is requisite wherever there is expressed, in addition to one of these feelings, *grandeur* or *sublimity*. *Pathos*, for example, when expressed *separately*, is uttered with *smooth tone* ; but when combined with *grandeur*, the *round* tone must be used, to express it fully.

The pupil should practise the tonic or vocal and diphthongal elements, in the round tone, before commencing the following examples. No exercise is more conducive to the formation of that manly fullness of voice which is required in all energetic and bold declamation.\*

RULE.—*Orotund* or *round* tone, is used when *solemnity*, *pathos*, or *tranquillity*, is blended with *sublimity* and *grandeur*. It characterizes the tone of *reverence* : it is used, also, in *bold declamation*, and in the expression of *joy*, when mingled with *noble* and *exalted* emotion.

## EXERCISES IN OROTUND, OR ROUND TONE.

EXERCISE I.—*Pathos, Solemnity, and Grandeur.*

[From the Loss of the Royal George.—By Cowper.]

Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more ;

\* Nothing is more important to an impressive elocution than the perfect command of round tone ; and this is a trait of voice in which boys brought up in cities are apt to be extremely deficient, owing to their usual sedentary and inactive habits.

All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !

II.—*Sublimity and Joy.*

[From the Sunbeam.—By Mrs. Hemans.]

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,  
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all ;  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea ;—  
Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou walkest the billows, and Ocean smiles :  
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;  
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

III.—*Reverence.*

O Lord, my God, Thou art very great ! Thou art clothed with honor and majesty ; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment ; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain : who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters ; who maketh the clouds his chariot ; who walketh upon the wings of the wind ; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

IV.—*Declamatory Style.—Courage and Boldness.*

[From Gustavus Vasa's Address to the Swedes.]

Come, come ye on, then ! Here I take my stand !—  
Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty.  
Although contention rise unto the clouds,  
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,  
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,  
Till I or Denmark fall.

Haste, brave men !

Collect your friends to join us on the instant ;  
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest ;  
\* And let loud echo, from her circling hills,  
Sound Freedom ! till the undulation shake  
The bounds of utmost Sweden.

\* The orotund voice is here extended to an *impassioned shout*.



## LESSON VIII.

## APPLICATION OF ROUND TONE TO THE ELEMENTS.

REPEAT the elements, 1st, in the tone of *solemnity*, *pathos*, and *sublimity*, as in the line of the first example of round tone :

“ Toll for the brave !”

2, in the tone of *sublimity* and *joy*, as in the lines of the second example :

“ Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam !”

3, in the tone of *reverence*, as in the address,

“ O Lord, my God, thou art very great !”

4, in the tone of *bold declamation*, as in the exclamation,

“ Come, come ye on, then !”

5, in the *shouting* tone, as in the lines,

“ And let loud echo, from her circling hills,  
Sound Freedom !”

## LESSON IX.

## FORCE OF VOICE.

THE following exercises are designed to aid in securing a perfect command of every degree of *force* of voice, from *whispering* to *shouting*. They are meant for a thorough discipline of the *organs*, as well as an indispensable means of effective *expression*.

EXERCISE I.—*Whispering, as in Terror.*

Step softly !

All's hushed as midnight yet.

II.—*The Half-whisper, as in extreme Anxiety.*

This is the room of the sick man. Make no noise ; he must not, on any account, be disturbed. Shut the door gently ; step softly ; and speak low.

III.—*Softened Force.—Sadness.*

[From Charles and his Father.—By Mrs. Follen.]

The birds are flown away ;  
 The flowers are dead and gone :  
 The clouds look cold and gray  
 Around the setting sun.

The trees, with solemn sighs,  
 Their naked branches swing ;  
 The winter winds arise,  
 And mournfully they sing.

IV.—*Moderate Force, as in quiet and placid address.*

[Hints on Companionship.—Anonymous.]

Let your companions be select : let them be such as  
 you love for their good dispositions, and whose habits you  
 wish your own to resemble.

V.—*Energetic Force, as in earnest and vehement address.*

[From the Address of Marullus, reproaching the Roman people for rejoicing at the triumph of Cæsar over Pompey.]

And do you now put on your best attire ?  
 And do you now cull out a holyday ?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 Who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?

VI.—*Bold Force, as in impassioned exclamation.*

[From Arnold Winkelried.—By Montgomery.]

Make way for liberty !  
                                     This day, this hour,  
 Annihilates the oppressor's power !  
 All Switzerland is in the field ;  
 She will not fly, she cannot yield,—  
 She must not fall.

VII.—*Shouting, as in an alarm.*

[From Belshazzar.—By Croly.]

King of the East ! the trumpet calls,  
 That calls thee to a tyrant's grave ;  
 A curse is on thy palace walls,—  
 A curse is on thy guardian wave.

Behold a tide of Persian steel,  
 A torrent of the Median car:  
 Like flame their gory banners wheel,—  
 Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!\*

## LESSON X.

### PRACTICE OF FORCE ON THE ELEMENTS.

LET the pupil repeat each of the tonic elements, through all the degrees of force indicated below,—commencing with a whisper; then proceeding to a half-whisper, and so on to a shout; breathing after every sound; and paying strict attention to the directions given before, about *position*.

whisper.	half whisp.	soft voice.	moderate.	loud.	very loud.	shouting.	calling.
•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•

Let the pupil now repeat, with a constantly increasing force, as noted above, the tonic elements, in succession; passing, at each stage of force, from one element to another.

Next, commence each long vocal element with a whisper, and swell on to the strongest force of which the voice is capable,† as represented to the eye, thus :

## LESSON XI.

### "STRESS."

IN the utterance of single sounds, there are various modes of giving out the force of the voice, more or less gradual, or abrupt. And these modes of voice have been termed "*stress*," in the nomenclature of Dr. Rush, the great author on the voice.

\* As a means of strengthening the voice, and securing power of utterance, the last of the above lines should be repeated with the utmost attainable force; but always with a perfectly smooth tone. *Shouting strengthens* the organs and *clears* the voice. But *vociferation* and *screaming hurt* the organs and *weaken* the voice.

† The above exercises should never be prolonged to the extent of fatigue.

## I.—“RADICAL STRESS.”

In the *impassioned* style of utterance, this mode of the voice opens *abruptly*, and lies upon the very *beginning* of each sound. This style is perfectly exemplified, when, in juvenile play, one boy wishes to startle another by the sudden exclamation, “*Boh!*” It is a sudden burst of sound, and is the natural mode of expressing all abrupt and violent emotions. In *unimpassioned* style, it merely gives unusual *decision* and *distinctness* to *enunciation*, as in *explaining*, and *arguing* or *reasoning*.

RULE.—*Anger, fear, terror, and courage, require impassioned radical stress.*

EXERCISE I.—*Anger.*

[From the Little Lord and the Ploughboy.]

His little lordship furious grew,—  
For he was proud and hasty too :  
“I’ll *break* your *bones!*”\* he rudely cries.

II.—*Terror and Alarm.*

[From Halleck’s Death of Bozzaris.]

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To *arms!* They *come!* the *Greek!* the *Greek!*”

III.—*Courage.*

[From the Speech of Sempronius, in Addison’s Cato.]

My voice is still for war.  
*Gods!* can a Roman senate long debate  
Which of the two to chose, *slavery* or *death?*  
*No!* let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
And at the head of our remaining troops  
*Attack* the foe, break through the thick array  
Of his thronged legions, and charge *home* upon him.

IV.—*Explanation and Reasoning.*†

[From an Essay on the Immortality of the Soul.—By Addison.]

A brute arrives at a point of perfection which it cannot pass. In a few years it has all the endowments of which

\* The words in italics exemplify the “radical” stress.

† An example of unimpassioned radical stress, or that which merely causes a peculiar exactness and distinctness of enunciation, by the clear and decisive manner of opening every sound.

it is capable ; and were it to live ten thousand more, it would be the same thing that it is at present.—Were a human soul thus at a stand in her attainments, were her faculties full-blown, and incapable of farther enlargement, I could imagine that she might fall away insensibly, and drop into a state of annihilation. But can we believe that a thinking being, which is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection,—after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power,—must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ?

## II.—MEDIAN STRESS.

The second form of stress is termed *median*, because, in this, the force lies on the *middle* of the sound. It *commences soft*, *swells* in the *middle*, to either *strong* or *moderate*, as the case may be, and *ends soft*.

RULE.—*Median* stress is used in *solemn* and *grand* emotions, also in *gentle* and *pathetic* feeling.

### I.—*Solemnity and Grandeur.*

[From Addison's Cato.]

\*The stars shall fade away : the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

### II.—*Pathetic Feeling.*

[From the Sailor Boy's First Voyage.—Anon.]

“Farewell ! farewell !”  
Ah ! who can tell,—  
Save those, who've loved, as I,  
A mother dear,—  
What 'tis to hear,  
And say to her, “ Good-by ?”

## III.—VANISHING STRESS.

The force of voice, in this style of stress, lies upon the *last* part of the sound. This mode of stress commences

\* “Median stress,” or the “swell” and “diminish” of voice, occur in every considerable word of the above examples, but especially on all the long sounds of vowels and diphthongs.

† The soul.

softly, but ends abruptly and strongly; as in the impatient, or decisive expressions, "You *shall*!" or, "You *shan't*!" when uttered very impetuously.

RULE.—*Vanishing* stress expresses *impatient feeling*, and *deep determination* and *obstinacy*.

#### EXERCISE I.—*Impatient Feeling.*

[From Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.]

Next night 'twas the same,—and the next,—and the next :  
He perspired like an ox; he was *nervous* and *vexed*.

#### II.—*Deep Determination and Defiance.*

[From the Seminole's Reply.—By G. W. Patten.]

Blaze, with your serried columns !  
I *will* not bend the knee :  
The shackles ne'er again shall bind  
The arm which now is free !

#### IV.—COMPOUND STRESS

is that in which the voice forces itself out, in a jerking style, at the *beginning* and the *end* of a sound; as in an exclamation of *great surprise*, or *wonder*.

RULE.—*Compound* stress expresses *surprise*, *wonder*, *scorn*, and *derision*.

#### EXERCISE.—*Indignant Astonishment.*

[Brutus to Cassius.—From Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.]

Shall one of us that struck the foremost man  
Of all this world, but for supporting robbers,  
Contaminate our fingers with *base bribes*,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much *trash* as may be *grasped thus*?  
I'd rather be a *dog*, and bay the moon,  
Than *such* a Roman !

#### V.—THOROUGH STRESS

is that in which the voice bursts out boldly at the beginning of a sound, swells onward to the middle, and also ends boldly, as in expressions of *intense excitement* and *bold command*.

RULE.—*Intense* emotions of a *bold* character, are expressed by *thorough* stress.



EXERCISE.—*Battle Shout.*[From Campbell's *Hohenlinden*.]

On, ye brave !  
 Who rush to glory or the grave !  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave ;  
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

## VI.—TREMOR.

This term signifies a trembling and quivering of the voice, as in the utterance of *sorrow* and of *old age*.

EXERCISE.—*The Tremor of Feebleness.*[From *Charity*.—By Sarah N. Coleridge.]






My eyes are weak, and dim with age,—  
 No road or path can I descry ;  
 And my poor rags ill stand the rage  
 Of such a keen, inclement sky.

So faint I am,—these tottering feet  
 No more my palsied frame can bear ;  
 My freezing heart forgets to beat ;  
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare !

## LESSON XII.

## PRACTICE OF STRESS ON THE ELEMENTS.

COMMENCE with *radical* stress, and repeat the *tonic elements*, with *radical*, *median*, *vanishing*, *compound*, *thorough* stress, and the *tremor* ; sounding each element three times.

If the black board is used in prescribing exercises, *Radical* stress may be represented thus , all the force on the first part of the sound ; *Median* thus , the force in the middle of the sound ; *Vanishing* , the reverse of *radical* stress, the force lying upon the last part of the sound ; *Compound* thus , the force marked at the extremes of each sound ; *Thorough* stress thus , the force marked at the beginning, middle, and end of a sound ; the *Tremor* thus, . . . . ., each part of the sound separated.

## LESSON XIII.

## PITCH.

THE depth of all profound emotions, such as *awe*, is marked to the ear by their depth of tone; and the vividness of lively feelings, such as *joy*, by *high* notes of voice. The following exercises are designed to aid the pupil in securing the effect of this natural law of utterance, by giving him facility in adapting his pitch to all notes of emotion.

## LOW PITCH.

Let the pupil, when practising the following exercises, strike a low note on the scale,—not one that will cost him an unnatural effort, or make a hollow, artificial tone, but such as will fall upon the ear with deep effect.

RULE.—*Low pitch* is used in the utterance of *awe*, *solemnity*, and *reverence*.

EXERCISE I.—*Awe and Solemnity.*

[From the Death of the Old Year.—By Tennyson.]

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow;  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

II.—*Reverence.*

[From the Forest Hymn.—By Bryant.]

Father ! Thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns : Thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth ; and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
Communion with his Maker !

## MIDDLE PITCH.

This is the natural or habitual pitch of the voice—the note to which we incline in conversation.



RULE.—*Middle pitch* is used in *unimpassioned* thought and *moderate* feeling.

EXERCISE I.—*Lively Description.*

[From the *Rainbow*.—By Campbell.]

The evening was glorious ; and, light through the trees,  
Played the sunshine and raindrops, the birds and the breeze :  
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay  
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

II.—*Didactic Sentiment.*

Speaking of the progress of the mind in education, Milton uses the following beautiful language : " We shall conduct you to a hillside, laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

HIGH PITCH.

The note implied in this form of utterance should not be forced or strained ; but the pitch should be as high as can be reached without laborious effort.

RULE.—*Joyous* feeling requires *high* pitch.

EXERCISE.—*Rapture.*

[From the *Orphan Boy*.—By Southey.]

Lady, you weep : *\*what is't you say ?*  
" *You'll give me clothing, food, employ !*"  
*Look down, dear parents, look and see*  
*Your happy, happy orphan boy !*

EXERCISE ON THE ELEMENTS.

Let the elements now be practised as before ; giving the sounds as *low* as easily practicable, at first, then on *middle*, and afterward, on *high* pitch.

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LESSON XIV.

"MOVEMENT."

THE term *movement* regards the rate of the voice as *fast* or *slow*. Most juvenile speakers incline to great rapidity. To break up this fault, which hinders distinctness

\* The lines in italics exemplify the high pitch.

of utterance and impressive effect, much attention should be given to the practice of

#### SLOW MOVEMENT.

RULE.—*Solemn, reverential, and mournful* emotions, require *slow* movement.

#### EXERCISE I.—*Solemnity and Awe.*

[From Young's Night Thoughts.]

\*Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!

#### II.—*Reverence and Awe.*

[From the XC. Psalm.]

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

#### III.—*Solemnity, Awe, and Grief.*

[From the Burial of Arnold.—By Willis.]

On now! his requiem is done—  
The last deep prayer is said:  
On to his burial, comrades—on  
With the noblest of the dead!

Slow—for it presses heavily—  
It is a man ye bear:  
Slow—for our thoughts dwell wearily  
On the noble sleeper there.

#### MODERATE MOVEMENT

is the ordinary rate of voice with which we utter any unimpassioned sentiment.

RULE.—*Moderate movement* is used for *unimpassioned* language, in *narrative, descriptive, and didactic* style.

#### EXERCISE I.—*Narrative Style.*

[Historical Anecdote.]

The ancient Spartans were not less remarkable for

\* The first of the above examples should be read with an utterance extremely slow, and with very long pauses.

their bravery in the field of battle, than for brevity and wit in their answers. We have a memorable instance of their national spirit, in the reply of the old warrior, who was told that the arrows of the Persian host flew so thick as to darken the sun. "So much the better," was his answer; "we shall enjoy the advantage of fighting in the shade."

## II.—*Plain Description, and Didactic Style.*

[The Starry Worlds.—From Addison.]

Every star, though no bigger in appearance than the diamond that glitters on a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in splendor; so that every star is not only a world, but the centre of a magnificent system, no less luminous, no less spacious than the radiant source of the day, has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and regulated by its attractive influence: all which are lost to our sight in immeasurable wilds of ether.

### LIVELY OR BRISK MOVEMENT

RULE.—*Animated* and *gay* expression demands *lively* or *brisk* movement in utterance.

## EXERCISE I.—*Descriptive Style.*

[From Gay's Fable of the Cameleon.]

Oft has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
Returning from his finished tour,  
Grown ten times pertier than before.  
Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:  
Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—  
I've seen; and sure, I ought to know—  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

## II.—*Narrative Style.*

[From the same piece.]

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,  
And, on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talked of this, and then of that,

Discoursed, awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the cameleon's form and nature.

### III.—*Conversational Dialogue.*

[From the same piece.]

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun—  
A lizard's body lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;  
Each foot with triple claw disjoined,  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"  
"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;  
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,  
As, late, with open mouth it lay,  
And basked it in the sunny ray.  
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,  
And saw it eat the air for food."  
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast surveyed,  
Extended in the cooling shade."  
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"—  
"Green!" cries the other, in a fury;  
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"  
"'Twere no great loss," his friend replies;  
"For, if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use."

### QUICK OR RAPID MOVEMENT.

RULE.—*Extreme joy, haste, hurry, alarm, fear, and terror, require rapid utterance.*

### EXERCISE I.—*Extreme Joy.*

[From the Voice of Spring.—By Mrs. Hemans.]

Ye of the rose lip, and the dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

II.—*Haste, Hurry, Alarm.*

[From the Wind in a Frolic.—By W. Howitt.]

Then it rushed, like a monster, o'er cottage and farm,  
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:  
The turkeys they gobbled; the geese screamed aloud;  
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.

III.—*Fear and Terror.*

[From Halleck's Death of Bozzaris.]

He woke to hear his sentries' shriek—  
To arms! They come! the Greek! the Greek!  
He woke to die midst flame and smoke,  
And shout and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud.

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LESSON XV.

"EXPRESSION."

THE term "expression," as used in elocution, signifies the utterance or tone of *feeling*. "Expression" implies that natural, true, appropriate, and impressive style of voice, which gives every tone its genuine character of emotion. It is the eloquence of heart and voice united. Without it, reading is dry and unimpressive. True expression is the opposite of those uniform tones which are sometimes called "reading" tones, "schoolboy" tones, and "mechanical" tones.

*Expression*, then, is that adaptation of voice which unites, in the utterance of emotion, all the elements of tone, that have been exemplified under the heads of quality, force, stress, pitch, and movement. Thus, to read or recite properly the example of GRIEF,—the first exercise under the head of Lesson V. (Pure Tone), we should combine, in the utterance, all the natural characteristics of *grief*,—pure tone, softened force, median stress, high pitch, slow movement. Blending all these properties in the sound of the voice, we read or recite with *expression*,

—that is to say, with the tones expressive of true feeling. Without such expression, our utterance is unnatural and unimpressive. Read the example, with reference to full expression, in all the above-mentioned particulars.

It will be a useful exercise, now, to turn back, and review all the examples quoted under the different lessons, so as to analyze and define the “expression” appropriate to each, in the manner exemplified above, and to read, anew, each exercise; observing carefully to give every point of the expression close attention and full effect.

Lesson V. Exercise II. PATHOS: *Expression*; Pure tone, softened force, tremor, high pitch, slow movement.\*  
 —Exercise III. TRANQUILLITY: *Expression*; Pure tone, moderate force, median stress, middle pitch, moderate movement.—Exercise IV. HAPPINESS: *Expression*; Pure tone, spirited force, thorough stress, high pitch, lively movement.—Exercise V. ANIMATION and CHEERFULNESS: *Expression*; Pure tone, full force, radical stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise VI. HUMOR and GAYETY: *Expression*; Pure tone, spirited force, radical stress, middle pitch, brisk movement.—Exercise VII. JOY: *Expression*; Pure tone, full force, thorough stress, high pitch, rapid movement.

Lesson VII. (Orotund, or Round Tone.)—Exercise I. PATHOS, SOLEMNITY, and GRANDEUR: *Expression*; Round tone, softened force, median stress, low pitch, slow movement.—Exercise II. SUBLIMITY and JOY: *Expression*; Round tone, full force, thorough stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise III. REVERENCE: *Expression*; Round tone, moderate force, median stress, low pitch, slow movement.—Exercise IV. COURAGE and BOLDNESS: *Expression*; Round tone, full force ending in shouting, thorough stress, middle pitch, lively movement.

Lesson IX. Exercise I. TERROR: *Expression*; Whispering, earnest force, radical and median stress, low pitch, moderate movement.—Exercise II. ANXIETY: *Expression*; Half-whispering, earnest force, radical stress,

\* Every exercise should be read, once more, with reference to the combining of all the traits of voice mentioned in the analysis of each. The examples can easily be referred to, for repetition, by observing the number of the Lesson and the Exercise, in every instance, as mentioned in the text, and turning back to find it.

† When terror is wild rather than deep, it is expressed by high pitch and rapid movement.



high pitch, moderate movement.—Exercise III. SADNESS: *Expression*; Smooth tone, softened force, median stress, high pitch, slow movement.—Exercise IV. PLACID FEELING: *Expression*; Smooth tone, moderate force, gentle radical stress, middle pitch, moderate movement.—Exercise V. EARNEST and VEHEMENT ADDRESS: *Expression*; Round tone, energetic force, compound stress,\* high pitch, quick movement.—Exercise VI. IMPASSIONED EXCLAMATION and ADDRESS: *Expression*; Round tone, bold force, thorough stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise VII. ALARM: *Expression*; Round tone, shouting, thorough stress, middle pitch, quick movement.

Lesson XI. *Radical Stress*.—Exercise I. ANGER: *Expression*; Smooth tone, shouting, impassioned stress, high pitch, rapid movement.—Exercise II. TERROR and ALARM: *Expression*; Smooth tone, calling and shrieking, impassioned radical stress, highest pitch, rapid movement.—Exercise III. COURAGE: *Expression*; Round tone, bold force, impassioned radical stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise IV. EXPLANATION and REASONING: *Expression*; Smooth tone, earnest force, unimpassioned radical stress, middle and high pitch, moderate movement.

Lesson XI. *Median Stress*.—Exercise I. SOLEMNITY and GRANDEUR: *Expression*; Round tone, moderate force, median stress, low pitch, slowest movement.—Exercise II. PATHETIC FEELING: *Expression*; Smooth tone, softened force, vanishing stress and tremor, high pitch, slow movement.

Lesson XI. *Vanishing Stress*.—Exercise I. IMPATIENCE: *Expression*; Harsh tone,† impassioned force, vanishing stress, high pitch, quick movement.—Exercise II. STUBBORN DEFIANCE: *Expression*; Round tone, bold force, vanishing stress, middle pitch, lively movement.

Lesson XI. *Compound Stress*.—Exercise. INDIGNANT ASTONISHMENT: *Expression*; Round tone, bold force, compound stress, high pitch, lively movement.

\* The interrogatory form of the language, in the example referred to above, causes the use of compound stress. But radical and thorough stress also belong to the style of expression in earnest and vehement address.

† The opposite of smooth or pure tone. Harsh tone lets breath escape in a hoarse or whispering style, along with every sound; whereas pure tone is produced by letting out little breath.



Lesson XI. *Thorough Stress*.—Exercise. BOLD EXCLAMATION: *Expression*; Round tone, shouting, thorough stress, middle pitch, lively movement.

Lesson XI. *Tremor*.—Exercise. FEEBLENESS: *Expression*; Smooth tone, softened force, tremor, high pitch, slow movement.

Lesson XIII. *Low Pitch*.—Exercise I. AWE and SOLEMNITY: *Expression*; Round tone, softened force, median stress, very low pitch, slow and slowest movement.—Exercise II. REVERENCE: *Expression*; Round tone, moderate force, median stress, low pitch, slow movement.

Lesson XIII. *Middle Pitch*.—Exercise I. LIVELY DESCRIPTION: *Expression*; Smooth tone, energetic force, thorough stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise II. DIDACTIC SENTIMENT: *Expression*; Smooth tone, moderate force, median stress, middle pitch, moderate movement.

Lesson XIII. *High Pitch*.—Exercise. RAPTURE: *Expression*; Smooth tone, impassioned force, thorough stress, high pitch, lively movement.

Lesson XIV. *Slow Movement*.—Exercise I. SOLEMNITY and AWE: *Expression*; Round tone, softened force, median stress, very low pitch, slowest movement.—Exercise II. REVERENCE and AWE: *Expression*; Round tone, softened force, median stress, low pitch, slow movement.—Exercise III. SOLEMNITY, AWE, and GRIEF: *Expression*; Round tone, softened force, median stress, low pitch, slow movement.

Lesson XIV. *Moderate Movement*.—Exercise I. PLAIN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE: *Expression*; Smooth tone, moderate force, unimpassioned radical stress, middle pitch, moderate movement.—Exercise II. PLAIN DESCRIPTION and DIDACTIC SENTIMENT: *Expression*; Smooth tone, moderate force, unimpassioned radical stress, middle pitch, moderate movement.

Lesson XIV. *Lively, or Brisk Movement*.—Exercise I. ANIMATED DESCRIPTION: *Expression*; Smooth tone, moderate force, unimpassioned radical stress, middle pitch, lively movement.—Exercise II. ANIMATED HISTORICAL NARRATIVE: *Expression*; as in Exercise I.—Exercise III. CONVERSATIONAL DIALOGUE: *Expression*; Smooth tone, energetic force, varied stress,\* high pitch, brisk movement.

\* Changing with the emotion.

LESSON XIV. *Quick, or Rapid Movement.*—Exercise I. EXTREME JOY: *Expression*; Smooth tone, impassioned force, thorough stress, high pitch, quick movement.—Exercise II. HASTE, HURRY, ALARM: *Expression*; Smooth tone, energetic force, impassioned radical stress, high pitch, rapid movement.—Exercise III. FEAR and TERROR: *Expression*; Harsh tone, impassioned force, thorough stress, high, then low pitch, rapid movement.

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## LESSON XVI.

### REVIEW OF EXPRESSION.

THE pupil should now be required to answer the following questions.

What is meant by Expression in elocution?

What is the “expression” of Grief?—Pathos?—Tranquillity? [&c., as they occur in the analysis of each.]

By careful attention to the terms of the analysis, the pupil will be able to analyze passages for himself, so as to recognize, readily and with certainty, the style of utterance which any emotion requires.

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## LESSON XVII.

### INFLECTION, OR THE SLIDES OF THE VOICE.

THE preceding lessons, with the exception of those on orthoëpy, are intended to train and form the voice for the appropriate utterance of language which expresses *feeling*, or in which feeling is the prominent element. The part of elocution, with which this and the two following lessons are occupied, has regard more to *thought* than to *feeling*, and refers to the use and cultivation of the voice, in the utterance of language which is addressed to the *understanding*, more than to the *affections*. We have to do, now, with that part of elocution which makes *meaning plain*, rather than with that which makes *emotion impressive*. Not that the parts of elocution to which we are now going to attend, do not apply, occasionally, to the utterance of feeling; for we shall find that the true expression of emotion is often greatly dependent on them. But they differ from other portions of the subject, in this respect, that they may be applied, and often are applied, to the expression of meaning, regarded as distinct from feeling.

The following brief explanations and accompanying rules, will, it is thought, be found sufficient for the direction of juvenile pupils who are not sufficiently advanced to study the rules on inflection, laid down in the volume on Orthophony, in the American Elocutionist, or the American School Reader.\*

"Inflection," as a term in elocution, signifies the *upward* slide of voice, with which a *question* is uttered, that may be answered by *yes* or *no*, or the *downward* slide with which such a question is *answered*. Thus, "Do you *know* that person?"—"I *dò*."—The rising inflection is designated by the *acute* (´), and the falling by the *grave* (`) accent.

The same inflections,—greatly reduced,—apply, the former at the *middle*, the latter at the *end*, of most sentences. Thus, "Though life is *shòrt*, art is *lòng*."

The rising inflection is still farther reduced, in short clauses not marked by force of expression. Thus, "At the time *appointed*, the procession moved on." This form of the rising inflection, in prose, differs but little from a mere suspension of the voice. In a prolonged form, it prevails in poetry, and in solemn expression generally.

In close distinctions, and keen emotions, the *circumflex*, or double turn,—including both the upward and downward slides on the same syllable, is used, instead of the simple inflections. When the circumflex terminates with the *rising slide*, it is called the *rising circumflex*,—marked thus (ˆ);—when it terminates with the *falling*, it is called the *falling circumflex*,—marked thus (˘). This inflection occurs in close distinction, and peculiarly significant expression, as follows: "Let any man resolve to do right *nòw*, leaving *thén* to do as it *cân*;—and if he were to live to the age of Methùselah, he would never do wrong."

"And though heavy to *wèigh*, as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not, by any means, heavy to *slèep*."

In peculiarly *solemn*, *grand*, *sublime*, *awful*, and *terrible* expression, all inflection is destroyed; and a dead level of voice, called the *monotone*—marked thus (—)—is produced; as in the following example: "And I beheld a grēat white thrōne, and Hīm that sāt on it, from whōse fāce the

\* Teachers who are disposed to extend their instruction in this branch, will find, in the Orthophony, the theory of Inflection as presented by Dr. Rush; in the American Elocutionist, the views of the subject taken by Walker and Knowles; in the Reader, both systems combined.

heāvens and the eārth fled awāy ; and there was foūnd nō plāce for them."

RULE ON THE FALLING INFLECTION.—This inflection occurs in all very *strong emotions*, and falls on the *emphatic word* of the clause or sentence that contains such emotion. Thus, "Come òn, then ; be mèn !"

"Let me, upon my knèe, prevail in this !"

"How *beautiful* is night !"

The falling inflection,—without impassioned force,—takes place wherever there is *complete sense* formed, whether at the end of a *sentence*, or only of a *clause*. Thus, "Let your companions be *selèct* ; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate."

RULE ON THE RISING INFLECTION.—This inflection takes place in *gentle and tender expression*, especially in the form of poetry, and is used wherever the *sense* of a passage is left *incomplete* : it occurs, also, at the end of an interrogative sentence, if the question admits of being answered by *yes* or *no*. Thus,

"Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell,—  
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest wèll,  
Flutes on the air in the stilly nóon,  
Harps which the wandering breezes túne,  
And the silvery wood note of many a bírd,  
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"As we cannot perceive the shadow moving along the *dial-plate*, so the advances we make in knowledge are only perceived by the distance gone over."

"Were you ever at sea in a *stórm* ?"

Note 1. The depth of the falling, and the height of the rising inflection, depend, in all cases, on the force of the thought or the feeling which is expressed, or the length of the clause or sentence which contains the inflection. Slight expression, and short clauses, have slight inflections : strong expression, and long clauses and sentences, are marked by strong and extended inflections.

2. In all cases, the inflection falls on the *emphatic word* of a sentence or a clause.

3. The common *error* in inflections, is to give *circumflex* for *simple* inflections—especially in contrasts ; thus : "In the *óne* writer we admire the *mǎn* ; in the *óther*, the *wórkk*."

A prevalent error is that of *overdoing* the simple inflections into something like a succession of *questions* and *answers*, whatever be the form of the sentence.

But the common fault of *juvenile* readers, is that of keeping the voice *uniformly up*, at *every comma*, without regard to the demands of *emphasis* or *complete sense*, and letting the voice drop *mechanically* at the period. It is this practice, commonly formed into a rooted habit, in the early stages of education, that vitiates the elocution of after life, and fills academies, and colleges, and professional institutions, with *mechanical*, *lifeless* readers.

### EXERCISES.

#### *Falling Inflection.*

*Example 1.* "Òn, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

2. "For *life*, for *life* their flight they ply."

3. "It was but *life* he asked,—*life*, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations:—he asked only *breath*, though it were to be drawn in the damp of the lowest caverns of their hills."

4. "Vàin is the ceaseless pursuit of wèalth: it will never satisfy the cravings of the mind."

5. "Let him alòne! advíce is of no ùse; he must be taught by bitter experience."

6. "In youth hope beckons us òn; health inspires our limbs; action is delight; and the air of life is yet fresh with the breath of morning."

#### *Rising Inflection.*

*Example 1.* "If in youth there is no diligence in sów-ing, in age there will be no harvest to reap."

2. "When no trying event occurs to ruffle our spirits, it is easy to preserve composure."

3. "From the streams and founts I have loosed the cháin;  
They are sweeping on to the silvery máin,  
They are dashing down from the mountain bróws,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest bóughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry cáves;  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves."\*

\* Similar examples may be pointed out by the pupil, from the pieces for practice.



## LESSON XVIII.

## EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS, or concentrated force of expression, is the principal means of giving energy and effect to the utterance of thought or feeling. Young speakers are usually very deficient in this part of elocution, and need much practice on it. Emphasis is of various kinds, and requires different tones.

1. *The Emphasis of Emotion.*—This form of emphasis occurs in the language of *passion*, or highly excited feeling, and is often expressed in exclamations and interjections. Such emphasis is usually marked by the *falling* inflection, or downward slide of voice; thus, “Oh! *joyful* day!” “Ah! *woe* is me!” “*Hail*, holy light!” “Out of my *sight*! thou serpent!”

2. *The emphasis of Designation.*—This is a moderate, but well-marked *falling* inflection, addressed not to *sympathy*, but to the *understanding*. Its design is to indicate the *subjects* of *pieces*, *paragraphs*, and *sentences*, in discourses or essays, or any other form of *didactic* composition. It marks out, also, every *new* object introduced in a *description*, and every new *character* or *incident* in *narration*. Thus, “The pleasures of *taste* formed the chief subject of the essay.” “As I looked round the room, the peculiar figures of the *carpet* next attracted my notice.” “A Mr. *Brown* was the next person who was introduced.” “The low sound of distant *thunder*, now broke upon the ear.”

3. *The emphasis of Correspondence and equal Contrast.*—As this mode of emphasis always implies *two* objects, or subjects, it includes *two* inflections,—the *first*, usually, the *rising*; the *second*, the *falling*. Thus, “As is the *beginning*, so is the *end*.”

4. *The emphasis of unequal Contrast.*—This emphasis contrasts two objects, for the purpose of making *one* prominent and impressive. The more forcible of the two inflections,—the *falling* slide,—is accordingly used to indicate the *prominent object* of the two. Thus, “A countenance more in *sorrow* than in *anger*. Note.—This rule

will, in such cases, produce a rising inflection, even at the end of a sentence.

5. *Double and triple Emphasis* may be produced by double and triple contrasts or correspondences. The contrasted words have, in such instances, *contrasted inflections*; all the inflections being regulated so as to accommodate the contrast between the words immediately preceding the *period*, and the pause at the *middle* of the sentence. Thus, "In the *one* writer we most admire the *mán*; in the *óther*, the *wòrk*." "A *fríend* cannot be *knòwn* in *prosperítý*; and an *énemy* cannot be *hídden* in *advèrsity*."

6. *Emphatic phrases* are sometimes marked by a separate and different inflection on every word. This emphasis is applied only in cases of remarkable force of expression. Thus, "There was a time when Athens had *nót óne shíp,—no, NÒT ÓNE WÀLL*."

In al the various forms of emphasis, which have been exemplified, the spirit and expression of each, depend, obviously, on the turn or slide of voice with which the emphatic word is pronounced. Take away the inflection, and there remains no distinctive emphasis: change the inflections, and immediately there is a confusion of the sense, and a flatness or a contradiction in the expression.

#### EXERCISES.

Apply the preceding rules to the following examples.

##### I.—THE EMPHASIS OF EMOTION.

###### *Examples.*

1. "Come one, come *all*! this *rock* shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."
2. "'To *arms*! to *arms*! to *arms*!' they cry."
3. "Thy threats, thy mercy I *defy*."
4. "*Hold*! *hold*, for your *lives*!"
5. "*Awake*! *arise*! or be *forever fallen*!"
6. "Ah! lady, now full *well* I know  
What 'tis to be an *orphan* boy!"

##### II.—THE EMPHASIS OF DESIGNATION.

1. "Reading on the subject of *natural history*, has a great charm for the mind."
2. "The habit of wasting time in *idleness*, is one of the worst faults to which a youth can be addicted."



3. "But to discuss the *third* argument of my opponent, would demand more time and attention than either you or I can at present afford."

4. "A rare and beautiful *plant*, near the window, imparted a delicious odor to the air of the room."

5. "The voice of *General Washington* was heard from without."

6. "The *invasion of Mexico* formed the next topic of conversation."

### III.—THE EMPHASIS OF CORRESPONDENCE AND EQUAL CONTRAST.

1. "The greater part of the day, and much of the following night, were consumed in an unavailing search for the lost boy."

2. "The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the old and the young, stand on the common level of mortality."

### IV.—THE EMPHASIS OF UNEQUAL CONTRAST.

1. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a *fool* than of *him*."

2. "I think the fellow not so much a *simpleton* as a *knave*."

3. "Not *one* system only, but the *whole*, must fall."

### V.—DOUBLE AND TRIPLE EMPHASIS.

1. "The habit is not so much an *imperfection* to be pitied, as a *fault* to be blamed."

2. "If the *poor* are subjected to many *inconveniences*, the *rich* are exposed to many *temptations*."

3. "The happiness of *youth* depends on a state of *activity*, that of *age* on one of comparative *repose*."

4. "The *wicked* may be *cheerful* in *prosperity*: the *good* alone are found *resigned* in *adversity*."

### VI.—EMPHATIC PHRASES.

1. "He believed the assertion of the witness, contrary to the *clearest evidence* of *facts*."

2. "This sentiment I would avow with the *last breath* of *life*."

3. "The prisoner was declared guilty, without the *least shadow* of *proof*."\*

\* More examples may be furnished by the pupil, from the pieces for practice.

## LESSON XIX.

## PAUSES.

It is impossible to express the meaning of a sentence, or to give deep effect to feeling, without a careful observance of pauses, to separate the disconnected parts of thought and language, and to allow the mind time to dwell on emotion.

*Rhetorical* pauses are so termed, to distinguish them from the common *grammatical points*. They differ from the latter in not being so dependent on the *structure*, or syntax, of a sentence, but referring expressly to the *sense* of the composition, as it is expressed to the *ear*.

The grammatical points, it is true, do very often coincide with the sense, but not uniformly. Sometimes a long pause is required, where no stop occurs, as in the following clause :

“ He woke to die.”

properly read or recited,

“ He woke \* \* \* \* to die.”

In many instances, on the other hand, the comma must be utterly disregarded. Take the familiar example of the phrases, “ Yes, sir,” or “ No, sir.” The comma, after the words *yes* and *no*, belongs solely to the syntax of the phrase, and has no effect whatever on the voice. To pause at this comma would create a halting, childish style of reading, like the syllabic enunciation of a learner.

## RULES ON RHETORICAL PAUSING.

I. Wherever a *strong emphasis* occurs, it is preceded or followed, or both preceded and followed, by a *long pause*. Thus, “ If thou speak'st *false*, — on the NÉXT TRÈE — shalt thou HANG ALIVE, — till famine — cling thee.”

*Note.*—The length of the rhetorical pause is, of course, dependent, wholly, on the force of the preceding or following emphasis, which varies with the emotion.

II. Make a long pause at the end of *paragraphs*, and especially of *double paragraphs*—those which are marked by double the usual space which separates one paragraph from another.

Nothing is more important than this pause, as to its effect in keeping the attention on the whole subject of a piece, and connecting all its parts.

III. Pause before the *verb*, according to the emphatic force, or the length, of the nominative. Thus: "The day | \* has been considered as an image of the year, and a year | as the representation of life." "Our schemes of thought in childhood | are lost in those of youth."

IV. Pause before a verb in the *infinitive mood*, dependent on another verb. Thus: "Jesus charged his disciples | to forgive their enemies."

V. Pause when the parts of a sentence may be transposed. "The greatest misery is | to be condemned by our own hearts."

VI. Pause before an adjective or a participle, when it follows its noun, and is itself followed by words dependent on it. "A plan | preposterous, to the last degree."

VII. Pause before a pronoun, a conjunction, a preposition, or any word used as a connective, that is itself followed by a dependent clause.

"Nothing is in vain | that rouses the soul to activity." "He was an upright man | who could stoop to no dishonesty." "We were to drag up oceans of gold | from the bottom of the sea." "Our social well-being demands | that we pay a prompt obedience to the laws."

# EXERCISES.

## RULE I.—*Examples.*

1. "And when I mount ||† *alive*, may I not LIGHT || ||†  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight."
2. "Yon trembling coward || who forsook his master."
3. "Silence || how deep, ||| and darkness || how profound!"
4. "'Tis as the general pulse of life || stood still, ||  
And Nature made a pause, || an awful pause, || ||  
Prophetic of her end!"

## RULE III.—*Examples.*

1. "The breath of spring | awakens the flowers."
2. "'The balmy breath of incense-breathing morn' ||  
was wafted on the gale."

\* The usual mark of a rhetorical pause.

† The marks for *long* and *very long* rhetorical pauses.

RULE IV.—*Examples.*

1. "The officer commanded the skirmishing party | to be called in forthwith."
2. "The servant made all practicable dispatch | to obey the commands which he had received."

RULE V.—*Example.*

"One of the surest signs of cowardice | is | to speak ill, unnecessarily, of the absent."

RULE VI.—*Examples.*

1. "He was a man | brave, sagacious, and upright."
2. "Falsehood is a vice | detestable to the last degree."

RULE VII.—*Examples.*

1. "No moment can be justly called happy | which is spent in idleness."
2. "The messenger was a liar | whose words were not credited."
3. "Luxuries are brought to the table | from the four quarters of the globe."
4. "Truth and honor demand | that we faithfully fulfill our part."\*

## PRINCIPLES OF GESTURE.

## LESSON I.

## ATTITUDE.

THE word "gesture" is technically used, in elocution, to signify the action of the arm and hand, which, in animated and impressive speaking, always accompanies utterance, and adds force to expression. Every action of the arm and hand, however, implies an attitude or posture of the whole body, from which it springs, and which, at the same time, decides its character. Thus, the wave of *triumph* is accompanied by, and is dependent on, *erect* and *lofty attitude*, which gives it additional effect. The idea, for example, of a youth reciting the line,

\* The pupil should furnish, from the pieces for practice, similar examples of the above rules. These may be marked, with pencil, in the book, or chalked on the black board.

“Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!”

with a sunken, or crouching, or enfeebled attitude, would be absurd or ridiculous. Equally preposterous would it be to recite the following expressions of *submissive reverence* and *fear*, with a bold and commanding attitude; as the language and the sentiment obviously demand a *mien* expressive of the *deepest humiliation*:

“Almighty!—trembling like a timid child  
I hear thy awful voice;—alarmed—afraid—  
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,  
And in the very grave would hide my head!”

The same strain of remark may be applied to the comparatively reserved style of *prose* address, in which, if appropriately delivered, we should still be able to trace the well-marked difference between the attitude of *bold* and *vehement declamation*, and that of *earnest entreaty*. Thus, in the appropriate delivery of the conclusion of Patrick Henry’s speech for war, we perceive in the attitude of the speaker’s body, as well as the action of his arm and hand, the expression, successively, of *indignant astonishment*, *utter abhorrence*, and *irrevocable determination*, as he utters these words:\*

“Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery!—Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!”

In the appropriate delivery, on the other hand, of the conclusion of Lord Brougham’s adjuration of the House of Peers, when pleading for the Reform Bill,

“On my bended knees, I implore your lordships not to reject this bill!” we see the *imploring attitude*, as well as the *supplicating action* of the *most earnest entreaty*.

The action, without the attitude, would, in either of these cases, be lifeless and ineffectual—a cold affair of mechanism—insipid or disgusting to the feelings. But let the proper attitude be taken, and true, natural, living action follows, as a matter of course.

#### RULES ON ATTITUDE AS AFFECTED BY EMOTION.

I.—Solemnity renders the body still and sedate: Animation inspires and quickens motion: Awe and Reverence quell and subdue bodily action, and restrain attitude: Arrogance and Presumption impel the body to motion, and incline to erect, expansive attitude.

\* The division of the paragraph by the dashes, presents three moods of feeling enumerated above.

† The emotions exemplified in the rules, are, as often as practicable, presented in *contrast*, for the sake of securing strong and distinct impressions.



## EXAMPLES.

Apply RULE I. to the following passages.\*

*Solemnity*.—"How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!"

*Animation*.—"Up! let us to the fields away,  
And breathe the fresh and balmy air!"

*Awe and Reverence*.—"In winter, awful Thou!"

*Arrogance and Presumption*.—*Malvolio*, [speaking to Sir Toby and others.] "Go, hang yourselves, all! You are idle, shallow things; I am not of your element."

II.—Grief enfeebles the whole mien and posture: Joy impels to brisk motion and to springing attitude.

## EXAMPLES.

*Grief*.—"Oh! I have lost you all,  
Parents, and home, and friends!"

*Joy*.—"Joy, joy forever! my task is done!  
The gates are past, and heaven is won!"

III.—Fear, when it exists in the forms of timidity and constraint, or cowardice, merely, inclines to narrow, and confined, and cowering postures; but when it amounts to alarm and terror, it occasions shrinking and starting, and wide positions of the feet, as if in the endeavor to run from and escape threatened danger: Courage braces the whole body in every limb, and renders the posture firm, and sometimes defiant, or, at once, braced and expanded: Confidence and Boasting lead to a bold or swaggering gait, with wide postures of the feet.

## EXAMPLES.

*Timidity*.—"I dare not venture nearer. The danger is too great."

*Cowardice*.—"I feel my valor oozing out at the palms of my hands."

\* The pupil should recite every example with the tone and manner of *natural, deep, and full feeling*, in the *attitude* described in the rule. The teacher is aware that, to the susceptible spirit of youth, the impressive effect of attitude is of vast assistance to imagination and feeling—the sources of expression and eloquence. Gesture may be added, as a farther aid to vivid effect. See Rules of Gesture, in subsequent pages.

*Fear*.—"For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound."

*Terror*.—"The foe ! they come, they come !"

IV.—Anger produces wide positions and stamping.

EXAMPLE.

*Anger*.—"And dar'st thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,—  
The Douglas in his hall ?"

V.—Indifference causes a languid, inexpressive posture : Earnestness moves forward, as if in approach to its object : Aversion withdraws : Eagerness and Ardor spring toward their objects : Hatred and Detestation incline away from, and brace themselves against their object.

EXAMPLES.

*Indifference*.—"If you did, I care not."

*Earnestness*.—"Rise, or Greece forever falls !"

*Aversion*.—"Away with an idea so repugnant to humanity !

*Eagerness*.—"Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honor cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple !"

*Hatred*.—"I hate him, for he is a Christian !"

VI.—Entreaty and Supplication reach toward the person who is addressed, and cause, thus, an advancing and inclining posture.

EXAMPLE.

*Entreaty*.—"Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this !"

VII.—Admiration, when deliberate, leans back to enjoy the contemplation of its object ;—when earnest and intense, it leans forward, and hangs over its object : Disgust and Loathing turn away and withdraw from the persons or objects which cause them : Love and Tenderness draw toward whatever excites them, and lean forward.

EXAMPLES.

*Admiration*.—1. "All hail, thou lovely Queen of Night !"

2. "Oh ! speak again, bright angel !"

*Disgust and Loathing*.—"Out of my sight, thou serpent !"

*Love and Tenderness*.—"O, my soul's joy !"



VIII.—Revenge, when deep-seated and deliberate, braces the attitude of the whole body, as in deep determination; but when intensely excited, it becomes violent in movement and threatening in attitude, or springs upon its victim.

EXAMPLE.

*Revenge.*—1. “Cursed be my tribe, if I forgive him!”

2. “Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew!”

IX.—Pride, Haughtiness, and Scorn erect the whole frame, and throw the head upward and backward: Humility keeps the head and eyes down, and the attitude subdued or partially confined. Defiance, when it anticipates attack, braces itself in the attitude of resistance, inclining backward; but when it becomes bold and violent, it takes the attitude of attack, and faces its opponent, and walks up to him: Submission and Resignation bow or bend the body, and confine the feet in a still and withdrawn posture: Meekness preserves an unbraced, motionless, unassuming attitude: Tranquillity, Calmness, and Composure, take a steady, fixed, but unassuming attitude.

EXAMPLES.

*Pride and Haughtiness.*—“Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,  
Proud liminary cherub!”

*Humility.*—“I humbly thank your grace!”

*Defiance.*—1. “I do defy him, and I spit at him.”

2. “Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.”

*Submission and Resignation.*—“I am stripped of all my honors. I lie like one of those old oaks, which the late hurricane has strewed about my path. I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I humbly recognize the Divine justice.”

*Meekness.*—“Pour on! I can endure.”

*Tranquillity.*—“O’er all the peaceful world, the smile  
of Heaven shall lie.”

*Calmness and Composure.*—My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.”

RULES ON ATTITUDE AS AFFECTED BY THOUGHT, IN CONTRAST WITH FEELING.

I. Thought, when not accompanied by strong emotion, inclines, in oral and visible expression, to the unimpassioned attitude of tranquillity, in which the body does not incline forward, as in earnestness, but rather leans back, as in rest; the weight of the body settling, not on the advanced, but on the retired foot, as in the attitude described in the direction regarding the "breathing" exercises.—The attitude here intended may be thus described by the use of initial letters: *R. f.* (Right foot,) *a.* (advanced,) *L. s.* (Left supporting.)

EXAMPLE.—"The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most momentous duties of early life."

II. Earnest address, on the contrary, takes the opposite attitude of the body, inclining forward, and the weight supported by the advanced foot.—Described by initial letters, thus: *R. f. a. R. s.*

EXAMPLE.—"Be assured, my young friends, that the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most momentous duties of early life. Let me entreat you, as you value your own happiness, never to neglect it."

RULES ON ATTITUDE, AS APPROPRIATE TO THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF AN ADDRESS.

I. If the opening of a piece is moderate and tranquil, the attitude of repose and tranquillity prevails, till the language becomes animated, warm, or energetic, and thence prompts action, and stirs the attitude. If the piece, on the other hand, commences boldly, the attitude must correspond, in boldness.

EXAMPLES.—1. *Repose*.—"Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope."—*R. f. a. L. s.*

2. *Bold Attitude and Action*.—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote."—*R. f. a. R. s.*

II. At the opening of a new paragraph, or a new branch of a subject, the rule, when the style of language is moderate, is as for the beginning of a piece of quiet expression. But when the style is bold, the rule for attitude is as at the commencement of an earnest address.

In the former case, the speaker *retires* as he commences the paragraph: in the latter, he *advances*.

EXAMPLES.—1. “Mr. Chairman, this is nearly all I deem it important *now* to *advance*.\* I will detain my audience but for a moment longer, while I say a single word in explanation.”

2. “Mr. Chairman, I appeal, with confidence, to your own *experience*,\* and your personal sentiments, on this subject.”

#### COMMON FAULTS IN ATTITUDE.

The errors to which young speakers are prone, as regards the attitude of the body, in the act of declamation, are principally the following:

1st. *A timid, feeble, and constrained posture*, which keeps the feet *too close*—perhaps, even touching each other. There can be no natural freedom in the manner of any speaker who allows himself to fall into this fault as a habit; nor can there be any force in his gesture, because it wants a sufficiently free and firm base of support.

2d. *A careless and slovenly attitude*, in which the feet are placed *too far apart*, and the limbs *astride*. This posture may do to represent a careless talker, who is speaking without any object in view. But it is utterly incompatible with the air and manner of respect for an audience, or even for the speaker's self.

3d. *An over bold and assuming position*, in which *one foot is thrown too far forward*, as if the speaker had just taken a very wide step in the swaggering style of a bully or braggadocio. The effect of this style of attitude, is, to give the speaker an air of self-importance and display, which is apt to disgust his audience.

4th. *An awkward squareness of attitude*, which gives the whole body an air of stiffness and rigidity. This fault arises from *placing the feet parallel, and pointing straight forward* from the speaker's body, instead of moderately outward at the toes. This error exemplifies the posture of an Indian or a rustic, but not of a cultivated speaker: it has firmness, but not freedom; and it is totally destitute of grace.

5th. *Planting the weight of the body on both feet equally*, instead of allowing it to rest principally on one. The

\* The word in italics indicates the place for movement.

fault here indicated is adopted by some young speakers, under the false notion that it is a manly and firm style of attitude; while it is merely the style of careless, awkward, or rigid habit, which negligent custom has made natural to the individual, or to the community in which he lives.\* The speaker who would have the free sway of his body, as he addresses his whole audience in turn, must rest on one foot principally, and allow the other to be free from pressure; otherwise he will be under the necessity of changing his whole position, every time that he turns from side to side of his audience, which he ought to do by an easy inclination of his whole person, but without shifting the posture of his feet. There is no fault more frequently displayed by young speakers, than that of systematically shifting position, and speaking, for a while, to the right side, and then, shifting anew, so as to speak, for a while, to the left; instead of, all the while, turning the eyes, the head, and the whole frame moderately, so as to keep the whole audience always in the speaker's eye, and under the influence of his voice and action.

6th. *Keeping both limbs in a rigid, unyielding posture*, instead of allowing one to bend easily at the knee, so as to keep the attitude free and flexible. This fault makes the speaker's body seem to rest on two posts, rather than human limbs.

7th. *Allowing both knees to bend*, in a feeble and unmanly style of attitude. This fault is the opposite to the one just described. It makes the speaker appear destitute of the power of self-support, as if overcome by faintness or extreme fatigue. It naturally excites pity, but never respect; especially as it is usually accompanied by a slight courtesying motion of the knee-joints, which adds to the air of feebleness in the speaker.

8th. The unmeaning and mechanical habit of *keeping the body perpetually bending*, at the back and the hip-joints, in a succession of slight bows. The single bow with which a speaker properly begins his address, is a sufficient mark of his respect for his audience; and "the thousand and one" which sometimes follow, may be good physical exercise for the individual's own vertebræ, but they do not aid his speaking. Action should come from a speaker's arm—not from his backbone.

\* It is a fault nearly universal in New England, and constitutes the characteristic rigidity of speakers educated in that region.

9th. The ungainly trick of placing the feet with the toes pointing straight forward,—as mentioned under a former head,—leads to a very bad fault in the mode of changing the speaker's position, in making an advance. *It swings round the shoulder of the speaker* toward his audience, and places him before them *sideways*, instead of fully fronting them. A true posture keeps the speaker's body fairly fronting all his audience, in turn, as he addresses them successively with his eye, and by the easy turning of his head and body.

10th. *A haughty carriage of the whole body*, caused by not only keeping the head up, but actually drawing it *back*, somewhat, from the audience. This fault gives the speaker an air of *disdain* rather than of persuasion.

11th. *A submissive and bashful air*, arising from allowing the head to droop. The speaker who indulges this habit, seems *servile and abject*,—not manly and free, which is essential to the manner of one who is entitled to respect.

12th. *An irresolute and restless air*, caused by incessant shifting of position. Animation demands movement, but only to a moderate extent. Liveliness is an excellence in speaking; but restlessness, a fault. It makes the speaker seem incapable of any deep or solid effect of eloquence.

13th. *A post-like stillness of body*, as if the speaker's whole frame were lifeless, except his tongue. The nerves of feeling, of motion, and of expression, extend over the whole body, and, wherever they exist, are all bound up in one general casing: they are meant to act together: it is only morbid and false habit that disconnects them in life and action. An earnest thought, in the mood of communication, naturally leads to gesture, as its mode of expression. Hence we complain of a speaker as being dull, who uses no action of the arm, and no expression in the countenance. But no action of the arm can be natural, if it is not connected, occasionally, with those changes of attitude which necessarily precede the motions of the arm and hand, in earnest speech. Every new and striking turn of thought, every fresh impulse of feeling, naturally produces a change in the posture of the body.\*

\* It is, on this account, often found a useful practice to require of the pupil, while studying his piece for declamation, to mark, with a pencil, the



14th. No fault is more frequently displayed, at academic exhibitions, than the awkward posture of speaking with the *left foot advanced*. This was the unavoidable concomitant of the unwieldy toga of the Roman orator. But it is utterly inapplicable to modern style. It curtails and shortens all the gestures of the right arm, and enfeebles their effect, by withdrawing them somewhat from the audience. True eloquence is earnest, and approaches those whom it addresses; and the appealing arm and hand, stretched toward the audience, have this meaning in them. But if the left foot, instead of the right, be advanced, it keeps back the effect of all action coming from the right hand.

The attitude of the left foot in advance, is farther objectionable, as belonging to the artisan, at the anvil or the bench, rather than to the speaker.

The advance of the left foot, in attitude, is inappropriate in all circumstances which do not require the use of the left hand, in action.

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## LESSON II.

### ACTION.

#### COMMON ERRORS.

1st. THE obvious fault of *keeping the hands down by the sides, during a whole speech or piece*. A speaker who allows himself to indulge this habit resembles a wooden figure from the carver's shop, or a soldier training without his musket; but he can do little good as an orator. The exercise of speaking is justly expected to warm the man into full life and action—not freeze him into a statue.

2d. The disagreeable fault of *gesticulating incessantly*, instead of using gesture in strong emphasis only. The gesticulator is not unfitly compared to the monkey, with its ceaseless and unmeaning galvanic jerkings of muscle and limb. Liveliness is a very desirable quality in a speaker; but, if unrestrained, it takes away all manly

places where a change in subject and style seems to demand a change of attitude. A little practice, in this way, soon makes the juvenile student expert in detecting and observing the proper places for natural change of position.

dignity, and substitutes an air of childishness, which is apt to produce contempt rather than respect.

3d. Ill-timed action, which either *comes before* or *follows after the emphatic word*, instead of keeping strict time with it. Gesture not made in exact coincidence with the voice, seems to come from a disjointed arm: its effect, instead of being impressive, is merely awkward and ridiculous.

4th. A niggardly and parsimonious use of gesture, which hardly lets the arm rise from the side, but *confines it to the immediate vicinity of the speaker's body*, by keeping *the elbow pinned to the side*. Action, if it is needed at all, should be free, both in character and scope: moderate it may be, if the character of the speaker's subject is such. But action frozen by timidity or reserve, is self-contradiction in a visible shape.

5th. *Angular and jerking motions* of the arm, instead of flowing and continuous ones.

6th. *Feeble and timid attempts at gesture*, rather than gesture actually made. Action is nothing, if it has not energy enough to add *force* to thought and language. The main use of gesture is to enforce sentiment. But this it never can do, if weak in itself.

7th. The fault of *never raising the hand high enough* to give power to any gesture in its descent. The half-raised arm can never give an effectual blow: neither can it give an effectual gesture.

8th. The opposite habit of *an ungainly lifting of the arm*, so as to bring the hand greatly above the head, or to keep it long suspended in that position, when nothing in the character of the speaker's sentiment warrants it.

9th. *Making gestures uniformly in horizontal lines*, and thus losing the manly force of the bold *descent* of the arm, or the elevating effect of its occasional *ascent*.

10th. Making gestures uniformly flow in a *line from the ear*, instead of from the vicinity of the face, or making them fall *inward, toward the speaker's body*, instead of *outward*—from it.

11th. Making gesture, with *mechanical sameness*, with *the finger only*, or *the shut hand only*, or with the edge of the hand, and only in one line, and with one degree of force, without regard to diversity of thought and language in connection with the subject.



12th. Using a *poetical* or dramatic style of gesture, in speaking *prose*, and a *prosaic* or declamatory style, in reciting *verse*.

13th. Making *no distinction* between the *grave and noble style* belonging to *epic* poetry, the *rapturous* character of *lyric* gesture, and the *variety, freedom, and graphic effect* of *dramatic* action.

14th. *Allowing*, in the use of the hand, *the fingers and thumb to gather feebly together*, instead of expanding. The speaker who indulges in this faulty habit, seems to be *receiving* rather than *giving*.

15th. *Holding the hand out straight and flat*, like a board, instead of slightly curved in the line of the fingers, and sloping from the wrist downward. The faulty position has no appealing effect of human speech in it.

16th. *Pointing with a rigid straightness, or a feeble crookedness*, instead of a slight curve, in the line of the forefinger.

17th. *Laying the hand on the breast, in all passages which mention the heart*, instead of restricting this action to references to the speaker's personal feelings.\*

#### GENERAL RULES FOR GESTURE.†

I. The style of gesture, and the comparative frequency of its occurrence, depend wholly on the nature of the speaker's subject, and the character of the expression which he uses.

II. A plain prose address on scientific or literary subjects, requires but few gestures, and these of a moderate character, as regards force and frequency of action, or its extent in space; as the speaker, in such cases, is not addressing feeling and imagination, which depend on action for excitement, but the understanding and the judgment, which do not require the aid of action; their springs lying within the mind itself.

III. An address or lecture on moral topics, requires a style of action more energetic, more frequently occurring, and occupying more extent of space; as such forms of

\* For fuller instructions regarding Gesture, see the American Elocutionist.

† It is not meant, in laying down the above rules, that gesture is to be artificially made by prescribed directions, but to state those general principles which enable the speaker to detect the laws of nature, in visible expression.

speech require more force of feeling, and are more dependent on the action of imagination.

IV. A political address usually takes yet a wider range of thought and feeling, and employs more largely the aid of imagination, and hence inclines to still more forcible, frequent, and expansive gesture.

V. A literary or a moral address, if argumentative in its form, approaches the style of political address, in the force, freedom, frequency, and scope of its action.

VI. The recitation of a piece in verse, depends necessarily on imaginative and poetic associations, much more vivid and graphic than those of prose composition. The style of gesture, therefore, in the recitation of poetry, is much more lively, forcible, varied, and impressive, than that of prose declamation of any description.

VII. Poetic prose, which abounds in imagery and descriptive effect, approaches, in delivery, the style of poetry, as regards all its appropriate characteristics of intensity, variety, and power.

VIII. The style of gesture in the recitation of verse, is regulated, in part, by the peculiar character of the poem which is recited. Epic poetry, from its grave and majestic character, inclines to comparatively few gestures. But these are, from the same cause, large in space, lofty, bold, slow, and sweeping, in their style.

IX. The style of action which accompanies the recitation of lyric verse, is, owing to the vivid, abrupt, and varied character of its language, much more intense, variable, and impassioned than that of epic poetry.

X. Dramatic poetry, in the tragic form, is still more graphic, vivid, and imaginative, than even lyric poetry; and it possesses, at the same time, much of the dignity and grandeur of the epic style. The speaker's style of action, in recitation, should correspond to these traits of expression.

XI. The style of comedy, and that of humorous lyric verse, are nearly the same; vivid, and descriptive, and variable, to an extent which would seem puerile in serious composition. But the playful character of these species of composition, not only justifies, but requires, very often, a high degree of graphic and even mimetic effect.

XII. Extracts from professional speeches demand a due regard to the peculiar style of each. Gravity, reserve,

and strict decorum, but yet an earnest and impressive style, belong appropriately to declamation drawn from a sermon. A vivid, earnest, yet grave, and manly style, belongs to the style of action, accompanying pieces which exemplify the eloquence of the bar.

XIII. The eloquence of the popular assembly, combines the styles already described under the heads of moral and political addresses. It sometimes, and properly, requires the style of poetic prose superadded, in the higher flights of eloquent expression. The "hustings" speeches of England, and the "caucus" speeches of America, furnish examples of this style.

XIV. The style of speaking in deliberative assemblies,—that which is usually designated, in rhetorical classification, as "the eloquence of the senate,"—requires the same attributes of action as the style of the popular assembly, but comparatively elevated, and chastened, and reserved, in conformity with the greater gravity of the customary occasions of deliberative address. The speeches of distinguished Parliamentary orators usually exemplify this style.

XV. Speeches on anniversary occasions, at public festivals, and in all similar situations, give action freer scope and more graphic and vivid effect than any of the preceding forms of address. See Fourth of July orations, speeches at public dinners, &c.

XVI. A regularly composed address may exemplify, in succession, all the following differences of oratorical action: first, the grave, reserved, and quiet style of merely expository or explanatory statement, addressed to the understanding; second, the stronger and warmer style of argumentation, in the discussion of the subject; third, the varied and more poetic manner of illustration and description; fourth, the more earnest and vivid style of personal and hortatory appeal, in which the eloquence of action reaches its highest effect. Patrick Henry's war speech furnishes an example in point.

#### USE OF THE LEFT HAND.

RULE.—The use of the left hand in gesture, is sometimes appropriate, in alternation, for contrast or correspondence to the action of the right; but only in the

language of strong feeling or high-wrought imagination, or in a long and formal antithesis.

It is appropriate in addressing a distinct portion of an audience, on the speaker's left hand.

But as, in all the ordinary actions of life, we give the preference to the right hand, and seldom use the left, so should it be in speaking.

#### USE OF BOTH HANDS.

RULE.—Expansive thought, and warm appeals to a whole audience, justify and require the use of both hands, as an indispensable condition of natural and eloquent address. But such action is proper only in such circumstances, and those which are exemplified under the rules for gesture, in a preceding page.

#### ANALYSIS OF GESTURE.

The careful study and practice of the following examples, will enable the pupil to avoid common errors in the modes and application of gesture, and to attain a correct, significant, and appropriate style.

The common faults of gesture, are *feeble*, *confined*, and *angular* movements and positions of the arm, or an habitual *swaying* and *sweeping* of the arm, and *sawing* of the air, without regard to any just distinction in the character of action. Gesture belongs only to emphatic expression, and therefore requires energy in its movement. Energy, in turn, demands freedom; and freedom requires space for motion. But these should never be exaggerated.

The common gestures of conversation, being addressed to a few persons close by the speaker, are too small, slight, and angular, for the style of public speaking. The orator, to appeal to all the individuals of a large audience, must raise and extend his arm freely and fully. The gestures of the public speaker, may, from their large and forcible style, be easily analyzed and subjected to study.

A full gesture, such as is required in declamation and recitation, resolves itself into three parts, or a first, second, and third movement, as follows: the 1st raises the arm,—straight, but not rigid,—to a level with the shoulder, and in a line oblique from the speaker's face,—with the hand edgewise; the 2d raises the forearm, and draws the hand

toward the temples, without letting the elbow sink ; the 3d extends the whole arm in whatever line—downward, upward, or outward—the gesture of a given sentiment requires.

#### KEY TO THE ANALYSIS OF GESTURE.

There are three principal lines of gesture, and on these all others are founded : 1st, *descending*, in which the hand descends as low as the level of the hip-joint ; 2d, *horizontal*, on a level with the shoulder ; 3d, *ascending*, the hand rising as high as the head. See Frontispiece.

Tracing a line directly in *front* of the speaker's shoulder, the three principal lines, already mentioned, would yield, in succession, the gestures denominated "descending in front," "horizontal in front," "ascending in front."

Tracing a line *obliquely* from the speaker's face, the principal lines would give the gestures "descending oblique," "horizontal oblique," "ascending oblique."

Tracing a line *extended* from the speaker's *side*, we obtain the gestures "descending extended," "horizontal extended," "ascending extended."

Tracing a line *oblique backward* from the speaker's body, we have the gestures "descending oblique, backward," "horizontal oblique, backward," "ascending oblique, backward."\*

The initial letters of these definitions, would run thus, when used for the convenience of abbreviation : *D. f.* ("Descending in front,") *H. f.* ("Horizontal in front,") &c. *D. o.* ("Descending oblique,") &c. *D. e.* ("Descending extended,") &c. *D. o. b.* ("Descending oblique, backward,") &c.

Add to these the following : *R. h.* (Right hand ; ) *L. h.* (Left hand ; ) *B. h.* (Both hands ; ) *s.* (supine—palm upward,) *p.* (prone—palm downward,) *v.* (vertical—upright, palm outward ; ) *po.* (pointing ; ) *cli.* (clinchd,) *cla.* (claspd.)

By the use of these initials, we have a system of notation for marking as well as analyzing gesture. With the farther aid of the following designations, the subsequent applications to examples will be fully understood.

\* The practice of free, bold gesture in all these lines, is of the utmost value, as a means of giving *force*, *freedom*, and *grace* to action. The gestures described should be performed, first, with the *right*—then, with the *left* hand—then with *both* hands. They should be repeated also with all positions of the hand ; as *supine*, (back down,) *prone*, (palm down,) *vertical*, (upright ; ) also in the form of *pointing*, and with the hand *clinchd*. These gestures, practised thus, become the gymnastics of action for training the body to pliancy and power of expression.



*Dots, preceding italics*, indicate the 1st or the 1st and 2d preparatory movement before defined. *Dots, following italics*, intimate that whatever position of the hand was assumed in the italicized words, is continued unchanged.

*Italics* indicate the *emphatic* word or words, and consequently the 3d or consummating motion of the gesture, as before analyzed.

*The grave accent ( ` )* indicates, where there is more than one emphatic and italicized word, the exact place on which the gesture falls, in coincidence with *the accented syllable of the most emphatic word* of a clause or sentence. This is the only true place for the consummation or completing of a gesture. Before or after this, it falls out of time, and awkwardly.

*An upright mark ( | )* indicates the suspension or delay of the arm, after the completion of the preparatory movement, and before the consummating motion. In solemn style, this suspense is long; in lively style, short.

#### SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LINES AND MOVEMENTS OF GESTURE.

##### I.—*Gestures performed with One Hand.*

*R. H. S. D. f.* (Right hand supine,\* Descending in front,) *R. F. A. L. s.* (Right foot advanced, Left supporting.\*)

##### THE STYLE OF A STRONG PARTICULAR ASSERTION.

*Example.*—"This sentiment I will maintain | with the last breath of life."†

‡ *H. f.*—PERSONAL APPEAL.—*R. f. s.*

"I appeal | to you, sir, for your decision."

*A. f.*—APPEAL TO GOD.—*L. f. s.*

"I appeal | to the great Searcher of hearts, for the truth of what I utter."

*D. o.*—GENERAL ASSERTION.—*L. f. s.*

"Of all mistakes | none are so fatal as those which we incur through prejudice."

\* See preceding Key to the Analysis of Gesture.

† In practice, each gesture should be repeated till it can be performed easily, naturally, and gracefully. It is of great service, as a discipline to the arm and hand, to repeat the action, several times, in dumb show, *without the words*, so as to bend the attention more closely on the gesture, and thus acquire the power of executing it more easily and expertly.

‡ Refer to the Key, as explained. The right hand supine, and right foot advanced, continue till otherwise directed.

*H. o.*—GENERAL THOUGHT.—*L. f. s.*

“Truth, honor, | *justice*, were his motives.”

*A. o.*—SUBLIMITY OF ASSOCIATION.—*R. f. s.*

“Fix your eye | on the prize of a truly *noble ambition*—  
the consciousness of excellence.”

*D. e.*—REJECTION.—*L. f. s.*

“*Away* with an idea so absurd!”

*H. e.*—DESCRIPTION.—*R. f. s.*

“The breeze of morning | wafted *incense* on the air.”

NEGATION.—*L. f. s.*

“Not as the *conqueror* comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came.”

*A. e.*—TRIUMPH.—*R. f. s.*

“In dreams through camp and court he bore |  
The trophies of a *conqueror*.”

*D. o. b.*—VEHEMENT REJECTION.—*R. f. s.*

“*Away* with an idea so abhorrent to humanity!”

*H. o. b.*—ALLUSION TO REMOTENESS IN TIME AND  
SPACE.—*L. f. s.*

“Search the records of the remotest *antiquity* for a  
parallel to this, and you will search them in vain.”

*A. o. b.*—BOLDEST STYLE OF TRIUMPH.—*L. f. s.*

“His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud *hurrah*!”

R. H. P.

*D. f.*—REPRESSION, (*special or particular.*)—*R. f. s.*

“Put down the unworthy feeling!”

*H. f.*—RESTRAINING, (*special or particular.*)—*R. f. s.*

“*Restrain* the unhallowed propensity.”

[*A. f.* seldom used.]

*D. o.*—REPRESSION, (*generalized.*)—*R. f. s.*

“Let every one who would merit the Christian name |  
*repress* such a feeling.”



*H. o.*—RESTRAINING (*generalized.*)—*R. f. s.*

‘I charge you as men and as Christians | to lay a re-  
straint on all such dispositions!’

*A. o.*—DEPRECATION.—*L. f. s.*

“Ye gods, | withhold your vengeance!”

*D. e.*—SUPERPOSITION.—*L. f. s.*

“The hand of affection | shall smooth the turf for your  
last pillow!”

*D. e.*—CESSATION.—*L. f. s.*

“The tumult of life | has ceased.”

*H. e.*—SUPERPOSITION.—*L. f. s.*

“The cloud of adversity | threw its gloom | over all  
his prospects.”

*A. e.*—SUPERPOSITION.—*L. f. s.*

“So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud  
That swathes, | as with a purple shroud,  
Benledi’s distant hill.”

R. H. V.

[*D. f.* not in use.]

*H. f.*—REPULSION.—*R. f. s.*

“Arise! meet | and repel your foe!”

*A. f.*—DEPRECATION: (*strong.*)—*L. f. s.*

“Forbid it, Almighty God!”

*H. o.*—DEFENCE.—*L. f. s.*

“He generously extended the arm of power to ward  
off the blow.”

*A. o.*—DEPRECATION, (*moderate.*)—*L. f. s.*

“May Heaven | avert the calamity!”

*H. e.*—AVERSION.—*L. f. s.*

“Out of my sight, thou serpent!”

*H. o. b.*—EXTREME AVERSION.—*L. f. s.*

“Thou tempting fiend, *avàunt!*”

Repeat all the preceding gestures with the left hand, for the sake of discipline; as the left is occasionally used in gesture, and the command of it is important to freedom and force, in speaking.

## II.—*Gestures performed with Both Hands.*

B. H. S.

*D. f.*—DEPOSITION.—*L. f. s.*

“All personal feeling he *deposited* on the altar of his country’s good.”

*H. f.*—ENTREATY.—*R. f. s.*

“Listen, I *implòre* you, to the voice of reason!”

*A. f.*—DEVOTIONAL ADDRESS.—*R. f. s.*

“*Hail!* universal Lord.”

*D. o.*—RELINQUISHMENT.—*L. f. s.*

“Every personal advantage | he *surrendered* to the common good.”

*H. o.*—WELCOMING.—*R. f. s.*

“*Wilcome!* once more, to your early home!”

*A. o.*—HAILING.—*R. f. s.*

“*Hail!* holy Light!”

*D. e.*—RENUNCIATION.—*L. f. s.*

“I utterly *renounce* all the supposed advantages of such a station.”

*H. e.*—UNIVERSALITY.—*L. f. s.*

“They yet slept | *in the wide abyss of possibility.*”

*A. e.*—EXULTATION.—*R. f. s.*

“Joy, joy, | *forèver!*”

B. H. P.

*D. f.*—SUPERPOSITION.—*R. f. s.*

“Lie *lightly* on him, earth—his step was light on thee!”

*H. f.*—BLESSING.—*R. f. s.*

“Now, all the blessings of a glad father | *light on thee!*”

*A. f.*—ADORATION.—*R. f. s.*

“Blessed be Thy *name!* O Lord, Most High!”

*D. o.*—HUMILITY.—*L. f. s.*

“We are in Thy sight | but as the *worms of the dust!*”

*H. o.*—BLESSING, (*generalized.*)—*R. f. s.*

“May the grace of God *abide with you for ever!*”

*A. o.*—SUPERPOSITION.—*L. f. s.*

“And let the triple rainbow rest |  
*O'er all the mountain tops.”*

*D. e.*—RENUNCIATION.—*L. f. s.*

“Here let the tumults of passion | *forever cèase!*”

*H. e.*—DIFFUSION.—*R. f. s.*

“Spread *wide around* the heaven-breathing calm!”

*A. e.*—ELEVATION AND EXPANSION.—*L. f. s.*

“Heaven | *opened wide her ever-during gates.*”

B. H. V.

[The descending line not in use.]

*H. f.*—TERROR.—*L. f. s.* (Position very wide.)

“*Hence, hideous spectre!*”

*A. f.*—DEPRECATION.—*L. f. s.*

“*Avèrt,* O God, the frown of thy indignation!”

*H. o.*—AVERSION.—*L. f. s.*

“Far from | *our hearts* be so inhuman a feeling!”

*A. o.*—AVERSION, (*elevated.*)—*L. f. s.*

“Let me not | *name it to you, ye chaste stars!*”

*H. e.*—DISPERSION.—*L. f. s.*

“And if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed, |  
*Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!*”

*A. e.*—DISPERSION, (more forcible.)—*R. f. s.*

“Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!”

The *pointing finger* is used, in any line, for *emphatic distinction* and *close discrimination*.

*Example.*—“Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.”

The *shut hand*, (clinched,) in any line, for *violent anger*, *fierce* or *stern determination*.

*Example.*—“And dar’st thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,—  
The Douglas in his hall?  
And hop’st thou thence unscathed to go?  
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell,—no!”

The *fingers apart* indicate *horror*, or *extreme fear*.

“Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;—  
Hence! horrible shadow,  
Unreal mockery, hence!”

An *upward sweep* of gesture sometimes takes place in astonishment, or in an arousing call, or summons. Thus, *B. h. v.*—*h. o.*—“Awake! *B. h. v.* *A. e.*—Arise! or be forever fallen!”

The *feeble rising* and *dropping* of one hand, express *regret*;—of *both*,—*grief*. Thus, *R. h. p.* *H. o.*—“Ah! unhappy man!”—*B. h.* *A. o.*—“Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!”

#### APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF GESTURE.

The preceding analysis will enable the pupil to apply the principles of gesture to the expression of the various forms of emotion. The application may be conveniently exemplified by turning back to the classification of emotions, given under the Rules on Attitude, and tracing the rules of gesture which, in every instance, are applicable in conjunction with those of attitude.

Rule I.\*—Solemnity usually is expressed by the stillness of the hands and the upturning of the eyes: Anima-

\* The numbering of the Rules, in this and the following instances, refers the pupil to the corresponding Rule on Attitude, so as to enable him to apply action and attitude in conjunction.

tion is expressed by the activity of the hands as well as of the whole body. Awe and Reverence raise the hands and eyes—the hands vertical, and hold them long still and fixed. Arrogance and Presumption erect the whole body, and jerk up the head: they incline, also, to impetuous and scornful action in the form of repulsive waves of the hand, haughty expression of features, the curling lip, expanded nostrils, and downward glancing of the eye.\*

II.—Grief is expressed in the alternate drooping and upturning of the head, and the alternate raising and dropping of the hands: Joy clasps and raises the hands, or throws them up widely apart.—Repeat, as before, examples under Rule II. on Attitude.

III.—Timidity, Constraint, and Cowardice, draw in the hands, and keep them close to the body, and half turn away the head, and keep the eyes down. Alarm and Terror are expressed by staring eyes, expanded nostrils, open mouth, head withdrawn, arms projected rigidly, on a line level with the shoulder, hands vertical, and directed toward the exciting object, as if to keep it off, fingers stiffened and outspread.—Repeat the examples under Rule III. on Attitude, and the one at the middle of p. 59.

IV.—Anger is expressed by a fierce frown, a darting eye, set teeth, clinched hands, the body in the posture of attack.—Repeat the examples under Rule IV. on Attitude.

V.—Indifference, by a partially averted face, dull aspect, folded or dangling arms, hands loose: Earnestness, by open eyes, expanded nostrils, mouth slightly open, body leaning forward, arms and hands in energetic action. Aversion—face averted, frowning; lips curled, and parted; nostrils expanded, hands and arms repellent: Eagerness and Ardor—head and body inclining forward, eyes open and sparkling, mouth slightly open with a partial smile, nostrils moderately expanded, arms and hands reaching forward, as if to *grasp* an object: Hatred and Detestation—frowning, fierce, flashing eye; distended nostrils; set teeth; wide-parted, grinning lips; head withdrawn; body braced; arms stiffened; hand clinched.—Repeat the examples under Rule V. on Attitude.

\* The pupil should now repeat the *language* and *attitude* of the emotions comprehended under the rule, and add the *gesture*. This he can do, by turning back, and reading, or, rather, reciting, without book, the extracts given as examples under Rule I. on Attitude.

VI.—Entreaty and Supplication—eye-brows slightly raised, earnest eye, nostrils slightly expanded, mouth open and curving slightly downward, head and body much inclined forward, arms projected, hands wide open or clasped.—Repeat the examples under Rule VI. on Attitude.

VII.—Admiration,—1. placid brow, smiling eye and mouth, head slightly inclining backward, body erect or leaning slightly backward, arms and hands expanded or elevated, or both;—2. earnest and ardent look, mingled with tender and smiling expression, head and body inclining eagerly forward: Disgust and Loathing—fierce frown, flashing eye, set teeth, mouth drawn down, and lips parted, face and body averted, arm and hand thrown out repulsively, toward the object of the emotion: Love and Tenderness—mild and soft, but animated and ardent eye, gentle smile, head and body inclining forward, arms and hands extended toward, or embracing the object of the emotion.—Repeat the examples under Rule VII.

VIII.—Revenge,—1. fierce frown, glaring eye, set teeth, mouth drawn down, lips wide apart, head and body erect, arm thrown violently downward, hand clinched;—2. stern and fierce look, as before, though less malignant in the expression of the mouth, head and body leaning eagerly forward, arm raised and thrown violently forward, hand clinched.—Repeat the examples under Rule VIII.

IX.—Pride, Haughtiness, and Scorn—eyebrow alternately raised and frowning, the eye glancing from head to foot of the object of emotion, wide-distended nostrils, lips curled and projected, head thrown alternately downward and backward, body drawn upward and backward, arms braced and hands clinched, but held downward: Humility—calm brow, eyelids down, head sinking, body bent, arm and hand waving downward, or drawn inward, and laid upon the chest, over the heart. Defiance,—1. brow fiercely knit, eye glaring, nostrils expanded, lips curled, head and body erect, or inclining backward, arms braced, and hands clinched, but held down;—2. countenance as before, but with more violence than scorn, in its expression, head and body inclining forward, and approaching the object of the emotion, arm thrown violently forward, hand clinched or pointing: Submission and Resignation—as in Humility, except the arms and hands, which wave downward, or are both placed on the heart: Meekness



—as in Humility, except the eyes and head, which turn upward, and the hands and arms, which remain actionless by the side: Tranquillity, Calmness, and Composure—serene brow and eye; all features, and the whole frame, in repose; action slight, gentle, and waving.—Repeat examples under Rule IX.

The analysis of attitude and action, is an exercise particularly interesting to boys, and one in which they easily make rapid progress. They have, in this branch of elocution, a natural advantage over adults, owing to the quick susceptibility of the young mind, in all which regards imaginative action and effect.

Teachers whose school arrangements will permit them to give close attention to the department of declamation, will find it a highly useful exercise to superintend their pupils in analyzing pieces, previous to having them committed to memory. The elocutionary analysis now proposed, has been exemplified in the preceding paragraphs. Applied to miscellaneous pieces, it would be conducted as follows:

1. Let the teacher, or an intelligent, advanced pupil, read the piece aloud, before the class, with full expressive tone.

2. Let the first sentence of the piece be read, once more, by itself; and let one of the pupils mention the *emotion* which prevails in its language, and, from the rules in this manual, state the *attitude* and *action* which properly belong to it, and, consequently, to the most prominent parts of the sentence. Let the pupil then *exemplify* the style, by repeating the sentence with the appropriate gesture.

- 3, &c. Let the second and all following sentences be analyzed and practised in the same way.

## PART II.

### PIECES FOR PRACTICE.

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#### EXERCISE I.

*Ambition, false and true.*—ANONYMOUS.

[An example of *serious* and *earnest*\* style, in tone and gesture.]

I WOULD not wear the warrior's wreath,  
I would not court his crown;  
For love and virtue sink beneath  
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek my fame to build  
On glory's dizzy height;—  
Her temple is with orphans filled;  
Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem,  
By folly prized so dear;  
For want and woe have bought each gem,  
And every pearl's a tear.

I would not heap the golden chest,  
That sordid spirits crave;  
For every grain, (by penury cursed,)  
Is gathered from the grave.

No; let my wreath unsullied be,  
My fame be virtuous youth;  
My wealth be kindness, charity  
My diadem be truth!

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#### EXERCISE II.

*Nature's Gentleman.*—ELIZA COOK.

[An example of *lively* expression, in voice and action.]

Whom do we dub as gentleman?—the knave, the fool, the brute—  
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit!  
The parchment scroll of titled line—the ribbon at the knee,  
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:

\* The characteristic *expression, attitudes, and action* of the style of every exercise, may be reviewed, by reverting to the descriptions given of them, in preceding pages.

But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth HER nobly born,  
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;  
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,  
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,  
But showers her beauty, grace, and light upon the brain and heart;  
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—  
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom:  
Should fortune pour her welcome store and useful gold abound,  
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;  
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,  
When held by Nature's gentleman—the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home where sorrow's offspring dwell;  
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell;  
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love;  
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above:  
The orphan child—the friendless one—the luckless, or the poor,  
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;  
His kindred circles all mankind—his country all the globe—  
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control;  
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul;  
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,  
But will not love the revel scene, or heed the brawling strife.  
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue:  
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young:  
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,  
And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,  
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;  
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach;  
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech:  
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;  
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed:  
Justice and Mercy form his code—he puts his trust in Heaven;  
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,  
Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar star;  
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,  
Yet—yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark:  
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,  
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide:  
They hold the rank no king can give—no station can disgrace;  
Nature puts forth HER gentlemen, and monarchs must give place.

### EXERCISE III.

*Casabianca.*—MRS. HEMANS.

[An example of *firm* and *animated* expression of *courage*, in voice, attitude, and gesture.]

The boy stood \*on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;

\* The rhetorical pause here needs close attention, in order to avoid the common fault, "The boy stood-on."

The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead ;

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;—  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;—  
That father, faint in death, below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done !"—  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone !"—  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair,

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father ! must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild ;  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound ;—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part ;  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that young faithful heart.

## EXERCISE IV.

*The Savoyard's Return.*—H. K. WHITE.

[The recitation of the following piece should exemplify the *full* voice and *lively gestures* of *joy, animation, and delight.*]

Oh ! yonder is the well-known spot,  
 My dear, my long-lost native home !  
 Oh ! welcome is yon little cot,  
 Where I shall rest, no more to roam !  
 Oh ! I have travelled far and wide,  
 O'er many a distant foreign land ;  
 Each place, each province, I have tried,  
 And sung and danced my saraband.\*  
 But all their charms could not prevail  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report,  
 It lured me from my native land ;  
 It bade me rove ; my sole support  
 My cymbals and my saraband.  
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,  
 The chamoist† skipping o'er the heights ;  
 The plain adorned with many a flock,  
 And, oh ! a thousand more delights,  
 That grace yon dear beloved retreat,  
 Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe returned, with wandering tired,  
 No more my little home I'll leave ;  
 And many a tale of what I've seen  
 Shall while away the winter's eve.  
 Oh ! I have wandered far and wide,  
 O'er many a distant foreign land ;  
 Each place, each province, I have tried,  
 And sung and danced my saraband.  
 But all their charms could not prevail  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

\* Pronounced, *sărăband*—(a kind of dance.)

† *Sham'oy*—(an animal of the goat kind.) The word, when used as the name of the *animal*, is properly pronounced as marked : when used as an adjective, to designate a sort of leather, it is pronounced *shammy*.

## EXERCISE V.

*The Removal.*—ANONYMOUS.

[*Humorous and playful expression in voice and action.*]

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade,  
By which, though—it seems—he a fortune had made,  
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,  
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind, when he viewed the estate ;  
But alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;  
For in each dwelt a smith :—a more hard-working two  
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,  
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk ;  
“These fellows,” he cried, “such a clattering keep,  
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep.”

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—  
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day ;  
His afternoon's nap, and his daughter's new song,  
Were banished and spoiled by their hammer's dingdong.

He offered each vulcan to purchase his shop ;  
But no ! they were stubborn, determined to stop :  
At length, (both his spirits and health to improve,)  
He cried, “I'll give *each* fifty guineas to move.”

“Agreed !” said the pair, “that will make us amends.”  
“Then come to my house, and let us part friends ;  
You shall dine ; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,  
That each may live long in his new habitation.”

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale,—  
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale ;  
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest  
Would take from him noise, and restore to him rest.

“And now,” said he, “tell me, where mean you to move—  
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve !”  
“Why, sir,” replied one, with a grin on his phiz,  
“Tom Forge moves to *my* shop, and I move to *his* !”



## EXERCISE VI.

*Spring.*—ANONYMOUS.[Tone and action of *joy*.]

The Spring—she is a blessed thing !  
She is the mother of the flowers ;  
She is the mate of birds and bees,  
The partner of their revelries,—  
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see  
Her coming, by the budding thorn,  
They leap upon the cottage floor,  
They shout beside the cottage door,  
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods—  
Peeping the withered leaves among,  
To find the earliest fragrant thing  
That dares from the cold earth to spring,  
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,  
As if they had a chase of mirth ;  
The skies are blue, the air is balm ;  
Our very hearts have caught the charm  
That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.

The aged man is in the field,  
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers,  
The sons of sorrow and distress  
Are wandering in forgetfulness  
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—  
With joys to store for future years ;  
From which, in striving crowds apart,  
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,  
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up!—let us to the fields away,  
And breathe the fresh and balmy air :  
The bird is building in the tree ;  
The flower has opened to the bee ;  
And health, and love, and peace are there.

## EXERCISE VII.

*The Little Philosopher.*—DAY.

[Style of lively, familiar dialogue, talking tones and easy gesture.]

*Mr. L.* (*looking at the boy and admiring his ruddy cheerful countenance.*) I thank you, my good lad! you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble? (*putting his hand into his pocket.*)

*Boy.* I want nothing, sir.

*Mr. L.* Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

*B.* I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips, and keeping the crows from the corn.

*Mr. L.* And do you like this employment?

*B.* Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

*Mr. L.* But had you not rather play?

*B.* This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

*Mr. L.* Who sent you to work?

*B.* My father, sir.

*Mr. L.* Where does he live?

*B.* Just by, among the trees, there sir.

*Mr. L.* What is his name?

*B.* Thomas Hurdle, sir.

*Mr. L.* And what is yours?

*B.* Peter, sir.

*Mr. L.* How old are you?

*B.* I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

*Mr. L.* How long have you been out in this field?

*B.* Ever since six in the morning, sir.

*Mr. L.* And are you not hungry?

*B.* Yes, sir. I shall go to my dinner soon.

*Mr. L.* If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

*B.* I don't know; I never had so much in my life.

*Mr. L.* Have you no playthings?

*B.* Playthings! what are they?

*Mr. L.* Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

*B.* No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have

a jumping-pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

*Mr. L.* And do you want nothing else?

*B.* No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

*Mr. L.* Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

*B.* Oh!—I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a piece of pie, now and then, and that is as good.

*Mr. L.* Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

*B.* I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

*Mr. L.* Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

*B.* I have a better pair for Sundays.

*Mr. L.* But these let in water.

*B.* I don't care for that.

*Mr. L.* Your hat is all torn too.

*B.* I have a better hat at home; but I had as lief have none at all, for it hurts my head.

*Mr. L.* What do you do when it rains?

*B.* If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

*Mr. L.* What do you do, when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

*B.* I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

*Mr. L.* But if there are none?

*B.* Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

*Mr. L.* Are you not dry sometimes, this hot weather?

*B.* Yes; but there is water enough.

*Mr. L.* Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

*B.* Sir?

*Mr. L.* I say you are a philosopher; but I am sure you do not know what that means.

*B.* No, sir—no harm I hope.

*Mr. L.* No, no! Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all; so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?

*B.* No, sir; but father says I shall go after harvest.

*Mr. L.* You will want books then.

B. Yes sir; the boys have all a spelling-book, and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them—tell your father so, and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented boy.—So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, sir.—Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter.

B. Good-by, sir.

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### EXERCISE VIII.

#### *The Pioneer.*—BRAINARD.

[*Pathetic expression.*]

Far away from the hill-side, the lake and the hamlet,  
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;  
From the footpath, that winds by the side of the streamlet,  
From his hut and the grave of his friend far away;  
He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,  
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centered,  
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,  
No bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green valley, for paths where the bison  
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;  
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,  
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.  
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,  
The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,  
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,  
That trusts naught but Heaven, in his way through the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,  
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,  
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,  
Far from the track of the mean and the vile;  
And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,  
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,  
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,  
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre,  
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;  
The sweetbrier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster,  
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.  
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,  
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,  
The wolf with his wild cubs shall lie there together,  
And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

## EXERCISE IX.

*Address to General Lafayette.*—E. EVERETT.

[Animated and ardent expression.]

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain, of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms, and brother in peril.

Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes, and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and peace.

You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him, whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever, throughout the limits of the Continent, your course shall take you, the ear that hears you, shall bless you, the eye that sees you, shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!"

## EXERCISE X.

*The Trooper's Dirge.*—ANON.

[Pathos.]

To horse—to horse—the bugles call,  
And sadly swells the mournful strain,

That warns us to the burial  
 Of one who ne'er shall mount again.  
 His course is run—his fame is won—  
 For well he reined as free a steed  
 As ever bore to daring deed,  
 When charging hosts came spurring on.

His course is run—his battles done—  
 He died as aye he wished to die,—  
 The well-fought field was fairly won,  
 And Victory pealed her clarion nigh;  
 Nor on his lip of beauteous pride,  
 When high in hope, he rode among  
 The brave, the noble, and the young,  
 Wreathed such a smile as when he died.

Stern eyes became, as woman's, weak,  
 Nor scorned to soil the clustering gold  
 That floated o'er his marble cheek,  
 With tears that would not be controlled.  
 For though none bolder struck with brand,  
 When boiling veins were up and wild,  
 Yet never even the gentlest child  
 Had kinder heart or freer hand.

To horse—to horse—no more I weep;  
 His high career was run full fast,—  
 Thus on the battle-field to sleep  
 His long, lone sleep of death at last.  
 No more I weep;—but far away  
 Are deep blue eyes to weep in vain—  
 Fair lips not soon to smile again,—  
 And hearts to wail this bitter day.

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#### EXERCISE XI.

*The Battle of Blenheim.*—SOUTHEY.

[*Animation and earnestness, in conversational style.*]

It was a summer evening;—  
 Old Kaspar's work was done;  
 And he, before his cottage door,  
 Was sitting in the sun;  
 And by him, sported on the green,  
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine,



She saw her brother, Peterkin,  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found ;  
She came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,—  
“Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,  
“Who fell in the great victory !”

“I find them in the garden,  
For there’s many hereabout ;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“Were slain in that great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”  
Young Peterkin, he cries ;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up,  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
“Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
“Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But every body said,” quoth he,  
“That ’twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burned his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly ;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a hapless mother then,  
And helpless infant died.

But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
And our good Prince Eugene,"—

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory.

"And every body praised the duke,  
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why,—I cannot tell,"—said he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory."

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## EXERCISE XII.

*Vision of Belshazzar.*—BYRON.

[*Awe and sublimity.*]

The king was on his throne,  
The satraps thronged the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine—  
Jehovah's vessels—hold  
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and häll,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man,—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.

“Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth:  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away;  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone;  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!”

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### EXERCISE XIII.

*Economy.*—WALCOT.

[Style of *lively* and *humorous* conversation.]

Economy's a very useful broom,  
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room  
To catch each straggling pin to make a plum.  
Too oft economy's an iron vice,  
That squeezes e'en the little frames of mice,  
That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper economy's a comely thing;  
Good in a subject—better in a king;

Yet, pushed too far, it dulls each finer feeling—  
 Most easily inclined to make folks mean ;  
 Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,  
 To overreaching, 'perjury, and stealing.—  
 E'en when the heart should only think of grief,  
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,  
 And swallows up the affections, all so mild ;—  
 Witness the Jewess and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,  
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,  
 In imitation of the ambitious great ;  
 High from the gallery, ere the play began,  
 He fell all plump into the pit,  
 Dead in a minute as a nit :  
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck,  
 Indeed—and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was distracted, raving, wild,  
 Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child,  
 Afflicted every heart with grief around.—  
 Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,  
 And moderated the hysteric blast,  
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound ;  
 And being with a *saving* knowledge blest,  
 She thus the play-house manager addressed :

“ Sher, I am de moder of de poor Chew lad,  
 Dat meet misfortune here so bad ;  
 Sher, I must haf de shilling back, you know,  
 Ass Moses haf nat *see* de show.”

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#### EXERCISE XIV.

*Morning Thoughts.*—MARY HOWITT.

[An example of the tones and action of *joy* and *cheerfulness*.]

The summer sun is shining  
 Upon a world so bright !  
 The dew upon each grassy blade ;  
 The golden light, the depth of shade,  
 All seem as they were only made  
 To minister delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,  
 And all their veined leaves ;

From little birds that madly sing ;  
 From insects fluttering on the wing ;  
 Ay, from the very meanest thing,  
     My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices  
     When thus the birds I hear ;—  
 Of that celestial City, bright  
 With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite—  
 When, with its blazing pomp of light,  
     The morning doth appear !

I think of that great River  
     That from the Throne flows free ;  
 Of weary pilgrims on its brink,  
 Who, thirsting, have come up to drink :  
 Of that unfailing Stream, I think,  
     When earthly streams I see !

I think of pain and dying,  
     As that which is but naught,  
 When glorious morning, warm and bright,  
 With all its voices of delight,  
 From the chill darkness of the night,  
     Like a new life, is brought.

I think of human sorrow  
     But as of clouds that brood  
 Upon the bosom of the day,  
 And the next moment pass away ;  
 And, with a trusting heart, I say,  
     Thank God, *all things are good !*

#### EXERCISE XV.

*The Nightingale.*—MRS. HEMANS.

[An example of *quiet, deep, and solemn* expression, in voice and action.]

When twilight's gray and pensive hour  
 Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,  
 And bids the solitary star  
 Shine in pale beauty from afar ;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,  
 And peasants seek their village dale,  
 And mists from river wave arise,  
 And dew in every blossom lies ;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed  
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;  
When glow-worms, in the wood-walk, light  
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight ;—

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,  
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;  
And from a hermitage of shade  
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far that melting voice,  
Than all which through the day rejoice ;  
And still shall bard and wanderer love  
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in Heaven ! oh ! thus, when day,  
With all its cares, hath passed away,  
And silent hours waft peace on earth,  
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer  
To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;—  
Yon star, my signal, set on high,  
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power,  
Protect me through the midnight hour ;  
And balmy sleep, and visions blest,  
Smile on my lowly bed of rest !

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#### EXERCISE XVI.

*William Penn.*—DUPONCEAU.

[*Serious and earnest style.*]

William Penn stands the first among the lawgivers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth ?

What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions ? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe.



But see our William Penn, with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust.

See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them, under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquanock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure.

See him then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from Heaven, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and goodwill to men."

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon—an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see; or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight: they did not hear; or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called to them from the wilderness.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this Union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times, will be sought for by our descendants with avidity; and will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet.

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#### EXERCISE XVII.

*Landing of the Pilgrims.*—MRS. HEMANS.

[Solemnity and sublimity.]

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came—  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amid that pilgrim band—  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God!

## EXERCISE XVIII.

*The Burial of Arnold.\**—WILLIS.[*Solemnity, pathos, and sublimity.*]

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer,  
 With slow and measured tread :  
 Your ranks are full, your mates all there—  
 But the soul of one has fled.  
 He was the proudest in his strength,  
 The manliest of ye all ;  
 Why lies he at that fearful length,  
 And ye around his pall ?  
 Ye reckon it in days, since he  
 Strode up that foot-worn aisle,  
 With his dark eye flashing gloriously,  
 And his lip wreathed with a smile.  
 Oh ! had it been but told you then,  
 To mark whose lamp was dim,  
 From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,  
 Would ye have singled *him* ?  
 Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung  
 Defiance to the ring ?  
 Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,  
 Yet not for glorying ?  
 Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,  
 No rivalry might brook,  
 And yet distinction claiming not ?  
 There lies he—go and look !  
 On now—his requiem is done ;  
 The last deep prayer is said ;—  
 On to his burial, comrades—on,  
 With the *noblest* of the dead !  
 Slow—for it presses heavily ;—  
 It is a *man* ye bear !  
 Slow—for our thoughts dwell wearily  
 On the noble sleeper there.  
 Tread lightly, comrades !—ye have laid  
 His dark locks on his brow—  
 Like life—save deeper light and shade :—  
 We'll not disturb them now.

\* A member of the senior class in Yale College.

Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,  
 That blue veined eyelid's sleep,  
 Hiding the eye death left so dull,—  
 Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done,—  
 Your feet are on his sod;—  
 Death's chain is on your champion—  
 He waiteth here his God!

Ay,—turn and weep,—'tis manliness  
 To be heart-broken here,—  
 For the grave of earth's best nobleness  
 Is watered by the tear.

## EXERCISE XIX.

*The Wind in a Frolic.*—WILLIAM HOWITT.

[*Animation, gayety, and playful humor.*]

The wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep,  
 Saying, “ Now for a frolic! now for a leap!  
 Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!—  
 I'll make a commotion in every place!”  
 So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,  
 Creaking the signs, and scattering down  
 Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
 Old women's bonnets, and gingerbread stalls.  
 There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
 As the apples and oranges tumbled about;  
 And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes  
 Forever on watch, ran off with each prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming;  
 And the cattle all wondered what ever was coming.  
 It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,  
 And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows:  
 Till, offended at such a familiar salute,  
 They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.  
 So on it went, capering, and playing its pranks;  
 Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;  
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
 Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.  
 It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.  
 'Twas so bold, it feared not to play its joke  
 With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.  
 Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, “ Now,  
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow.”

And it made them bow without more ado,  
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, o'er cottage and farm,  
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps :  
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost, in a terrified crowd ;  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met, in a lane,  
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain—  
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed ; and he stood  
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

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#### EXERCISE XX.

##### *Loss of the Royal George.*—COWPER.

[*Awe, solemnity, pathos, and sublimity.*]

Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more,—  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset ;—  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His last sea-fight is fought ;  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
No tempest gave the shock ;  
She sprang no fatal leak ;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in his sheath ;  
His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down,  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound ;  
And she may float again,  
Full-charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,—  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

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#### EXERCISE XXI.\*

*General Putnam.*—FLINT.

GENERAL PUTNAM was a veteran of the Revolution, an inhabitant of Marietta, one of the first purchasers and settlers in the country. He had moved thither when it was one compact and boundless forest, vocal only with the cry of owls, the growl of bears, and the death-song of the savages. He had seen that forest fall under the axe,—had seen commodious, and after that, splendid dwellings, rise around him. He had seen the settlement sustain an inundation which wafted away the dwellings, and, in some instances, the inhabitants in them. The cattle and all the improvements of cultivation, were swept away. He had seen the country suffer all the accumulated horrors of an Indian war. He had seen its exhaustless fertility and its natural advantages triumph over all.

He had seen Marietta make advances toward acquainting itself with the Gulf of Mexico, by floating off from its banks a number of sea vessels built there. He had seen the prodigious invention of steam-boats experimented on the Ohio, and heard their first thunder, as they swept by his dwelling. He had survived to see them become so common, as to be no more objects of curiosity.

\* The analysis of the pieces for expression, in voice and action, is now left to be done by the pupil.



He had witnessed a hundred boats, laden for New Orleans, pass by in the compass of a few hours.

He had surrounded his modest, but commodious dwelling with fruit-trees of his own planting; and finer, or more loaded orchards than his, no country could offer. In the midst of rural plenty, and endeared friends, who had grown up around him, far from the display of wealth, the bustle of ambition and intrigue, the father of the colony, hospitable and kind without ostentation and without effort, he displayed in these remote regions, the grandeur, real and intrinsic, of those immortal men, who achieved our Revolution. Of these great men, most of whom, and General Putnam among the rest, have passed away, there seems to have arisen a more just and a more respectful estimate. Greater and more unambitious men, no age or country has reared.

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EXERCISE XXII.

*The Falls of Lodore.\**—SOUTHEY.

How does the water come down from Lodore ?

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking;  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around,  
Collecting, disjecting,  
With endless rebound.

\* The use of this piece, as an exercise in elocution, is to give pliancy of voice and action, by the practice of frequent and great changes of manner, in adaptation to the extraordinary vividness and variety of the expression.

Smiting and fighting,  
In turmoil delighting,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and spitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And hopping and dropping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering;  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
Clattering and battering and shattering;  
And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling;  
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling ;  
 And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,  
 And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing;  
     And so never ending, .  
     But always descending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
     All at once and all o'er,  
     With a mighty uproar ;—  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

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EXERCISE XXIII.

*Arnold Winkelried*.—MONTGOMERY.

“ Make way for liberty !” he cried,—  
 Made way for liberty, and died.

It must not be : this day, this hour,  
 Annihilates the oppressor's power !  
 All Switzerland is in the field,  
 She will not fly, she cannot yield—  
 She must not fall ; her better fate  
 Here gives her an immortal date.  
 Few were the numbers she could boast ;  
 But every freeman was a host,  
 And felt as though himself were he,  
 On whose sole arm hung victory.  
     It did depend on one indeed ;  
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !  
 There sounds not to the trump of fame  
 The echo of a nobler name.  
 Unmarked he stood, amid the throng,  
 In rumination deep and long,  
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
 The very thought come o'er his face ;  
 And by the motion of his form,  
 Anticipate the bursting storm ;  
 And, by the uplifting of his brow,  
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.  
     But 'twas no sooner thought than done !  
 The field was in a moment won ;—  
 “ Make way for liberty !” he cried,  
 Then ran with arms extended wide.

As if his dearest friend to clasp ;—  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;  
“ Make way for liberty !” he cried,  
Their keen points met from side to side ;  
He bowed among them like a tree,  
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;  
“ Make way for liberty !” they cry.  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold’s heart ;  
While instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all,  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;  
Thus death made way for liberty !

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#### EXERCISE XXIV.

*Appeal for the Survivors of the Revolution.*—E. EVERETT.

Let us not forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men, who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits.\* The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers’ blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone ; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears ; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in Fancy’s eye, to take their stations on the Mount of Remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham ; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker’s Hill ; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary

\* Properly accented, *exploits*’.

snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us, for their brethren, who survive; and bid us, if, indeed, we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

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EXERCISE XXV.

*Hodge and the Vicar.*—ANON.

Hodge, a poor, honest country lout,  
 Not overstocked with learning,  
 Chanced, on a summer's eve, to meet  
 The vicar home returning.

"Ah! Master Hodge," the vicar cried,  
 "What! still as wise as ever?  
 The people in the village say  
 That you are wondrous clever."

"Why, Master Parson, as to that,  
 I beg you'll right conceive me;  
 I do na' brag; but yet I know  
 A thing or two, believe me."

"We'll try your skill," the parson said,  
 "For learning what digestion;  
 And this you'll prove,—or right or wrong,—  
 By solving me a question:

"Noah, of old, three babies had,  
 Or grown-up children rather;  
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—  
 Now who was Japhet's father?"

"Rat it!" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,  
 "That doth my wits belabor:  
 But, howsomede'er, I'll homeward run,  
 And ax Old Giles, my neighbor."

To Giles he went, and put the case  
 With circumspect intention:—  
 "Thou fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear  
 To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,—  
Or cattle-doctor, rather;—  
Tom, Dick, and Harry they are called;  
Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Adzooks! I have it," Hodge replied;  
"Right well I know your lingo;  
Who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes—  
Why, Tom Long, smith, by jingo!"

Away he ran to find the priest,  
With all his might and main,  
Who, with good humor, instant put  
The question once again.

"Noah, of old, three babies had,  
Or grown-up children, rather;  
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called—  
Now who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge, grinning, cried;  
"I'll answer like a proctor;—  
Who's Japhet's father?—now I know;  
Why, Tom Long, smith, the doctor!"

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#### EXERCISE XXVI.

*The Philosopher's Scales.*—JANE TAYLOR.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain.  
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers,  
We know not—indeed, 'tis no business of ours,  
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At last that he brought his invention to bear;  
In Youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;  
But success is secure, unless energy fails—  
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.  
What were they? you ask; you shall presently see,  
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;  
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,



Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense ;  
Naught was there so bulky, but there it could lay,  
And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay.  
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go—  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there ;  
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time, he put in Alexander the Great,—  
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight ;  
And though clad in armor, from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed,  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed  
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;—  
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

Again he performed an experiment rare :—  
A monk with austerities bleeding and bare,  
Climbed into his scale,—in the other was laid  
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed ;—  
When he found with surprise that the whole of his brother  
Weighed less by some pounds, than the bit of the other.

By farther experiments, (no matter how,)  
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough,  
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail—  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear,—  
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;—  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,  
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;

A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
 Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt :  
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice  
 One pearl to outweigh—'twas the Pearl of great price !

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,  
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,—  
 When the former sprung up, with so strong a rebuff,  
 That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof ;—  
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky,—  
 While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,  
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

## MORAL.

If e'er self-deception o'er reason prevails,  
 We pray you to try the Philosopher's Scales ;—  
 But if they are lost in the ruins around,  
 Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found :  
 Let Judgment and Conscience in circles be cut,  
 To which strings of Thought may be carefully put ;—  
 Let these be made even with caution extreme,  
 And Impartiality serve for a beam.  
 Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,  
 And tear up your motives, in bits for the Weights.

## EXERCISE XXVII.

*Death of the Old Year.*—TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing :  
 Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low ;  
 For the old year lies a-dying.  
 Old year, you must not die.  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.  
 He lieth still ; he doth not move ;  
 He will not see the dawn of day :—  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend and a true, true love,  
 And the new year will take them away.

Old year, you must not go :  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,—  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;  
 A jollier year we shall not see ;  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die.  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest ;  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride posthaste,  
 But he'll be dead before.  
 Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my friends,  
 And the new year blithe and bold, my friends,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flitter to and fro ;  
 The cricket chirps,—the light burns low,—  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
 Shake hands before you die !  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.  
 What is it we can do for you ?—  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin ;—  
 Alack ! our friend is gone,  
 Close up his eyes,—tie up his chin,—  
 Step from the corpse ; and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friends,  
 And a new face at the door, my friends,  
 The new year's at the door.

## EXERCISE XXVIII.

*Speech of Logan.*—ASHE.

I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "*Logan is the friend of white men!*" I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance.

For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear! Logan never felt fear! He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

## EXERCISE XXIX.

*Dirge for the Beautiful.*—ANON.

Softly, peacefully,  
Lay her to rest;  
Place the turf lightly  
On her young breast;  
Gently, solemnly,  
Bend o'er the bed  
Where ye have pillowed  
Thus early her head.  
  
Plant a young willow  
Close by her grave;  
Let its long branches  
Soothingly wave;  
Twine a sweet rose-tree  
Over the tomb;  
Sprinkle fresh buds there;—  
Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain,  
 Limpid and clear,  
 Murmur its music,  
 (Smile through a tear,)  
 Scatter its diamonds  
 Where the loved lies,—  
 Brilliant and starry,  
 Like angels' eyes.

Then shall the bright birds  
 On golden wing,  
 Lingering over,  
 Murmuring sing;  
 Then shall the soft breeze  
 Pensively sigh,  
 Bearing rich fragrance  
 And melody by.

Lay the sod lightly  
 Over her breast;—  
 Calm be her slumbers,  
 Peaceful her rest!  
 Beautiful, lovely,  
 She was but given,  
 A fair bud to earth,  
 To blossom in heaven.

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EXERCISE XXX.

*Selkirk, in his solitude.*—COWPER.

I am monarch of all I survey,—  
 My right there is none to dispute :  
 From the centre, all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone ;  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;—  
 I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see :  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth ;  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver or gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard ;  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ?  
Oh ! tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light ;  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But, alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.



There's mercy in every place ;  
And mercy,—encouraging thought!—  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

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## EXERCISE XXXI.

*Christmas Eve.*—C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas ; and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse ;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap :  
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter,  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash,—  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,—  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came ;  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :  
“Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !  
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blixen !  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away, all !”  
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;  
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;  
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself:  
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
 And filled all the stockings,—then turned with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
 “Merry Christmas to all! and to all a good-night!”

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EXERCISE XXXII.

*The Ship-Builders.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the east,  
 The earth is gray below;  
 And, spectral in the river mist,  
 Our bare, white timbers show.  
 Up!—let the sounds of measured stroke  
 And grating saw begin:  
 The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
 The mallet to the pin!  
 Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part:  
 We make of Nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.  
 Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam,  
 And drive the trunnels free;  
 Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam,  
 Shall tempt the searching sea!  
 Where'er the keel of our good ship  
 The sea's rough field shall plough,—  
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
 With salt spray caught below,—  
 That ship must heed her master's beck,  
 Her helm obey his hand,  
 And seamen tread her reeling deck  
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel,—  
The sunken rock and coral peak  
May grate along her keel:  
And know we well the painted shell  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free!  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea?  
Look!—how she moves adown the grooves  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly on the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her, wheresoe'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Aside the frozen Hebrides  
Or sultry Hindostan!  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! But let her bear  
No merchandize of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair,  
Her roomy hold within.  
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison draught for ours,  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,  
The desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land.  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

## EXERCISE XXXIII.

*The Launch.*—ANON.

The beautiful vessel has kissed the wave ;  
And she rides on the billow, as fair and brave  
As the saving Ark, when it ploughed the deep,  
Where a world was lying in endless sleep.

She goes from the land of the mighty and free,—  
In the land of the mighty her port shall be ;  
And the name which she bears shall long be known,  
As the spot which Liberty calls her own.

May favoring breezes her canvass swell,  
And the breath of heaven her sails propel,  
And let not the spirit of tempests dare  
To tread the ocean when she is there.

Success and fortune her path pursue,  
As she rides o'er the face of the billowy blue ;  
And swift through its foam may her proud keel go,  
Like the arrow that flies from a bended bow.

With her white wings spread like a bird of night  
At the voice of the wind will she take her flight ;  
And her starry banner shall wake to the breeze,  
And shine in its beauty, the flag of the seas.

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## EXERCISE XXXIV.

*The Mariners.*—PARK BENJAMIN.

How cheery are the mariners,—  
Those lovers of the sea !  
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,  
As bounding and as free.  
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels,  
In circles round the mast ;  
And sing when, deep in foam, the ship  
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?  
There's music in their roar,  
When wide the berth along the lee,  
And leagues of room before.

Let billows toss to mountain heights,  
 Or sink to chasms low ;  
 The vessel stout will ride it out,  
 Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furled,  
 The gallant hull will float  
 Securely as on inland lake  
 A silken-tasseled boat ;  
 And sound asleep some mariners,  
 And some with watchful eyes,  
 Will fearless be of dangers dark,  
 That roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners !  
 And temper all the gales,  
 That sweep against the rocky coast,  
 To their storm-shattered sails ;  
 And men on shore will bless the ship  
 That could so guided be,  
 Safe in the hollow of His hand,  
 To brave the mighty sea !

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#### EXERCISE XXXV.

*Grandiloquence.*—ANON.

We live in a truly fortunate age and country, when and where every citizen and every event is set forth and celebrated by a magnificent *speech*. These ready speech-makers seem determined to do what Milton implored of his muse :

“What is *low*, raise and support.”

We are told by the newspapers, those ready vehicles of all bladders of wind, that at a “mowing-match,” lately got up in New Hampshire, the “Reverend Mr.” Somebody, delivered an “elegant and appropriate address.” Now, this is nothing to the style in which we do things in Massachusetts. We could relate a score of instances, if we pleased, where as fine speeches as ever were blown, were made on far less occasions than the one above mentioned. But we content ourselves with a single instance.

There is, in a village, on one side or other of the Connecticut River, a *pound*, for the imprisonment of such un-



ruly four-footed animals as render themselves obnoxious to the civil authority. This same pound having lost off one of the hinges of the gate, it became a matter of prudence to replace it by a new one. The making and putting on of a single *hinge*, on a gate of no great magnitude, is not a thing necessarily requiring a great deal of noise, saving and excepting what is made by the hammer and the anvil. But this only shows more fully the vast perfection to which the sublime art of speech-making is already brought in this happy land.

On this occasion the Honorable Spouter Puffer was unanimously chosen to deliver the address. And the able, and perfect manner, in which he did the thing, shows, clearer than noonday, the wisdom of the choice. The carpenter had taken the hinge in his hand, and was about nailing it fast to the gate, when the honorable gentleman arose, and after alluding to the importance of the occasion, his utter inability to do any thing like justice to it, and craving the indulgence of the audience, he thus proceeded :

“When I look about me, and behold this vast empire of our Republic, extending from sea to sea, and from ocean to ocean—when I contemplate the growing condition of this state—when I reflect on the magnitude of this country—when I consider the ineffable importance of this *here* town, with its ‘dense and enlightened population,’ and especially, when I turn my eyes to the wide circumference of the *pound* before us, I am lost in admiration of the magnitude of our destinies.

“Europe is no more to us, than a filbert-shell to a meeting-house. If any one doubts that we have arrived to the highest pinnacle of arts, let him come forward to-day, and view the perfection of this *hinge*, *pounded*, as it has been, on the anvil of Independence, and beaten into shape by the hammer of Wisdom. On this hinge turns the ‘fate of empires’—on this hinge depends the starvation of horses, and the bringing into subjection the flesh of unruly beef. Here they may chew the bitter cud of nonentity!—here they may learn to prize the inestimable privileges of being *impounded* in a land of liberty; here—”

But we will not now pursue the subject any farther, as it is utterly impossible to do any thing like justice to the eloquence of the honorable gentleman, without quoting



the whole speech; which, as it would occupy nine closely printed columns, and we understand it is to be laid before the public in a pamphlet form, we dismiss for the present, just observing, that the honorable gentleman surpassed all his former examples of eloquence; and such was the attention and stillness of an audience, composed of at least *twenty* persons, that the walls of the pound might have fallen down, "slam bang!" without once being heard.

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### EXERCISE XXXVI.

#### *The Two Robbers.*—DR. AIKIN.

ALEXANDER *the Great, in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

Alexander. What! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alexander. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage; but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done of which you can complain?

Alexander. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Robber. Alexander, I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

Robber. I must, then, answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alexander. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

*Alexander.* Still, what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

*Robber.* And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

*Alexander.* But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

*Robber.* I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

*Alexander.* Leave me.—Take off his chains; and use him well.—Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

### EXERCISE XXXVII.

*Seneca Lake.*—PERCIVAL.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail;  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!

The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
 As blows the north wind, heave their foam,  
 And curl around the dashing oar,  
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
 And see the mist of mantling blue  
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
 A sheet of silver spreads below ;  
 And swift she cuts at highest noon,  
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !  
 Oh ! I could ever sweep the oar,  
 When early birds at morning wake,  
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

#### EXERCISE XXXVIII.

*Greek Welcome to the Swallow.\*—ANON.*

The swallow is come,  
 The swallow is come !  
 Oh ! fair are the seasons, and light  
 Are the days that she brings  
 With her dusky wings,  
 And her bosom snowy white.  
 And wilt thou not dole  
 From the wealth that is thine,  
 The fig, and the bowl  
 Of rosy wine,  
 And the wheaten meal, and the basket of cheese,  
 And the omelet cake, which is known to please  
 The swallow that comes to the Rhodian land ?  
 Say, must we be gone with an empty hand,  
 Or shall we receive  
 The gift that we crave ?  
 If thou give, it is well ;  
 But beware, if thou fail,

\* The boys of Rhodes used to celebrate the season of the swallow's return with the above verses. Troops of these juvenile revellers used to sing their song from door to door, and demanded, in return, food for a swallow which they carried about with them.

Nor hope that we'll leave thee,—  
Of all we'll bereave thee :  
We'll bear off the door  
Or its post from the floor,  
Or we'll seize thy young wife, who is sitting within,  
Whose form is so airy, so light, and so thin ;  
And as lightly, be sure, will we bear her away.  
Then look that thy gift be ample to-day,  
And open the door, open the door !  
To the swallow open the door !  
No graybeards are we,  
To be foiled in our glee,  
But boys who will have our will  
This day,  
But boys who will have our will.

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## EXERCISE XXXIX.

*The Sound of the Sea.*—MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,  
Forever and the same !  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,  
Whose thunders naught can tame.

Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone,  
From the rich bowers of earth,  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore  
Along thy wave, is still ;  
The harp of Judah peals no more  
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord  
That breathed the mystic tone ;  
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured,  
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang  
O'er stream and mountain free,  
And the hymn the leagued crusaders sang,  
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,  
 Through many an olden clime,  
 Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
 Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
 To every wind and sky ;  
 And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
 In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,  
 The sunset's heaven of gold ;  
 And the still midnight hears the sound,  
 E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,  
 Where sceptred cities rose !  
*Thou* speak'st of One who doth not change ;—  
 So may our hearts repose.

#### EXERCISE XL.

*Speech of the Scythian Ambassadors to Alexander the Great.*—AIKIN.

If your person were as vast as your desires, the whole world would not contain you.—Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia ; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to subdue nature.

But, have you considered the usual course of things ? Have you reflected that great trees are many years in growing to their height, but are cut down in an hour ? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground, with the branches you have already laid hold on.

The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens ; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach.



Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians ; or the Scythians with you ? We have never invaded Macedonia ; why should you attack Scythia ? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery ; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.

That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively, in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labor of our oxen. With the goblet we join in pouring out drink-offerings to the gods ; and with the arrows we attack our enemies.

You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the greatest robber the world ever saw. You have taken Lydia ; you have seized Syria ; you are master of Persia ; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and herds.

How imprudent is your conduct ! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by that which should produce satiety ; so that the more you have, the more you desire.

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### EXERCISE XLI.

#### *How to tell Bad News.*—ANON.

*Mr. G.* Ha ! steward, how are you, my old boy ? how do things go on at home ?

*Steward.* Bad enough, your honor ; the magpie's dead.

*Mr. G.* Poor Mag ! so he's gone. How came he to die ?

*Steward.* Over-ate himself, sir.

*Mr. G.* Did he, indeed ?—a greedy dog ! Why, what did he get that he liked so well ?

*Steward.* Horse-flesh, sir ; he died of eating horse-flesh.

*Mr. G.* How came he to get so much horse-flesh ?

*Steward.* All your father's horses, sir.

*Mr. G.* What ! are they dead, too ?

*Steward.* Ay, sir ; they died of over-work.

*Mr. G.* And why were they over-worked, pray ?



*Steward.* To carry water, sir.

*Mr. G.* To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

*Steward.* Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

*Mr. G.* Fire! what fire?

*Steward.* Oh! sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

*Mr. G.* My father's house burned down! and how came it on fire?

*Steward.* I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

*Mr. G.* Torches! what torches?

*Steward.* At your mother's funeral.

*Mr. G.* My mother dead!

*Steward.* Ah! poor lady, she never looked up after it.

*Mr. G.* After what?

*Steward.* The loss of your father

*Mr. G.* My father gone too?

*Steward.* Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

*Mr. G.* Heard of what?

*Steward.* The bad news, sir, an't please your honor.

*Mr. G.* What! more miseries! more bad news?

*Steward.* Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost; and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it; for I thought you would like to hear the news!

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#### EXERCISE XLII.

*The Grave of the Indian Chief.*—W. C. BRYANT.

They laid the corse of the wild and brave

On the sweet fresh earth of the new-made grave,

On the gentle hill, where wild weeds wave,

And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,

Close by the Indian chieftain's head,

His bow and arrows; and they said

That he had found new hunting-grounds,

Where bounteous Nature only tills

The willing soil; and o'er whose hills,

And down beside the shady rills,

The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie,  
Beneath a golden sunset sky,  
Where youth and beauty never die,  
And song and dance move endlessly.  
They told of the feats of his dog and gun,  
They told of the deeds his arm had done ;  
They sung of battles lost and won,  
And so they paid his eulogy.  
And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,  
They raised a simple pile of stones ;  
Which, hallowed, by their tears and moans,  
Was all the Indian's monument.  
And since the chieftain here has slept,  
Full many a winter's winds have swept,  
And many an age has softly crept  
Over his humble sepulchre.

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## EXERCISE XLIII.

*Old Ironsides.*—O. W. HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high ;  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.  
Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,—  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee ;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea !  
Oh ! better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave :

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail;  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

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## EXERCISE XLIV.

*A Grecian Fable.*—FOOTE.

Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,—  
The stripling tender and the father old,—  
Purchased a donkey at a country fair,  
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;  
But as the sluggish animal was weak,  
They feared, if both should mount, his back would break.  
Up got the boy, the father plods on foot,  
And through the gazing crowd he leads the brute;—  
Forth from the crowd the graybeards hobble out,  
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout:  
“This the respect to feeble age you show?  
And this the duty you to parents owe?  
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;  
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride!”  
As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,  
The decent, duteous youth resigned his place.  
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran;  
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man,  
“Sure ne'er was brute so void of nature!  
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?  
To your own baby can you be unkind?  
Here, Luke,—Bill,—Betty,—put the child behind!”  
Old dapple next the clowns' compassion claimed,  
“'Tis passing strange, those boobies be n't ashamed,—  
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!  
They might as well have carried *him*, at least.”  
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,  
Dismount, and bear the brute.—Then what a noise!—  
Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe and bitter joke,  
From the yet silent sire these words provoke:  
“Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,  
Vain his attempt who strives to please them all!”

## EXERCISE XLV.

*The Bended Bow.*—MRS. HEMANS.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,  
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;  
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,  
As the land rose up at the sound of war:

“Heard ye not the battle horn?  
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!  
Leave it for the birds of heaven;  
Swords must flash, and spears be riven:  
Leave it for the winds to shed,—  
Arm! ere Britain’s turf grow red!”

And the reaper armed, like a freeman’s son;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Hunter! leave the mountain chase!  
Take the falchion from its place!  
Let the wolf go free to-day;  
Leave him for a nobler prey!  
Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—  
Arm thee! Britain’s foes are nigh!”

And the hunter armed, ere the chase was done;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!  
Stay not till the song hath ceased:  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fire gives ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth and leave the hall,—  
Arm thee! Britain’s foes must fall!”

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Prince! thy father’s deeds are told,  
In the bower and in the hold!  
Where the goatherd’s lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel’s harp is strung!  
Foes are on thy native sea,—  
Give our bards a tale of thee!”

And the prince came armed, like a leader’s son;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!  
 He must learn the battle's joy.  
 Sister! bring the sword and spear;  
 Give thy brother words of cheer!  
 Maiden! bid thy lover part;  
 Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice passed on;  
 And the bards made song of a battle won.

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EXERCISE XLVI.

*David and Goliath.*—H. MORE.

*Goliath.* Where is the mighty man of war, who dares  
 Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?  
 What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,  
 Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?  
 What proud credentials does the boaster bring  
 To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,  
 What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,  
 What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,  
 In battle killed, or at his altars slain,  
 Has he to boast? Is his bright armory  
 Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,  
 Of vanquished nations, by his single arm  
 Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,  
 So much a wretch, so out of love with life,  
 To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?  
 Come, advance!

Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,  
 Sound for the battle straight!

*David.* Behold thy foe!

*Gol.* I see him not.

*Dav.* Behold him here!

*Gol.* Say, where?

Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

*Dav.* I stand prepared; thy single arm to mine.

*Gol.* Why, this is mockery, minion! it may chance  
 To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:  
 But tell me who, of all this numerous host,  
 Expects his death from me? Which is the man,  
 Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

*Dav.* The election of my sovereign falls on me.

*Gol.* On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 'tis too much!  
Thou curled minion! thou a nation's champion!  
'Twould move my mirth at any other time;  
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!  
And tempt me not too far.

*Dav.* I do defy thee,  
Thou foul idolater! Hast thou not scorned  
The armies of the living God I serve?  
By me he will avenge upon thy head  
Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with his name,  
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe  
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.

*Gol.* Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my gods!  
The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!  
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,  
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!  
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,  
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,  
Thou dainty-fingered hero?

Now will I meet thee,  
Thou insect warrior! since thou dar'st me thus!  
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,  
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed  
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!  
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,  
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

*Dav.* Ha! say'st thou so? Come on, then! Mark us well.  
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!  
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;  
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defiest!  
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except  
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,  
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;  
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,  
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey  
To my victorious arm. This day I mean  
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess  
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,  
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,  
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;  
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts  
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,  
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,



Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed !  
I dare thee to the trial !

*Gol.* Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

*Dav.* I trust in Heaven !

The God of battles stimulates my arm,  
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

#### EXERCISE XLVII.

*The Destruction of Sennacherib.*—BYRON.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset was seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

#### EXERCISE XLVIII.

*The Pilgrim Fathers.*—JOHN PIERPONT.

The pilgrim fathers—where are they ?  
The waves that brought them o'er

Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,  
As they break along the shore ;  
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,  
When the May-flower moored below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide ;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now ;  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—  
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :  
When summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day  
On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled—  
It walks in noon's broad light ;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.

## EXERCISE XLIX.

*Lament of Alpin.*—MACPHERSON.

My tears, O Reyno ! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill ; fair among the sons of the plain.—But thou shalt fall like Morar ; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more ; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on the hill,—terrible as a meteor of fire.—Thy wrath was as the storm,—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field.—Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills.—Many fell by thy arm,—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.

Morar ! thou art low indeed : thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love : dead is she that brought thee forth ; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this ? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step ?—It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of no son but thee.—Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep ; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake ?

Farewell ! thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field : but the field shall see thee no more ; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel.—Thou hast left no son ;—but the song shall preserve thy name.

## EXERCISE L.

*The Siege of Calais.*—FIELDING.*Scene I.*—Eustace St. Pierre, Mauny, and Citizens.

*Eustace St. Pierre.* My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left! a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind. I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?

*Boy.* Your son!

*St. Pierre.* Ah! my child! I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather received thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes.

*John de Aire.* Your kinsman!

*James Wissant.* Your kinsman!

*Peter Wissant.* Your kinsman!

*Sir Walter Mauny.* Ah! why was not I a citizen of Calais? Follow me to the king.

*Scene II.*—Mauny, &c., King Edward, and Queen Philippa.

*King Edward.* Mauny, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?

*Mauny.* They are: they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling.

*King Edward.* Were they delivered peaceably? Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?

*Mauny.* Not in the least, my lord: the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

*King Edward.* Experience has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go, lead these men to execution!

[*They are led out.*]

*Queen Philippa, entering.* My lord, the question is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of Edward. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honor; but a stage of shame to Edward,—a reproach to his conquests,—an indelible disgrace to his name.

*King Edward.* I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so: prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!

*Queen Philippa to St. Pierre, &c., re-entering.* Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are



now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

*Pierre.* Ah! my country! it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts.

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### EXERCISE LI.

*Spectacles, or "Helps to Read."*—BYROM.

A certain artist,—I've forgot his name,—  
 Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,  
 Or, "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,  
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;  
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,  
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.  
 There came a man into his shop one day—  
 "Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"  
 "Yes, sir," said he, "I can in that affair  
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."  
 "Can you? pray do, then." So at first he chose  
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose;  
 And,—book produced, to see how they would fit,—  
 Asked how he liked them. "Like 'em!—not a bit."  
 "Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,  
 These in my hand will better suit your eye?"—  
 "No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you please,  
 Here is another sort: we'll e'en try these;  
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter.  
 Now, sir?"—"Why, now, I'm not a bit the better."  
 "No! here—take these, which magnify still more,—  
 How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before!"  
 In short, they tried a whole assortment through,  
 But all in vain, for none of them would do.  
 The operator, much surprised to find  
 So odd a case, thought sure the man is blind!



"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.  
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."  
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball.—  
Pray, let me ask you—Can you read at all?"  
"No! you great blockhead!—If I could, what need  
Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"  
And so he left the maker in a heat,  
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

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### EXERCISE LII.

*Columbus.*—E. EVERETT.

About half a league from the little seaport of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Sometime in the year 1486, a poor wayfaring stranger, accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance, on foot, at the gate of this convent, and begs of the porter a little bread and water for his child. This friendless stranger is COLUMBUS. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of a mariner, with no other relaxation from its toils, than that of an occasional service in the fleets of his native country, with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the haughty sovereigns of Portugal and Spain. He tells them, that the broad flat earth on which we tread is round;—he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung, from the creation of the world, over the flood of the ocean;—he promises, by a western course, to reach the eastern shores of Asia,—the region of gold, and diamonds, and spices; to extend the sovereignty of Christian kings over realms and nations hitherto unapproached and unknown; and ultimately to perform a new crusade to the holy land, and ransom the sepulchre of our Savior, with the new-found gold of the East.

Who shall believe the chimerical pretension? The learned men examine it, and pronounce it futile. The royal pilots have ascertained by their own experience, that it is groundless.

Such is the reception which his proposal meets. If he sink beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the mass, and the persecution of

a host of adversaries, high and low, and give up the fruitless and thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted! But he does not sink. He shakes off his paltry enemies, as the lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. That consciousness of motive and of strength, which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported, sustains him in his hour of trial; and at length, after years of expectation, importunity, and hope deferred, he launches forth upon the unknown deep, to discover a new world; under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella!—Let us dwell for a moment on the auspices under which our country was brought to light. The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yes, doubtless, they have fitted out a convoy, worthy the noble temper of the man, and the gallantry of his project. Convinced at length, that it is no daydream of a heated visionary, the fortunate sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, returning from their triumph over the last of the Moors, and putting a victorious close to a war of seven centuries' duration, have no doubt prepared an expedition of well-appointed magnificence, to go out upon this splendid search for other worlds. They have made ready, no doubt, their proudest galleon, to waft the heroic adventurer upon his path of glory, with a whole armada of kindred spirits, to share his toils and honors.

Alas! from his ancient resort of Palos, which he first approached as a mendicant,—in three frail barks, of which two were without decks,—the great discoverer of America sails forth on the first voyage across the unexplored waters. Such is the patronage of kings. A few years pass by; he discovers a new hemisphere; the wildest of his visions fade into insignificance, before the reality of their fulfillment; he finds a new world for Castile and Leon, and comes back to Spain, loaded with iron fetters. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful!—such are the rewards of monarchs.

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#### EXERCISE LIII.

*The Soldier's Dream.*—CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing, that night, on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;  
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!"  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

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#### EXERCISE LIV.

##### *The Duel.*—HOOD.

In Brentford town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mister Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,  
And so did Mister Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,  
By all it was allowed,  
Such fair "*outside*"\* was never seen,—  
An angel on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,  
"You choose to rival me,

\* Alluding to the English practice of females riding on the outside of stage-coaches.

And court Miss Bell; but there your *court*\*  
No *thoroughfare* shall be.

“ Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love ;—  
I, who have shot a *pigeon* match,  
Can shoot a *turtle dove*.

“ So, pray, before you woo her more,  
Consider what you do :  
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—  
I’ll *pop* it into you.”

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,  
“ Your threats I do explode ;—  
One who has been a volunteer  
Knows how to prime and load.

“ And so I say to you, unless  
Your passion quiet keeps,  
I, who have shot and hit *bulls’* eyes,  
May chance to hit a *sheep’s* !”

Now gold is oft for silver changed,  
And that for copper red ;  
But these two went away to give  
Each other change for *lead*.

But first they found a friend apiece,  
This pleasant thought to give—  
That when they both were dead, they’d have  
Two *seconds* yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long  
The seconds next forbore ;  
And having taken *one rash step*,  
They took a *dozen more*.

They next prepared each pistol pan,  
Against the deadly strife ;  
By putting in the *prime of death*,  
Against the *prime of life*.

Now all was ready for the foes ;  
But when they took their stands,

\* The italicized words, throughout this piece, being puns, ought to be pronounced with double emphasis and inflection, so as to mark the witicism.

Fear made them tremble so, they found  
They both were *shaking hands*.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,

“Here one of us may fall,  
And, like St. Paul’s Cathedral now,  
Be doomed to have a *ball*.

“I do confess I did attach  
Misconduct to your name !  
If I withdraw the charge, will then  
Your *ramrod* do the same ?”

Said Mr. B., “I do agree ;—  
But think of Honor’s courts,—  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange *reports*.

“But look ! the morning now is bright,  
Though cloudy it begun ;  
Why can’t we aim above, as if  
We had *called out* the sun ?”

So up into the harmless air  
Their bullets they did send ;  
And may all other duels have  
That *upshot* in the end.

#### EXERCISE LV.

*Outalissi*.—CAMPBELL.

Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn  
When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?  
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,  
That now is white as Appalachia’s snow ;  
But, if the weight of fifteen years’ despair,  
And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,  
Bring me my boy,—and he will his deliverer know !—

Yes ! thou recall’st my pride of years ; for then  
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,  
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,  
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,  
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;  
Nor foeman then, nor cougar’s couch I feared,  
For I was strong as mountain cataract !

And dost thou not remember how we cheered,  
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared ?  
Then welcome be my death-song, and my death ;  
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced !

But this is not a time,—  
This is no time to fill the joyous cup !  
The Mammoth comes!—the foe!—the Monster Brandt!—  
With all his howling desolating band !—  
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine  
Awake, at once, and silence—half your land !  
Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine !  
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :  
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe  
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :  
No!—not the dog, that watched my household hearth,  
Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains !  
All perished!—I alone am left on earth,  
To whom nor relative nor blood remains—  
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

But go and rouse your warriors!—for—if right  
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs  
Of striped and starred banners—on yon height  
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,  
Some fort embattled by your country shines :  
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below  
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.  
Go, seek the light its warlike beacons show,  
While I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe !

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#### EXERCISE LVI.

*The Dying Chief.*—MISS LANDON.

The stars looked down on the battle-plain,  
Where night winds were deeply sighing,  
And with shattered lance near his war-steed slain,  
Lay a youthful chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast  
The banner, once o'er him streaming,



For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest  
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,  
By the rushing Guadalquiver,  
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,  
Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wounds,  
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping;  
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,  
Where the land's high hearts were sleeping,—

And, "Away!" he cried—"your aid is vain,—  
My soul may not brook recalling;—  
I have seen the stately flower of Spain  
Like the autumn vine-leaves falling!

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave  
O'er the halls where my youth was cherished;  
I have drawn the sword that could not save;  
I have stood where my king hath perished!

"Leave me to die with the free and the brave,  
On the banks of my own bright river:  
Ye can give me naught but a warrior's grave,  
By the chainless Guadalquiver!"

### EXERCISE LVII.

*Address to the surviving Veterans of the Revolution.—*  
WEBSTER.

Venerable men!\* you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet;—but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and success-

\* The survivors of Bunker Hill.

ful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

Veterans!\* you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. *Veterans of half a century!* when, in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen; you are now met here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me, that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them!

\* The survivors of the Revolutionary Army.

And, when you shall here have exchanged your embraces;  
when you shall once more have pressed the hands which  
have been so often extended to give succor in adversity,  
or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad  
into this lovely land, which your young valor defended,  
and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look  
abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you  
have contributed to give to your country, and what a  
praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the  
sympathy and gratitude, which beam upon your last days  
from the improved condition of mankind.

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## EXERCISE LVIII.

*The Murdered Traveller.*—W. C. BRYANT.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded careless by.

The red bird warbled, as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'erhead;  
And fearless, near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;  
And gentle eyes, for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,  
When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole  
To banquet on the dead;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home ;  
And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died  
Far down that narrow glen.

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## EXERCISE LIX.

*Cupid's Warning.*—H. F. GOULD.

“Take heed! take heed!  
They will fly with speed;  
For I've just new strung my bow:  
My quiver is full; and if oft I pull,  
Some arrow may hit, you know.”  
“Oh! pull away!”  
Did the maiden say;  
“For who's the coward to mind  
A shaft that's flung from a boy so young,—  
When both of his eyes are blind?”

His bow he drew;  
And the shafts they flew,  
Till the maiden was heard to cry,  
“Oh! take this dart from my aching heart,  
Dear Cupid, or else I die!”

He said,—and smiled,—  
“I'm but a *child*,  
And should have no skill to find,  
E'en with both my eyes, where the dart now lies;  
Then you know, fair maid, *I'm blind!*”

“But, pray, be calm,  
And I'll name a balm  
That's brought by an older hand,

And, I'm told, is sure these wounds to cure :  
'Tis Hymen applies the band.

“ Now I must not stay,—  
I must haste away,—  
For my mother has bid me try  
These fluttering things, my glistening wings,  
Which, she tells me, were made to *fly* !”

## EXERCISE LX.

*Boadicea.*—COWPER.

When the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,  
Every burning word he spoke,  
Full of rage and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states ;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

“ Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name,  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command

“Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway,  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire;  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow,—  
Rushed to battle, fought and died—  
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud!  
Heaven awards the vengeance due!  
Empire is on us bestowed,—  
Shame and ruin wait on you!”

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#### EXERCISE LXI.

*Song of the Stars.*—W. C. BRYANT.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame  
From the void abyss by myriads came,—  
In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

“Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,—  
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—  
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,  
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:



Lo, yonder the living splendors play ;  
Away, on our joyous path, away !

“ Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !  
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass !  
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“ And see, where the brighter daybeams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;  
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o’er the bright planets, and shed their dews ;  
And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone the Night goes round !

“ Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born ;  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“ Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
To weave the dance that measures the years ;  
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent  
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—  
The boundless visible smile of Him  
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.”

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EXERCISE LXII.

*The Dorchester Giant.*—O. W. HOLMES.

There was a giant in time of old,  
A mighty one was he ;  
He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
So he kept her shut up in his mammoth fold ;  
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
And the giants were choosing a king ;  
The people were not democrats then,  
They did not talk of the rights of men,  
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
And fastened them in the pen;  
The children roared; quoth the giant; "Be still!"  
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill  
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought a pudding, stuffed with plums,  
As big as the State-House dome;  
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;  
So stop up your mouths with your 'lection treat,  
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
And whittled the boughs away;  
The boys and their mother set up a shout;  
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out;  
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune,  
As he strode the fields along:  
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,  
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,  
It is not for me to show;  
There's many a thing that's twice as queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear;  
And those are true—you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,  
The wife and the children sad?  
Oh! they are in a terrible rout,  
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about—  
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
They flung it over the plain,  
All over Milton, and Dorchester, too,—  
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;  
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away;  
For ages have floated by;  
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,  
And every plum is turned to a stone,  
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,  
You'll ask me out to ride,  
The whole of the story I will tell,  
And you shall see where the puddings fell,—  
And pay for the treat beside.

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## EXERCISE LXIII.

*Green River.*—W. C. BRYANT.

When breezes are soft, and skies are fair,  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green;  
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink,  
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;  
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,  
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright  
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,  
And clear the depths where its eddies play,  
And dimples deepen and whirl away,  
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot  
The swifter current that mines its root,  
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,  
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,  
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,  
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.  
Oh! loveliest there the spring days come,  
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;  
The flowers of summer are fairest there,  
And freshest the breath of the summer air;  
And sweetest the golden autumn day  
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,  
Beautiful stream! by the village side;  
But windest away from haunts of men,  
To quiet valley and shaded glen;  
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,  
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.  
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,  
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;  
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,  
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;

Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,  
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.  
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed  
On the river cherry and seedy reed,  
And thy own wild music gushing out  
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,  
From dawn, to the blush of another day,  
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,  
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,  
And mark them winding away from sight,  
Darkened with shade, or flashing with light,  
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,  
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,  
But I wish that fate had left me free  
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,  
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,  
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;  
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,  
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,  
And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—  
I often come to this quiet place,  
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,  
And gaze upon thee in silent dream;  
For in thy lonely and lovely stream,  
An image of that calm life appears,  
That won my heart in my greener years.

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#### EXERCISE LXIV.

*General Wolfe to his Army.*—AIKIN.

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose

you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time ; and as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by our firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no farther trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground : you will now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up to these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die : and believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

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#### EXERCISE LXV.

*The Cameleon.*—MERRICK.

Oft has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes that hardly served, at most,  
To guard their master 'gainst a post,  
Yet round the world the blade has been  
To see whatever could be seen,

Returning from his finished tour,  
Grown ten times perter than before :  
Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travelled fool your mouth will stop—  
“Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow—  
I’ve seen—and sure I ought to know”—  
So begs you’d pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they past,  
And on their way in friendly chat,  
Now talked of this and then of that,  
Discoursed awhile, ’mongst other matter,  
Of the cameleon’s form and nature :  
“A stranger animal,” cries one,  
“Sure never lived beneath the sun :  
A lizard’s body lean and long,  
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“Hold, there !” the other quick replies ;  
“ ’Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,  
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast surveyed,  
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green, ’tis green, sir, I assure ye”—  
“Green !” cries the other in a fury—  
“Why, sir,—d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?”  
“ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies ;  
“For, if they always serve you thus,  
You’ll find ’em but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows :  
When luckily came by a third—  
To him the question they referred ;



And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,  
 Whether the thing was green or blue.  
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,  
 The creature's neither one nor t'other;  
 I caught the animal last night,  
 And viewed it o'er by candlelight:  
 I marked it well—'twas black as jet—  
 You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
 And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;  
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."  
 "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
 "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"  
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:  
 And when before your eyes I've set him,  
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
 He said; then full before their sight  
 Produced the beast; and, lo!—'twas white!

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EXERCISE LXVI.

*An Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers.*—W. C.  
 BRYANT.

It is the spot I came to seek,—  
 My fathers' ancient burial-place,  
 Ere, from these vales, ashamed and weak,  
 Withdrew our wasted race.  
 It is the spot,—I know it well,—  
 Of which our old traditions tell.  
 For here the upland bank sends out  
 A ridge toward the river side;  
 I know the shaggy hills about,  
 The meadows smooth and wide,  
 The plains, that, toward the southern sky,  
 Fenced east and west by mountains lie.  
 A white man, gazing on the scene,  
 Would say a lovely spot was here,  
 And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,  
 Between the hills so sheer.  
 I like it not—I would the plain  
 Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,  
The cattle in the meadows feed ;  
And laborers turn the crumbling ground,  
Or drop the yellow seed ;  
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,  
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight  
To see these vales in woods arrayed,  
Their summits in the golden light,  
Their trunks in grateful shade,  
And herds of deer, that bounding go  
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,  
The forest hero, trained to wars,  
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,  
And seamed with glorious scars,  
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare  
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,  
Was sacred when its soil was ours :  
Hither the artless Indian maid  
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers.  
And the gray chief and gifted seer  
Worshipped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high  
On clods that hide the warrior's breast ;  
And, scattered in the furrows, lie  
The weapons of his rest ;  
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown  
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah ! little thought the strong and brave,  
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth ;  
Or the young wife, that weeping gave  
Her first-born to the earth,  
That the pale race, who waste us now,  
Among their bones should guide the plough !

They waste us :—ay,—like April snow  
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;  
And fast they follow, as we go  
Toward the setting day,—

Till they shall fill the land, and we  
Are driven into the western sea.  
But I behold a fearful sign,  
    To which the white men's eyes are blind :  
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,  
    And leave no trace behind,  
Save ruins o'er the region spread,  
And the white stones above the dead.  
Before these fields were shorn and tilled,  
    Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;  
The melody of waters filled  
    The fresh and boundless wood ;  
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,  
And fountains spouted in the shade.  
Those grateful sounds are heard no more,  
    The springs are silent in the sun,  
The rivers, by the blackened shore,  
    With lessening current run ;  
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,  
May be a barren desert yet.

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## EXERCISE LXVII.

*The Seminole's Reply.*—G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns !  
    I will not bend the knee :  
The shackles ne'er again shall bind  
    The arm which now is free.  
I've mailed it with the thunder,  
    When the tempest muttered low ;  
And where it falls, ye well may dread  
    The lightning of its blow.  
I've scared ye in the city,  
    I've scalped ye on the plain ;  
Go, count your chosen where they fell,  
    Beneath my leaden rain !  
I scorn your proffered treaty ;—  
    The pale face I defy :  
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,  
    And "*blood !*" my battle-cry.

Some strike for hope of booty,—  
Some to defend their all ;—  
I battle for the joy I have  
To see the white man fall :  
I love, among the wounded  
To hear his dying moan,  
And catch, while chanting at his side,  
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,  
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;  
And, struggling through the everglade,  
Your bristling bayonets gleam :  
But I stand as should the warrior,  
With his rifle and his spear ;—  
The scalp of vengeance still is red,  
And warns ye, " Come not here !"

I loathe ye in my bosom,  
I scorn ye with mine eye ;  
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,  
And fight ye till I die !  
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,  
And I ne'er will be your slave ;  
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,  
Till I sink beneath the wave.

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## EXERCISE LXVIII.

*The Gladness of Nature.*—W. C. BRYANT.

Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,  
When our mother, Nature, laughs around ;  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?  
There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;  
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.  
The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale ;  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree ;  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;—  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

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EXERCISE LXIX.

*The Tragical History of Major Brown.*—HOOD.

If any man, in any age,  
 In any town or city,  
 Was ever valiant, courteous, sage,  
 Experienced, wise or witty,

That man was Major Brown by name :  
 The fact you cannot doubt,  
 For he himself would say the same,  
 Ten times a day, about.

The major in the foreign wars  
 Indifferently had fared ;  
 For he was covered o'er with *scars*,  
 Though he was never *scared*.

But war had now retired to rest,  
 And piping peace returned ;  
 Yet still within his ardent breast,  
 The major's spirit burned.

When suddenly he heard of one  
 Who, in an air balloon  
 Had gone—I can't tell where he'd gone—  
 Almost into the moon.

“ Let me—let me,” the major cries,  
 “ Let me, like him, ascend ;  
 And if it *fall* that I should *rise*,  
 Who knows where it may end ?”

Now many yards of silk were brought,  
 And many iron nails,

And many drugs of many a sort,  
And placed in many pails.

And now the whole appears complete—  
With wonder most profound,  
Admiring crowds together meet  
From every village round.

While some the chequered bag admire,  
And some prefer the car—  
Behold! with head some inches higher,  
In steps the man of war.

The cords are cut—a mighty shout!—  
The globe ascends on high;  
And, like a ball from gun shot out,  
The major mounts the sky—

Or *would* have done, but cruel chance  
Forbade it so to be;  
And bade the major not advance—  
Caught in a chestnut-tree.

But soon the awkward branch gives way,  
He smooths his angry brow,  
Shoots upward, rescued from delay,  
And makes the branch a *bow*:

Till, mounting furlongs now some dozens,  
And peeping down, he pants  
To see his mother, sisters, cousins,  
And uncles, look like *ants*.

That Brown looked blue I will not say—  
His uniform was red;—  
But he thought that if his car gave way  
He should probably be dead.

He gave his manly breast a slap,  
And loudly shouted "Courage!"  
And waved above his head the cap  
In which he used to forage.

And up he went, and looked around  
To see what there might be,  
And felt convinced that on the ground  
Were better things to see.



A strange bird came his path across,  
Whose name he did not know ;  
Quoth he, "'Tis like an albatross,"—  
It proved to be a crow.

"I wish that you would please to drop,"  
Quoth Brown to his balloon ;—  
He might as well have spoken to  
The man that's in the moon.

He saw no more the pigmy crowd  
That dwelt upon earth's ball ;  
For why ?—he'd got into a cloud,  
And could not see at all.

Though nearer to the sun, 'twas queer,  
He found it wondrous cold ;  
And the major now began to fear  
That he had been too bold.

Though he had taken pains to learn  
To mount the skyey plain,  
Alas ! he'd taken no concern  
How to come down again.

And now the heavens begin to lower,  
And thunders loud to roll ;  
And winds and rains to blow and pour  
That would daunt a *general's* soul.

Such a hurricane to Major Brown  
Must most unpleasant be ;  
And he said, " If I cannot get *down*,  
'Twill be all *up* with me !"

From his pocket, then, a knife he took—  
In Birmingham 'twas made—  
The handle was of handsome look,  
Of tempered steel the blade.

Says he, " The acquaintance of a balloon  
I certainly shall cut ;"  
So in the silken bag, full soon  
His penknife blade he put.

Out rushed the gas imprisoned there,—  
The balloon began to sink ;

"I shall surely soon get out of the air,"  
Said Major Brown, "I think."

Alas ! how shall I write it down,  
What now I have to tell ?

Misfortune fell to Major Brown,  
Who to misfortune fell.

Alas for Brown, balloon, and car,  
The gas went out too fast ;  
The car went upside down, and far  
Poor Major Brown was cast.

Long time head over heels he tum-  
bled, till unto the ground,  
As I suppose, he must have come ;  
But he was never found.

The car was found in London town ;  
The bag to Oxford flew ;  
But what became of Major Brown,  
No mortal ever knew.

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EXERCISE LXX.

*The Fishermen.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

Hurrah ! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain ;  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor,  
Run up the sail again !  
Leave to the lubber landmen  
The rail-car and the steed ;  
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of Heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple  
And the light-house from the sand ;  
And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land.  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave, one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,

Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore !  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying  
Like black scuds overhead.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old ocean's treasures in  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin ;  
Where'er the brown cod glideth  
Amid his scaly clan,  
We will reap the North-land's harvest  
As her reapers only can.

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home ;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels ;  
Though the fog be dark around us  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand !  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot ;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west wind  
Comes creeping down the bay ;

The rising sails are filling—  
Give way, my lads, give way !  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth like a weed—  
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of Heaven shall speed.

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## EXERCISE LXXI.

*On the Shortness of Life.*—COWPER.

I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone.

I have wondered, in former days, at the patience of the antediluvian world ; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass ; their libraries were indifferently furnished ; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration ; and fiddles, perhaps, were not invented. How, then, could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable ? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it ; but I think I can answer it now.

I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun ; I worship ; I prepare my breakfast ; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow ; and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows

till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them.

The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase ; and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots ; I wash them ; I boil them ; I find them not done enough, I boil them again ; my wife is angry ; we dispute ; we settle the point ; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt ; I bring home the prey ; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one.

By this time the day is far spent ; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow.

What wonder, then, that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a letter sheet ? Thus, however, it is ; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

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#### EXERCISE LXXII.

##### *The Directing Post.\*—LOVELL.*

In winter once, an honest, travelling wight  
Pursued his road to Derby, late at night.  
'Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,  
And not a house or living thing was nigh.  
At length he came to where some four roads met ;  
It rained, too, and he was completely wet ;  
And being doubtful which way he should take,  
He drew up to the finger-post,\* to make

\* Guide-board.



It out : and after much of poring, fumbling,  
Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,  
'Twas thus the words he traced, "To Derby—five"—  
"A goodly distance yet,—as I'm alive."  
But on he drove, a weary length of way,  
And wished his journey he'd delayed till day.  
He wondered that no town appeared in view;  
The wind blew stronger; it rained faster, too,  
When, to his great relief, he met a man.  
"I say, good friend, pray tell me, if you can,  
How far is't hence to Derby?" "Derby, hey?—  
Why, zur, thee beest completely coom astray;  
This y'ant the road." "Why, sure the guide-post showed  
'To Derby, five,' and pointed down this road."—  
"Ay, dang it, that may be; for you maun know  
The post it was blown down, last night; and so,  
This morn, I put it up again, but whether,  
As I can't put great A and B together,  
The post is right, I'm zure I cannot zay:  
The town is just five miles the other way."

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## EXERCISE LXXIII.

*Song of Marion's Men.*—W. C. BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,—  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light, at midnight,  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,



And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again ;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil :  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up ;  
And woodland flowers are gathered,  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain ;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away,  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band,  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more,  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore.

## EXERCISE LXXIV.

*Washington's Statue.*—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung,  
Has peopled earth with grace,—  
Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung,  
A bright and peerless race;  
But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before  
A shape of loftier name  
Than his, who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,  
The noblest son of Fame.  
Sheathed is the sword that Passion never stained;  
His gaze around is cast,  
As if the joys of Freedom, newly-gained,  
Before his vision passed;  
As if a nation's shout of love and pride  
With music filled the air,  
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide  
Of deep and grateful prayer;  
As if the crystal mirror of his life  
To fancy sweetly came,  
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,  
Undimmed by doubt or shame;  
As if the lofty purpose of his soul  
Expression would betray—  
The high resolve Ambition to control,  
And thrust her crown away!  
Oh! it was well in marble firm and white  
To carve our hero's form,  
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,  
Our star amid the storm!  
Whose matchless truth has made his namé divine,  
And human freedom sure,  
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,  
While man and time endure!  
And it is well to place his image there,  
Upon the soil he blest;  
Let meaner spirits who its councils share,  
Revere that silent guest!  
Let us go up with high and sacred love  
To look on his pure brow,  
And as, with solemn grace, he points above,  
Renew the patriot's vow!

## EXERCISE LXXV.

"*Seventy-Six.*"—W. C. BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh-awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand !

Hills flung the cry to hills around ;  
And ocean-mart replied to mart ;  
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain river swift and cold ;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And, from the sods of grove and glen,  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men,  
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair fond bride of yestereve,  
And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;  
Already blood on Concord's plain  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flowed at Lexington,  
Like brook of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward  
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;  
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

## EXERCISE LXXVI.

*To the Eagle.*—PERCIVAL.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing !  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest clouds are driven.  
Thy throne is on the mountain top ;  
Thy fields—the boundless air ;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Lord of the boundless realm of air !  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare,  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid ;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread ;  
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
With the low and crouching slave ;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?—  
“O'er the dark mysterious sea,  
To the lands that caught the setting light,  
The cradle of Liberty.

There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
For ages, I watched alone ;  
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more  
Where the glorious bird had flown.

“ But then came a bold and hardy few,  
And they breasted the unknown wave :  
I caught afar the wandering crew,  
And I knew they were high and brave.  
I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
As it sought the desolate shore ;  
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
My quivering pinions bore.

“ And now that bold and hardy few  
Are a nation wide and strong ;  
And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
And they worship me in song ;  
And over their bright and glancing arms  
On field, and lake, and sea,  
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
I guide them to victory.”

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#### EXERCISE LXXVII.

*The Affair of Lexington and Concord.*—E. EVERETT.

In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved ; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men, in the unqualified despotism of one ; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it into strength and fury.

But, in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and



heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks, and everlasting hills, are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

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#### EXERCISE LXXVIII.

*The Vision of Liberty.*—H. WARE, JR.

The evening heavens were calm and bright;  
No dimness rested on the glittering light,  
That sparkled from the wilderness of worlds on high.



Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray ;  
The placid planets held their modest way ;  
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh ! what an hour for lofty thought !  
My spirit burned within ; I caught  
A holy inspiration from the hour.—  
Around me man and nature slept ;  
Alone my solemn watch I kept,  
Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.  
I still was gazing up to heaven,  
As in the early hours of even ;  
I still beheld the planets roll,  
And all those countless sons of light  
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless  
night.

When, lo, upon the plain,  
Just where it skirts the swelling main,  
A massive castle, far and high,  
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.  
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile  
Flung up its time-defying towers ;  
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile  
At vain assault of human powers,  
And threats and arms deride.  
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride  
In giant masses graced the walls above,  
And dungeons yawned below.  
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,  
Grave silent chroniclers of Time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,  
See, within, a sudden blaze !  
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,  
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,  
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,  
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—  
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,  
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,  
Raging with resistless power ;

Till every fervent pillar glowed,  
And every stone seemed burning coal,  
Instinct with living heat, that flowed  
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,—  
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.  
At length a crackling sound began ;  
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran ;  
And louder yet, and louder grew,—  
Till now in rattling thunder peals it flew,  
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,  
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke :  
The shattered walls were rent and riven,  
And piecemeal driven  
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.—  
'Tis done ; what centuries had reared,  
In quick explosion disappeared,  
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,—  
Bright with more than human grace,  
Robed in more than mortal seeming,  
Radiant glory in her face,  
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,  
Rose a fair majestic form,  
As the mild rainbow from the storm.  
I marked her smile, I knew her eye ;  
And when, with gesture of command,  
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,  
My slumbers fled mid shouts of " LIBERTY !"

Read ye the dream ? and know ye not  
How truly it unlocked the word of fate ?  
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,  
And spreads it not, and burns in every state ?  
And when their old and cumbrous walls,  
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,  
Vainly they rear their impotent defence,—  
The fabric falls !  
That fervent energy must spread,  
Till despotism's towers be overthrown ;  
And in their stead,  
Liberty stands alone !

Hasten the day, just Heaven!  
Accomplish thy design;  
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,  
Freely on all men shine;  
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,  
And human power for human good employed;  
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,  
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

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## EXERCISE LXXIX.

*The Greek Partisan.*—W. C. BRYANT.

Our free flag is dancing  
In the free mountain air,  
And burnished arms are glancing,  
And warriors gathering there;  
And fearless is the little train  
Whose gallant bosoms shield it;—  
The blood that warms their hearts shall stain  
That banner, ere they yield it.  
Each dark eye is fixed on earth,  
And brief each solemn greeting;—  
There is no look nor sound of mirth,  
Where those stern men are meeting.

They go to the slaughter,  
To strike the sudden blow,  
And pour on earth, like water,  
The best blood of the foe;  
To rush on them from rock and height,  
And clear the narrow valley,  
Or fire their camp at dead of night,  
And fly before they rally.  
Chains are round our country pressed,  
And cowards have betrayed her;  
And we must make her bleeding breast  
The grave of the invader.

Not till from her fetters  
We raise up Greece again,  
And write, in bloody letters,  
That tyranny is slain,—

Oh! not till then the smile shall steal  
Across those darkened faces,  
Nor one of all those warriors feel  
His children's dear embraces.  
Reap we not the ripened wheat,  
Till yonder hosts are flying,  
And all their bravest, at our feet,  
Like autumn sheaves are lying.

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## EXERCISE LXXX.

*Rolla's Address to the Peruvians.*—SHERIDAN.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No!—you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours. They, by a strange phrensy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule:—we for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate:—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.—Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes:—*they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have enhanced and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honor is the people's choice,—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy,—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

## EXERCISE LXXXI

*Malt Sermon.*—ANON.

[A discourse preached, extempore, out of a hollow tree, by a juvenile sermonizer, to a few lovers of malt liquor, at their own special request.]

Beloved, let me crave your attention for a few minutes; for I am a little man, come at short warning, to preach a brief sermon, upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. And now, my beloved, my text is *MALT*.

I cannot divide it into sentences,—because there are none; nor into words, because there is but one; nor into syllables, because, on the whole, it is a monosyllable. Therefore, necessity compels me to divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four,—M, A, L, T; which will furnish us with the four following heads of discourse. First, M, my beloved, is *moral*; secondly, A, is *allegorical*; thirdly, L, is *literal*; fourthly, T, is *theological*.

First, therefore, of M, the *moral*, which is well set forth, to teach you tipplers good manners; wherefore, M, *my masters*, A, *all of you*, L, *listen*, T, *to my text*.

Secondly, A, the *allegorical*; which is when one thing is spoken, and another thing is meant. Now the thing spoken is bare *malt*; but the thing meant is *strong beer*, which you gnostics make, M, *meat*, A, *apparel*, L, *liberty*, T, *treason*.

Thirdly, L, the *literal*, is according to the letter. M, *much*, A, *ale*, L, *little*, T, *thirst*. *Much ale: little thirst*.

Fourthly, T, the *theological*, is according to the effects which it works. These, I find in my text, to be of two kinds; *first*, of this world; *secondly*, of the world to come. In this world the effects which it works are in some, M, *mischiefs*; in others, A, *absquatulating*; in some, L, *loose living*; in all, T, *trouble*. In the world to come, in some, M, *misery*; in others, A, *anguish*; in some, L, *lamentation*; in others, T, *torment*.

Wherefore, my first use shall be of exhortation. M, *my masters*, A, *all of you*, L, *leave off*, T, *tippling*; or else, secondly, by way of warning I say, M, *my masters*, A, *all of you*, L, *look for*, T, *torment*.

So much for this time and text, only, by way of final



warning, take this : *lastly*,—A drunkard is the murderer of modesty, the waster of wealth, the sore of society, the ruiner of reason, the agent of the ale-house, the brewer's benefactor, the beggar's boon-companion, the constable's curse, his wife's woe, his offspring's oppressor, and his neighbor's nuisance.

Wherefore, in conclusion, M, *my masters*, A, *all of you*, L, *leave off*, T, *totally*, MALT,—meaning the liquor thereof.

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EXERCISE LXXXII.

*The Cold-water Man.*—ANON.

There lived an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well—  
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod ;  
So *even* ran his *line* of life,  
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said,  
He never had a wish ;  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman,  
A double calling had,—  
To tend his flocks, in winter-time,  
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman,  
All other toils forsook ;  
And though no vagrant man was he,  
He lived by "*hook and crook*."

All day that fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he ;  
His *angles* all were *right* ;



And, when he scratched his aged *poll*,  
You'd know he'd got a *bite*.

To charm the fish he never spoke,  
Although his voice was fine;  
He found the most convenient way,  
Was just to "*drop a line*."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,  
If made to speak to-day,  
Would own with grief, this angler had  
A mighty "*taking way*."

One day, while fishing on the log,  
He mourned his want of luck,—  
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,  
And jerking—caught a *duck* !

Alas ! that day, the fisherman  
Had taken too much grog;  
And being but a landsman, too,  
He couldn't "*keep the log*."

In vain he strove with all his might,  
And tried to gain the shore ;—  
Down, down he went to feed the fish  
He'd *baited* oft before !

The moral of this mournful tale  
To all is plain and clear :—  
A single "drop too much" of rum,  
May make a watery *bier*.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"  
And keep his promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a *stark*  
*Cold-water-man*, at last.

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#### EXERCISE LXXXIII.

*The African Chief*.—W. C. BRYANT.

Chained in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That shrunk to hear his name,—

All stern of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground ;—  
And silently they gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—  
He was a captive now ;  
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
Showed warrior true and brave ;  
A prince among his tribe before,  
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—  
“ My brother is a king ;  
Undo this necklace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring,  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chain ;—  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle-spear again.  
A price thy nation never gave,  
Shall yet be paid for thee ;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shred his locks away ;  
And, one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.  
Thick were the plaited locks; and long,  
And, deftly hidden there,  
Shone many a wedge of gold, among  
The dark and crisped hair.

“ Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
Long kept for sorest need ;  
Take it—thou askest sums untold,  
And say that I am freed.

Take it—my wife, the long, long day  
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And ask in vain for me.”

“I take thy gold,—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And ween that by the cocoa shade  
Thy wife will wait thee long.”  
Strong was the agony that shook  
The captive’s frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :  
At once his eye grew wild ;  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once, at shut of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena’s prey.

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#### EXERCISE LXXXIV.

*Eloquence of James Otis.*—L. M. CHILD.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown ;—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions,—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master. To the nation from which we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance ; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper ?” No ! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thou-

sand ; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust ? True, the spectre is now small ; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt ? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy ; forests have been prostrated in our path ; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-country ? No ! we owe it to the tyranny, that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, “We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.” And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity ? Why, the king—(and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands ? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended ? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay ; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament ; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome ; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance an-

archy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired ; it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

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## EXERCISE LXXXV.

*The Death of Aliatar.*—W. C. BRYANT.

'Tis not with gilded sabres  
That gleam in baldrics blue,  
Nor nodding plumes in caps of fez,  
Of gay and gaudy hue,—  
But, habited in mourning weeds,  
Come marching from afar,  
By four and four, the valiant men  
Who fought with Aliatar.  
All mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the phenix,  
The flag that loved the sky,  
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,  
It flew so proud and high,—  
Now leaves its place in battle-field,  
And sweeps the ground with grief,—  
The bearer drags its glorious folds  
Behind the fallen chief,  
As mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

Brave Aliatar led forward  
A hundred Moors, to go  
To where his brother held Motril  
Against the leaguering foe.  
On horseback went the gallant Moor,  
That gallant band to lead ;  
And now his bier is at the gate,  
From whence he spurred his steed.



While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

The knights of the Grand Master  
In crowded ambush lay;  
They rushed upon him where the reeds  
Were thick beside the way;  
They smote the valiant Aliatar,  
They smote him till he died;  
And broken, but not beaten, were  
The brave ones by his side.  
Now mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

Oh! what was Zayda's sorrow,  
How passionate her cries!  
Her lover's wounds streamed not more free  
Than that poor maiden's eyes.  
Say, Love—for thou didst see her tears:  
Oh! no:—he drew more tight  
The blinding fillet o'er his lids,  
To spare his eyes the sight,  
While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

Nor Zayda weeps him only,  
But all that dwell between  
The great Alhambra's palace walls  
And springs of Albaicin.  
The ladies weep the flower of knights;  
The brave, the bravest here;  
The people weep a champion,  
The Alcaydes a noble peer,  
While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.



## EXERCISE LXXXVI.

*The Exile of Erin.*—CAMPBELL.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,—  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 For his country he sighed, when, at twilight, repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:  
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
 Where once, in the fervor of youth's warm emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

Sad is my fate!—said the heart-broken stranger—  
 The wild deer and wolf to the covert can flee;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger:  
 A home and a country remain not to me!  
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!  
 But, alas! in a far—foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!  
 O cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?—  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;—  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—  
 Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!

## EXERCISE LXXXVII.

*The Fathers of Massachusetts.*—E. EVERETT.

The venerable foundations of our Republic, fellow-citizens, were laid on the *very spot* where we stand; by the fathers of Massachusetts. *Here*, before they were able to erect a suitable place for worship, they were wont, beneath the branches of a spreading tree, to commend their wants, their sufferings, and their hopes to Him, that dwelleth not in houses made with hands; *here* they erected their first habitations; *here* they gathered their first church; *here* they made their first graves.

Yes, on the very spot where we are assembled, crowned with this spacious church; surrounded by the comfortable abodes of a dense population; there were, during the first season, after the landing of WINTHROP, fewer dwellings for the living, than graves for the dead. It seemed the will of Providence, that our fathers should be tried, by the extremities of either season. When the Pilgrims approached the coast of Plymouth, they found it clad with all the terrors of a northern winter:

The sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The Massachusetts company arrived at the close of June. No vineyards, as now, clothed our inhospitable hill-sides; no blooming orchards, as at the present day, wore the livery of Eden, and loaded the breeze with sweet odors; no rich pastures nor waving crops stretched beneath the eye, along the way-side, from village to village, as if Nature had been spreading her halls with a carpet, fit to be pressed by the footsteps of her descending God! The beauty and the bloom of the year had passed. The earth, not yet subdued by culture, bore upon its untilled bosom nothing but a dismal forest, that mocked their hunger with rank and unprofitable vegetation. The sun was hot in the heavens. The soil was parched; and the hand of man had not yet taught its secret springs to flow from their fountains. The wasting disease of the heart-sick mariner was upon the men;—and the women and children thought of the pleasant homes of England, as they sunk down from day to day,

and died, at last, for want of a cup of cold water, in this melancholy land of promise.

We are gathered over the ashes of our forefathers. It is good, but solemn, to be here. We live on holy ground; all our hill-tops are the altars of precious sacrifice :

*This* is stored with the sacred dust of the first victims in the cause of liberty.

And *that* is rich from the life-stream of the noble hearts who bled to sustain it.

*Here*, beneath our feet, unconscious that we commemorate their worth, repose the meek and sainted martyrs, whose flesh sunk beneath the lofty temper of their noble spirits; and *there* rest the heroes, who presented their dauntless foreheads to the god of battles, when he came to his awful baptism of blood and fire.

Happy the fate, which has laid them so near to each other, the early and the latter champions of the one great cause! And happy we, who are permitted to reap in peace the fruit of their costly sacrifice! Happy, that we can make our pious pilgrimage to the smooth turf of that venerable summit, once ploughed with the wheels of maddening artillery, ringing with all the dreadful voices of war, wrapped in smoke and streaming with blood! Happy, that here where our fathers sunk, beneath the burning sun, into the parched clay, we live, and assemble, and mingle sweet counsel, and grateful thoughts of them, in comfort and peace.

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#### EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

*"Lodgings for Single Gentlemen."*—COLMAN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,  
Has seen, "Lodgings to let" stare him full in the face.  
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,  
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;  
But Will was so fat, that he looked like a tun,  
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;  
But, all the night long he felt fevered and heated;  
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same—and the next—and the next;  
 He perspired like an ox—he was nervous and vexed.  
 Week passed after week, till, by *weekly* succession,  
 His *weakly* condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,  
 For his skin “like a lady’s loose-gown” hung about him.  
 He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,  
 “I have lost many *pounds*,—make me well,—there’s a *guinea*.”

The doctor looked wise. “A slow fever,” he said—  
 Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.—  
 “Sudorifics in bed,” cried Will, “are humbugs;  
 I’ve enough of them there without paying for drugs!”

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill, indeed,  
 E’en dismissing the doctor don’t always succeed:  
 So, calling his host, he said, “Sir, do you know,  
 I’m the fat single gentleman six months ago?”

Quoth the landlord, “Till now I ne’er had a dispute,  
 I’ve let lodgings ten years;—I’m a baker to boot.  
 In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,  
 And your bed is immediately over my oven.”

“The *oven*!” cries Will. Says the host, “Why this passion?  
 In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
 Why so crusty, good sir?”—“Zounds!” cries Will in a taking,—  
 “Who wouldn’t be *crusty* with half a year’s *baking*?”

Will paid for his rooms.—Cried the host, with a sneer,  
 “Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year.”  
 “Friend, we can’t well agree, yet no quarrel,” Will said;  
 “But I’d rather not perish while you make your bread.”

### EXERCISE LXXXIX.

*To the Evening Wind.*—W. C. BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou  
 That cool’st the twilight of the sultry day,  
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;  
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
 Riding, all day, the wild blue waves till now,  
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray  
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!  
 Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round  
 Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;

And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;  
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.  
 Go forth, into the gathering shade ; go forth,  
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !  
 Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars ; and rouse  
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :  
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.  
 The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;  
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,  
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
 And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.  
 Go—but the circle of eternal change,  
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more :  
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;  
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

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EXERCISE XC.

*Norval and Glenalvon.*—HOME.

*Glen.* His port I love : he's in a proper mood  
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roared.— [Aside.  
 Has Norval seen the troops ?

*Norv.* The setting sun  
 With yellow radiance lighted all the vale ;  
 And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,  
 Corselet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.



The hill they climbed ; and, halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed  
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of our host  
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Norr.* If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,  
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration  
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine  
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave sir ; your martial deeds  
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval ;  
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth  
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.  
Give them all honor : seem not to command,  
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,  
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

*Norr.* Sir, I have been accustomed all my days  
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;  
And though I have been told that there are men  
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,  
Yet in such language I am little skilled :  
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,  
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind  
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power  
With such contemptuous terms ?

*Glen.* I did not mean  
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

*Norr.* My pride !

*Glen.* Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.—  
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,  
I will not leave you to its rash direction.  
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,  
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

*Norr.* A shepherd's scorn !

*Glen.* Yes ; if you presume  
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,  
As if you took the measure of their minds,  
And said in secret, You're no match for me,  
What will become of you ?

*Norr.* Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

*Glen.* Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?



*Norv.* Didst thou not hear ?

*Glen.* Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe  
Had not been questioned thus ; but such as thee—

*Norv.* Whom dost thou think me ?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Norv.* So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

*Glen.* A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ;  
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

*Norv.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

*Glen.* Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell  
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Norv.* If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,  
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,  
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval  
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.  
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,  
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,  
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

*Glen.* Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command  
Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

*Norv.* Villain, no more !  
Draw and defend thy life. I did design  
To have defied thee in another cause ;  
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.  
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Lord Ran.* [*Enters.*] Hold ! I command you both ! the  
Makes me his foe. [man that stirs

*Norv.* Another voice than thine,  
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my lord ; he's wondrous condescending !  
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

*Norv.* Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword.*

*Lord Ran.* Speak not thus,  
Taunting each other, but unfold to me  
The cause of quarrel ; then I judge betwixt you.

*Norv.* Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,  
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.  
I blush to speak : I will not, cannot speak  
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.  
To the liege lord of my dear native land  
I owe a subject's homage ; but even him  
And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord ;  
 Honor, sole judge and umpire of itself.  
 If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,  
 Revoke your favors, and let Norval go  
 Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonored !

*Lord Ran.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice ;  
 The ancient foe of Caledonia's land  
 Now waves his banner o'er her frightened fields ;  
 Suspend your purpose till your country's arms  
 Repel the bold invader ; then decide  
 The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Norv.* And I.

### EXERCISE XCI.

*Belisarius's Opinion of Military Glory.*—MARMONTEL.

Why, of all the various kinds of glory, must renown in arms hold the foremost place?—Do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it ? Alas ! when millions are stretched in mangled heaps upon the field of battle, can the mind in that situation taste of joy ? I can make allowance for those who have met danger in all its shapes ; they may be permitted to congratulate themselves, that they have escaped with their lives ; but in the case of a king born with sensibility of heart, the day that spills a deluge of human blood, and bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land, that cannot be a day of true enjoyment.

I have more than once traversed over a field of battle ; I would have been glad to have seen a Nero in my place ; the tears of humanity must have burst from him. I know there are princes who take the pleasure of a campaign, as they do that of hunting, and who send forth their people to the fray, as they let slip their dogs ; but the rage of conquest is like the unrelenting temper of avarice, which torments itself, and is to the last insatiable. A province has been invaded ; it has been subdued ; it lies contiguous to another not yet attempted ; desire begins to kindle ; invasion happens after invasion ; ambition irritates itself to new projects, till at length comes a reverse of fortune, which exceeds, in the mortification it brings, all the pride and joy of former victories.

But to give things every flattering appearance, let us suppose a train of uninterrupted success : yet, even in that case, the conqueror pushes forward, like another Alexander, to the limits of the world, and then, like him, re-measures back his course, fatigued with triumphs, a burden to himself and mankind, at a loss what to do with the immense tracts which he has depopulated, and melancholy with the reflection that an acre of his conquests would suffice to maintain him, and a little pit-hole to hide his remains from the world. In my youth I saw the sepulchre of Cyrus ; a stone bore this inscription : “ I am Cyrus, he who subdued the Persian Empire. Friend, whoever thou art, or wherever thy native country, envy me not the scanty space that covers my clay-cold ashes.”—Alas ! said I, turning aside from the mournful epitaph, is it worth while to be a conqueror ?

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## EXERCISE XCII.

*The Battles on the Rio Grandé.*—T. B. THAYER.

Hark ! it comes at last, the war cry,  
From the Rio Grandé's shore ;—  
And the answer, backward rolling,  
Mingles with the battle's roar.

Ho ! our country's flag—I see it  
Mid the thickening fire and smoke,  
Where our little band of brave ones  
Face the storm like hearts of oak.

See, their squadrons sweeping onward,  
Like an arrow in its flight,  
Over ditch and rampart bounding,  
Dash amid the thickest fight.

And their comrades, pressing forward,  
Mid the rush of cannon shot ;  
With the deadly bayonet charging,  
Drive the foemen from the spot.

See ! their routed columns flying,  
Shattered by the fearful shock,  
Like the waves that have been broken,  
Rolling on a shore of rock.

Now the shout of triumph rises  
From that noble Spartan band,—  
Sweeping onward, full and earnest,  
Far along the sea and land.

Hark! for now their country answers,  
With a shout as loud and clear,  
Like the voice of many thunders  
Breaking on the startled air.

Honor to the brave! her voice is;  
Laurel for each warrior's head;  
Places on the page of glory  
For the living and the dead!

But now another voice is rising  
Slowly on the burdened air,—  
Mingled groans of wounded, dying,  
Screams of madness and despair;

Cries of widows and of orphans,—  
Fathers', mothers', sisters' wail  
O'er the mangled, bloody corpses,  
Crushed beneath that iron hail.

And the battle-field—how frightful!  
Now night's veil is rolled away,  
And its ghastly sights of suffering  
Stand revealed in open day!

Gracious God! oh! speed the ages,  
When these death-strifes shall be o'er,  
And their swords to ploughshares beating,  
Nations shall learn war no more!

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#### EXERCISE XCIII.

*The Soldier's Anticipation of Peace.*—COLERIDGE.

Oh! let the emperor make peace!  
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel  
For the first violet of the leafless spring,  
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!  
Oh! that sight,  
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape  
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!

O day, thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier  
Returns home into life ; when he becomes  
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.  
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed ; and hark !  
Now the soft peace-march beats, Home, brothers, home !  
The caps and helmets are all garlanded  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
The city gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them.  
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,  
With peaceful men and women, that send onward  
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
O happy man, O fortunate ! for whom  
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

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## EXERCISE XCIV.

*P e a c e.* — THOMSON.

O first of human blessings ; and supreme !  
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !  
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men  
Like brothers live, in amity combined,  
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil  
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right  
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.  
Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,  
Naught, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
Trickling distils into the vernal glebe.—  
O Peace ! thou source and soul of social life !  
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence  
Science his views enlarges, art refines,  
And swelling commerce opens all her ports ;  
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !  
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;  
Who sheathes the murderous blade ; the deadly gun  
Into the well-piled armory returns ;

And, every vigor from the work of death,  
 To grateful industry converting, makes  
 The country flourish, and the city smile.  
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale  
 Chants ; and, the treasures of his labor sure,  
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,  
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave :  
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,  
 And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him.  
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls his diffusive day ;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

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## EXERCISE XCV.

*Peace and War.*—SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh,  
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps the moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
 Seems like a canopy which Love had spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
 A metaphor of peace ;—all form a scene  
 Where musing solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
 So cold, so bright, so still.—

Ah ! whence yon glare  
 That fires the arch of heaven ?—That dark red smoke  
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !



Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountain ring,  
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!  
 Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,  
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;  
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud  
 The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there;  
 How few survive, how few are beating now!  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke  
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away;  
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
 Of the outsallying victors: far behind,  
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day  
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

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#### EXERCISE XCVI.

*The Colonists.*—DR. AIKIN.

*Mr. Barlow, Arthur, Beverly, Charles, Delville, Edward, Francis, George, Henry, Jasper, Lewis, Maurice, Oliver, Philip, and Robert.*

*Mr. Barlow.* Come, my boys, I have a new play for

you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions, coming to offer yourselves to go with me.—What are you, Arthur?

*Arthur.* I am a farmer, sir.

*Mr. B.* Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon. The farmer puts the seed into the earth, and takes care of it, when it is grown to the ripe corn; without the farmer we should have no bread. But you must work very hard; there will be trees to cut down, and roots to drag out, and a great deal of labor.

*Arthur.* I shall be ready to do my part.

*Mr. B.* Well, then I shall take you willingly, and as many more such good fellows as you can find. We shall have land enough; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

*Beverly.* I am a miller, sir.

*Mr. B.* A very useful trade! our corn must be ground, or it will do us but little good. What must we do for a mill, my friend?

*Bev.* I suppose we must make one.

*Mr. B.* Then we must take a *mill-wright* with us, and carry mill-stones. Who is next?

*Charles.* I am a carpenter, sir.

*Mr. B.* The most necessary man that could offer. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and chairs and tables besides. But all our timber is growing; we shall have hard work to fell it, to saw boards and planks, to hew timber, and to frame and raise buildings.

*Charles.* I will do my best, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then I engage you; but you had better bring two or three *able hands* along with you.

*Delville.* I am a blacksmith.

*Mr. B.* An excellent companion for the carpenter. We cannot do without either of you. You must bring your great bellows, anvil, and vice; and we will set up a forge for you, as soon as we arrive. By the by, we shall want a mason for that.

*Edward.* I am one, sir.

*Mr. B.* Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick-work, or stone-work, for chimneys, hearths, and ovens; so there will be employment for a mason. Can you make bricks and burn lime?

*Ed.* I will try what I can do, sir.

*Mr. B.* No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

*Francis.* I am a shoemaker.

*Mr. B.* Shoes we cannot do well without; but I fear we shall get no leather.

*Francis.* But I can dress skins, sir.

*Mr. B.* Can you? Then you are a clever fellow. I will have you, though I give you double wages.

*George.* I am a tailor, sir.

*Mr. B.* We must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope; for we must not mind wearing patched clothes, while we work in the woods.

*Geo.* I am not, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then I engage you, too.

*Henry.* I am a silversmith, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in.

*Hen.* But I understand clock and watch making too.

*Mr. B.* We shall want to know how time goes; but we cannot afford to employ you, at present: you had better stay where you are.

*Jasper.* I am a barber and hair dresser.

*Mr. B.* What can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter the rest of the time, we will take you. But you will have no ladies to curl, or gentlemen to powder, I assure you.

*Lewis.* I am a doctor.

*Mr. B.* Then, sir, you are very welcome; we shall some of us be sick; and we are likely to get cuts, and bruises, and broken bones. You will be very useful. We shall take you with pleasure.

*Maurice.* I am a lawyer, sir.

*Mr. B.* Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

*Oliver.* I am a schoolmaster.

*Mr. B.* That is a very respectable and useful profession. As soon as our children are old enough we shall be glad of your services. Though we are hard-working men, we do not mean to be ignorant; every one among us must be taught reading and writing. Until we have employment

for you in teaching, if you will keep our accounts, and at present read sermons to us on Sundays, we shall be glad to have you among us. Will you go?

*Oliver.* With all my heart, sir.

*Mr. B.* Who comes here?

*Philip.* I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

*Mr. B.* We are peaceable people; and I hope we shall not be obliged to fight. We are all soldiers, and must learn to defend ourselves; we shall have no occasion for you, unless you can be a mechanic or a farmer, as well as a soldier.

*Robert.* I am a *gentleman*, sir.

*Mr. B.* A gentleman! And what good can you do us?

*Rob.* I expect to shoot game enough for my own eating; you can give me a little bread and a few vegetables; and the barber shall be my servant.

*Mr. B.* Pray, sir, why should we do all this for you?

*Rob.* Why, sir, that you may have the credit of saying that you have *one gentleman*, at least, in your colony.

*Mr. B.* Ha! ha! ha! A fine gentleman, truly. Sir, when we desire the honor of your company, we will send for you.

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### EXERCISE XCVII.

#### *Scenes from the "Little Merchants."*

##### *Scene I.—Piedro and Francisco.*

*Piedro.* This is your morning's work, I presume; and you'll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough.

*Francisco.* Not before my *father* thinks I have done enough, but before *I* think so myself.

*P.* I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too, without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here (*showing money*). All this was had for asking for; it is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.

*F.* I should be ashamed to beg, or borrow either.

*P.* Neither did I get what you see by begging or by borrowing either, but by using my wits—not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised side

of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom.

*F.* Wisdom I think it still.

*P.* And your father?

*F.* And my father.

*P.* Mine is of a different way of thinking: he always tells me, that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day, that my father could not sell yesterday, in the market.—Got it off for fresh, just out of the river—got twice as much as the market-price for it, and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a good one, if you would have let him. You'll allow I am no fool, Francisco, and that I am in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.

*F.* Stay,—you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit of me, because he will know I shall not cheat him.—So you'll have lost a customer, and I gained one.

*P.* With all my heart. One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples.

*F.* And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?

*P.* If they will be only so good as to give me leave. "Venture a small fish to catch a large one!"

*F.* You have never considered, then, that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time.

*P.* Ay, in time; but it will be some time first: there are a great many of them,—enough to last me all summer, if I lose a customer a day.

*F.* And next summer, what will you do?

*P.* Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do, before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in, and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish.—What then? are there no trades, then, but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me—as my father says? What do you think of turning



merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in *their* market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?

*F.* I think not. But I think the children would find it out in time, if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.

*P.* I don't doubt them; then, in time, I could, you know, change my trade, sell chips and sticks in the wood-market; hand about lemonade to the fine folks, or twenty other things:—there are trades enough for a man.

*F.* Yes, for the honest dealer, but for no other; for, in all of them, you'll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are, at last.

*P.* And what am I, pray? The whole truth of the matter is, that you envy my good luck, and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. "It's better to be lucky than wise," as my father says. Good-morning to you; when I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid donkey with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, *honest Francisco!*

*F.* Not quite so well;—unless you were *honest Francisco*, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily.

*Scene II.*—Piedro, Francisco, Carlo, and others.

Piedro at a stand on which are sweetmeats for sale,—a label on the stand: "*The sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums in Naples. Burnt almonds gratis!*"

*Carlo.* Ha! what have we here? (*stopping and reading aloud the label.*) This promises rarely. Old as I am, and tall of my age, which makes the matter worse, I am still as fond of sugar-plums as my little sister, who is five years younger than I. Come, signor, fill me quick, for I'm in haste to taste them, two measures of "*the sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums in Naples,*"—one measure for myself, and one for my little Rosetta.

*Piedro.* You'll pay for yourself and your sister, then; for no credit is given here.

*C.* No credit do I ask. When I told you I loved sugar-plums, did I tell you I loved *them*, or even my sister, so well as to run in debt for them? Here's for myself, and



here's for my sister's share,—(*laying down his money,*) and now for the burnt almonds gratis, my good fellow.

P. They are all out : I have been out of burnt almonds this great while.

C. Then why are they in your advertisement here ?

P. I have not had time enough to scratch them out of the board.

C. What, not when you have, by your own account, been out of them a great while ? I did not know it required so much time to blot out a few words—let us try, (*pulling a bit of chalk out of his pocket, and drawing a line on Pedro's board.*)

P. You are very impatient : I shall have a fresh stock of almonds to-morrow.

C. Why must the board tell a lie to-day ?

P. It would ruin me to alter it.

C. A *lie* may ruin you ; but I could scarcely think the truth could.

P. You have no right to meddle with me or my board. My character, and that of my board, are too firmly established now for any chance customer, like you, to injure.

C. I never dreamed of injuring you or any one else ; I wish, moreover, you may not injure yourself. Do as you please with your board ; but give me my sugar-plums, for I have some right to meddle with those, having paid for them.

P. Hold out your hand, then.

C. No,—put them into this box, if you please, put my sister's, at least, into it : she likes to have them in this box ; I bought some for her yesterday in it, and she'll think they'll taste the better out of that same box. But how is this ? Your measure does not fill my box, nearly : you give us very few sugar-plums for our money.

P. I give you full measure, as I give to every body.

C. The measure should be an inch cube, I know : that's what all the little merchants have agreed to, you know.

P. True, so it is.

C. And so it is, I must allow : (*measuring the outside of it with the carpenter's rule which he takes from his pocket.*) An inch every way ;—and yet, by my eye,—and I have no bad one, being used to measuring carpenter's work for my father,—by my eye, I should think this would have held more sugar-plums.

P. The eye often deceives us; there's nothing like measuring, you find.

C. There is nothing like measuring, I find, indeed, (*measuring the cube with his rule.*) *This is not so deep by A QUARTER OF AN INCH, Signor Piedro, measured WITHIN, as it is measured WITHOUT.*—(*Shouting.*) A discovery! a discovery! that concerns all who have ever bought "the sweetest, largest, and most admirable sugar-plums" ever sold in Naples.

(*Several Boys.*) We have bought, and we have bought of those sugar-plums, if you mean Piedro's.

C. The same, he who, out of gratitude to his numerous customers, gives, or promises to give, burnt almonds gratis!

(*Several voices.*) Excellent they were. We all know Piedro well; but what's your discovery?

C. My discovery is, that you, none of you know Piedro. Look you here!—look at this box, this is his measure;—it has a false bottom, it only holds three quarters as much as it ought to do; and his numerous customers have all been cheated of one quarter of every measure of "the admirable sugar-plums" they have bought from him.

(*Several voices.*) So, we have been finely duped, indeed! "Full of courtesy, full of craft." So this is the meaning of his burnt almonds gratis.

C. [*To Francisco, who enters.*] Is this Piedro a relation of yours? I am sorry, if he be, that I have published his disgrace, for I would not hurt you; you don't sell sugar-plums as he does, I'm sure; for my little sister Rosetta has often bought from you. Can this Piedro be a friend of yours?

Francisco. I wished to have been his friend; but I see I can't: he is a neighbor of ours; and I pitied him. But since he is at his old tricks again, there's an end of the matter. I have reason to be obliged to you; for I was nearly taken in. He has behaved so well for some time past, that I intended, this very evening, to have gone to him, and to have told him that I was willing to do for him what he has long begged of me to do, to enter into partnership with him.

(*Several voices.*) Francisco! Francisco! your measure, lend us your measure! You have a measure for sugar-plums; and we have all agreed to refer to that, and to see

how much we have been cheated, before we go to break Piedro's board, and declare him bankrupt,—the punishment for all knaves.—Common cause ! Common cause ! —The little Neapolitan merchants will have no knaves among them ! *Break his bench ! Break his bench !* He is a *bankrupt\** in honesty. (*They demolish his bench, and scatter about his sweetmeats.*)

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EXERCISE XCVIII.

*Scene from William Tell.*—KNOWLES.

Gesler, Tell, and Albert, Verner, Sarnem, and Soldiers.

*Sarnem.* Down, slave !

Behold the governor. Down ! down ! and beg  
For mercy !

*Gesler.* Does he hear ?—Thy name ?

*Tell.* My name ?

It matters not to keep it from thee now :  
My name is Tell.

*Ges.* Tell !—William Tell ?

*Tell.* The same.

*Ges.* What ! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen  
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat !  
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said  
His arrows never miss !—[*Aside.*] Indeed !—I'll take  
Exquisite vengeance !—Mark ! I'll spare thy life,  
Thy boy's too.—Both of you are free,—on one  
Condition.

*Tell.* Name it.

*Ges.* I would see you make  
A trial of your skill with that same bow  
You shoot so well with.

*Tell.* Name the trial you  
Would have me make. [*Tell looks on Albert.*]

*Ges.* You look upon your boy,  
As though instinctively you guessed it.

*Tell.* Look

Upon my boy !—What mean you ? Look upon  
My boy, as though I guessed it ! Guessed the trial  
You'd have me make ! Guessed it

\* The word *bankrupt* signifies, literally, *broken bench* ; and the dialogue shows the original application of the word.

Instinctively! You do not mean—No—no—  
 You would not have me make a trial of  
 My skill upon my child! Impossible!  
 I do not guess your meaning.

*Ges.* I would see  
 Thee hit an apple at the distance of  
 A hundred paces.

*Tell.* Is my boy to hold it?

*Ges.* No.

*Tell.* No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!

*Ges.* It is to rest upon his head.

*Tell.* Great Heaven,  
 Thou hear'st him!

*Ges.* Thou dost hear the choice I give—  
 Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,  
 Or death to both of you, not otherwise  
 To be escaped.

*Tell.* O, monster!

*Ges.* Wilt thou do it?

*Alb.* He will! he will!

*Tell.* Ferocious monster! Make  
 A father murder his own child!

*Ges.* Take off  
 His chains, if he consents.

*Tell.* With his own hand!

*Ges.* Does he consent?

*Alb.* He does.

[*Gesler signs to his Officers, who proceed to take off Tell's  
 chains, Tell all the while unconscious of what they do.*]

*Tell.* With his own hand!  
 Murder his child with his own hand!  
 The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!  
 [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you  
 Have done to me? [*To the Guard.*]  
 Villains! put on my chains again.

My hands  
 Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,  
 That they should drink my child's!—

I'll not  
 Murder my boy for Gesler.

*Alb.* Father—father!  
 You will not hit me, father!

*Ges.* Dost thou consent?

*Tell.* Give me my bow and quiver.

*Ges.* For what?

*Tell.* To shoot my boy!

*Alb.* No, father, no!

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

*Tell.* Lead me forth,—

I'll make the trial!

*Alb.* Thank you!

*Tell.* Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her!

*Ges.* Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly

Do murder him, whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

*Tell.* Well—I'll do it!

I'll make the trial.

*Alb.* Father!

*Tell.* Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be:—earth should be dumb!

And heaven,—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me

My bow and quiver!

*Ges.* That is your ground.—Now shall they measure  
A hundred paces. Take the distance. [thence

*Tell.* Is

The line a true one?

*Ges.* True or not, what is't  
To thee?

*Tell.* What is't to me? A little thing,  
A very little thing:—a yard or two,  
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf  
I shot at!

*Ges.* Be thankful, slave,  
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

*Tell.* I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!  
You measure to the sun. [To the Attendant.]

*Ges.* And what of that?

What matter, whether to or from the sun?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back.—The sun should shine



Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot, against the sun:—

I will not shoot against the sun!

*Ges.* Give him his way!—Thou hast cause to bless my

*Tell.* I shall remember it. I'd like to see [mercy.

The apple I'm about to shoot at.

*Ges.* Show me

The basket.—There! [*Gives a very small apple.*]

*Tell.* You've picked the smallest one.

*Ges.* I know I have.

*Tell.* Oh! do you?—But you see

The color of't is dark—I'd have it light,

To see it better.

*Ges.* Take it as it is:

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

*Tell.* True—true,—I didn't think of that:—I wonder

I did not think of that.—Give me some chance

To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple.*] I will not

If I can help it,—for the honor of [murder him,

The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone.

*Ges.* Well! choose thyself.

[*Hands a basket of apples.—Tell takes one.*]

*Tell.* Have I a friend among

The lookers on?

*Verner.* Here, Tell!

*Tell.* I thank thee, Verner!—Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—

Set him upon his knees;—and place this apple

Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—

Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady,—tell him

I'll hit the apple!—Verner, do all this

More briefly than I tell it thee.

*Ver.* Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*]

*Alb.* May I not speak with him before I go?

*Ver.* No—

*Alb.* I would only kiss his hand—

*Ver.* You must not.

*Alb.* I must!—I cannot go from him without!

*Ver.* It is his will you should.

*Alb.* His will, is it?

I am content, then,—come.

*Tell.* My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]

*Alb.* My father! [*Running into Tell's arms.*]



*Tell.* If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,  
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—  
Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit  
The apple. Go:—God bless thee!—Go.

My bow! [*Sarnem gives the bow.*]  
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou  
Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No,  
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty;  
Thou'rt stanch—stanch:—I'd deserve to find thee treach-  
Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake [erous,  
My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. [*Retires.*]

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow. [*To an Attendant.*]

*Tell.* Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?  
The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged;  
That's all the use 'tis fit for. [*Breaks it.*]

*Ges.* Let him have  
Another. [*Tell examines it.*]

*Tell.* Why, 'tis better than the first,  
But yet not good enough for such an aim  
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:  
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my  
Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen [quiver.  
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less  
A dove like that!—What is't you fear? I'm but  
A naked man, a wretched naked man!  
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,  
With every one of you a weapon in  
His hand. What can I do in such a strait  
With all the arrows in that quiver?—Come,  
Will you give it me or not?

*Ges.* It matters not.  
Show him the quiver.

[*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, then secretes one in  
his vest.*]

*Tell.* See if the boy is ready.

*Ver.* He is.

*Tell.* I'm ready too!—Keep silence, for [*To the people.*]  
Heaven's sake! and do not stir, and let me have  
Your prayers—your prayers:—and be my witnesses,  
That if his life's in peril from my hand,  
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.  
Now friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless  
And silent!

[*Tell shoots ; and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.*]

*Ver.* [*Rushing in with Albert.*] Thy boy is safe ; no hair of him is touched !

*Alb.* Father, I'm safe !—your Albert's safe ! Dear father, Speak to me ! speak to me !

*Ver.* He cannot, boy !

Open his vest,

And give him air.

[*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops ; Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*]

*Tell.* My boy ! my boy !

*Ges.* For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast ? Speak, slave !

*Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy !

Liberty

Would at thy downfall shout from every peak !

My country then were free !

### EXERCISE XCIX.

#### *Lochiel's Warning.*—CAMPBELL.

*Wizard.* Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;  
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—  
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, [seer!  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?  
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,  
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:  
Return to thy dwelling; all lonely, return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one; [clau,  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

*Wizard.* Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal;  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king!  
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!—  
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:

Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores !  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ?—Where ?—  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah ! no :—for a darker departure is near :—  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling ! O mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !—  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims !  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Lochiel.* Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

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#### EXERCISE C.

*Cato and Decius.*—ADDISON.

*Dec.* Cæsar sends health to Cato—

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.  
 Are not your orders to address the senate ?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato : Cæsar sees  
 The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows  
 Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
 Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.  
 Tell your dictator this ; and tell him, Cato  
 Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;  
 Her generals and her consuls are no more,  
 Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs :  
 Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've orders to expostulate  
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend :  
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
 And threatens every hour to burst upon it.  
 Still may you stand high in your country's honors ;  
 Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,—  
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
 As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more :  
 I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
 And therefore sets this value on your life.  
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
 And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
 Submit his actions to the public censure,  
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.—  
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

*Cato.* Nay, more—though Cato's voice was ne'er em-  
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes, [ployed  
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,  
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe ?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar : he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
 And at the head of your own little senate ;  
 You don't now thunder in the capitol,  
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither ;  
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
 And thinned its ranks. Alas ! thy dazzled eye  
 Beholds this man in a false, glaring light,  
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him :  
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black



With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes  
 That strike my soul with horror but to name them.  
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
 Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes ;  
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
 Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar  
 For all his generous cares and proffered friendship ?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain :  
 Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.  
 Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,  
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,  
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,  
 By sheltering men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquered heart makes you forget  
 You are a man : you rush on your destruction.  
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
 All Rome will be in tears.

#### EXERCISE CI.

*The Greek Emigrant.*—J. G. PERCIVAL.

Now launch the boat upon the wave,—  
 The wind is blowing off the shore ;—  
 I will not live, a cowering slave,  
 In these polluted islands more.—  
 Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,  
 There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,  
 And out to sea the streamers fly ;—  
 My music is the dashing roar,  
 My canopy the stainless sky,—  
 It bends above, so fair a blue  
 That heaven seems opening to my view.

I will not live, a cowering slave,  
 Though all the charms of life may shine  
 Around me, and the land, the wave,  
 And sky be drawn in tints divine.—  
 Give lowering skies and rocks to me  
 If there my spirit can be free.



Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow  
 From orange groves with wooing breath,  
 The winds may from these islands flow;—  
 But, 'tis an atmosphere of death,—  
 The lotus, which transformed the brave  
 And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,  
 The wave may ripple on this coast,  
 And brighter than the morning beam,  
 In golden swell be round it tossed—  
 Give me a rude and stormy shore,  
 So power can never threat me more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell  
 Of Eastern pomp and pageantry,  
 Our sunset skies in glory swell,  
 Hung round with glowing tapestry:—  
 The horrors of a winter storm  
 Swell brighter o'er a *Freeman's* form.

The spring may here with autumn twine,  
 And both combined may rule the year,  
 And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine  
 In frosted clusters still be near:—  
 Dearer the wild and snowy hills  
 Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,  
 And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,  
 There is a *better* home for me,  
 A welcomer and dearer shore:  
 There hands, and hearts, and souls, are twined,  
 And free the *Man*, and free the *mind*.

#### EXERCISE CII.

*War Song of the Greeks*, 1822.—CAMPBELL.

Again to the battle, Achaïans!  
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;  
 Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree—  
 It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;  
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,  
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,

And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves  
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.  
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,  
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,  
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances  
Are stretched in our aid ?—Be the combat our own !  
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone :  
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,  
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,  
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,  
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,  
That living, we *will* be victorious,  
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not :  
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not ;  
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,  
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.  
Earth may hide—waves ingulf—fire consume us,  
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us :  
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves :—  
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,  
And new triumphs on *land* are before us.  
To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story ?  
Or brighten your lives with its glory ?—  
Our women—oh ! say, shall they shriek in despair,  
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair ?  
Accursed may his memory blacken,  
If a coward there be that would slacken,  
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth  
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.  
Strike home !—and the world shall revere us  
As heroes descended from heroes.

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#### EXERCISE CIII.

*Hotspur's Answer to King Henry.*—SHAKSPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin, new reaped,  
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home:  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,  
He gave his nose, and took't away again;  
And still he smiled, and talked;  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms,  
He questioned me; among the rest demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds: (Heaven save the mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answered indirectly, as I said;  
And, I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

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#### EXERCISE CIV.

*Rienzi to the Romans.*—MOORE

Romans! look round you—on this sacred place  
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men—

What see you now? what solitary trace  
Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?  
The shrines are sunk, the sacred mount bereft  
Even of its name—and nothing now remains  
But the deep memory of that glory, left  
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
But shall this be?—our sun and sky the same,  
Treading the very soil our fathers trod,—  
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,  
What visitation hath there come from God,  
To blast our strength and rot us into slaves,  
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?  
It cannot be—rise up, ye mighty dead,  
If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy Palmyra! in thy desert domes,  
Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss;  
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!  
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race  
Have left no embers—no half-living trace—  
No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
Till past renown in present shame's forgot;  
While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,  
Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
The assembled thrones of all the existing world—  
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stained, and cursed,  
Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,  
By living human things—the deadliest, worst,  
That earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!  
And we—oh! shame!—we, who have pondered o'er  
The patriot's lesson, and the poet's lay;  
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
Tracking our country's glories all the way—  
Even we have tamely, basely kissed the ground,  
Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,  
The World's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crowned  
And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!  
But this is past—too long have lordly priests  
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride

Withering about us—like devoted beasts,  
 Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied  
 'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!  
 Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
 The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
 As first he stood, in chainless majesty,  
 And sends his voice through ages yet to come,  
 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!

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EXERCISE CV.

*Scene from the Tragedy of Brutus.*—PAYNE

Scene—The Camp before Ardea.

[*Enter CLAUDIUS and ARUNS, laughing.*]

*Aruns.* There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius!  
 What precious scenes of folly did he act  
 When, lately, through the unknown seas of Greece  
 He went with us to Delphi!—but, behold!  
 Where full of business his wise worship comes!

[*Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS.*]

*Claud.* Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

*Luc.* To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.  
 The state needs aid, and I am called to court. [*ence.*]  
 Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say  
 I'm the first fool graced by a monarch's favor.

*Aruns.* Why, Junius, travel has improved thy wit,  
 Thou speakest shrewdly.

*Luc.* Do I so, my lord?  
 I'm always glad when you and I agree;  
 You have just such a wit as I should choose.  
 Would I could purchase such!—though it might split  
 My head, as confined air does—water bubbles!

*Claud.* How say you? Purchase! Pr'ythee what  
 wouldst give?

*Luc.* What would I give?—ten acres of my land.

*Aruns.* Thy land! Where lies it?

*Luc.* Ask the king, my cousin;  
 He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,  
 And takes the trouble off my hands.

*Claud.* Who told thee so?

*Luc.* The king himself. Now twenty years are past,



Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.  
 “Kinsman,” said he, with a kind, gracious smile,  
 “For the black crime of treason, which was charged  
 Against thy father and thy elder brother,  
 Their lives have paid; for thee, as I love mercy,  
 Live and be happy; simple is thy mind”—

*Aruns.* True, kinsman, true—i’faith ’tis wondrous simple.

*Luc.* “And that simplicity will be a pledge  
 That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign”—

*Claud.* Indeed, for that I’ll be thy bondsman, Junius.

*Luc.* “Live in my house, companion of my children.  
 As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,  
 I’ll take it for thy use; all that I ask  
 Of thee, is gratitude.”

*Aruns.* And art thou not  
 Grateful for goodness so unmerited?

*Luc.* Am I not? \* \* \* \* Never  
 Will I forget it! ’Tis my constant prayer  
 To Heaven, that I may one day have the power  
 To pay the debt I owe him. But stay—stay—  
 I brought a message to you from the king.

*Aruns.* Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory, fool!

*Luc.* The king your father sends for you to council,  
 Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.  
 Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming?

*Claud.* Ay, or behind, or with us, or stay here—  
 As thy wit prompts,—as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exit ARUNS and CLAUDIUS, laughing.*]

*Luc. (alone)* Yet, ’tis not that which ruffles me—the gibes  
 And scornful mockeries of ill-governed youth—  
 Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters,  
 Reptiles, who lay their bodies on the dust  
 Before the frown of majesty!—All this  
 I but expect, nor grudge to bear!—the face  
 I carry, courts it!—son of Marcus Junius!  
 When will the tedious gods permit thy soul  
 To walk abroad in her own majesty,  
 And throw this vizard of thy madness from thee?  
 To avenge my father’s and my brother’s murder!  
 (And sweet, I must confess, would be the draught!)  
 Had this been all—a thousand opportunities  
 I’ve had to strike the blow,—and my own life  
 I had not valued as a rush. But still—



There's something nobler to be done—my soul!  
 Enjoy the strong conception. Oh! 'tis glorious  
 To free a groaning country—  
 To see revenge  
 Spring like a lion from its den, and tear  
 These hunters of mankind! Grant but the time,  
 Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,  
 May I drag out this idiot-feigned life  
 To late old age; and may posterity  
 Ne'er hear of Junius, but as Tarquin's fool!

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EXERCISE CVI.

*Lament of a Swiss Minstrel over the Ruins of Goldau.—*

NEAL.

O Switzerland! my country! 'tis to thee  
 I strike my harp in agony:—  
 My country! nurse of Liberty,  
 Home of the gallant, great, and free,  
 My sullen harp I strike to thee.  
     Oh! I have lost you all!  
     Parents, and home, and friends:  
     Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall;  
     A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.  
 The cliff-yew of funereal gloom,  
 Is now the only mourning plume  
 That nods above a people's tomb.  
 Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,  
 And, deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake,  
     And repeat the young huntsman's cry;—  
 That clatter and laugh when the goatherds take  
 Their browsing flocks, at the morning's break,  
 Far over the hills,—not one is awake  
     In the swell of thy peaceable sky.  
 They sit on that wave with a motionless wing,  
 And their cymbals are mute; and the desert birds sing  
 Their unanswered notes to the wave and the sky,  
 As they stoop their broad wing, and go sluggishly by:  
 For deep, in that blue bosomed water, is laid  
 As innocent, true, and as lovely a maid  
 As ever in cheerfulness carolled her song,  
 In the blithe mountain air, as she bounded along.

The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge  
 Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,  
 That heaves, incessant, a tranquil dirge,  
 To lull the pale forms that sleep below :—  
 Forms that rock as the waters flow.

That bright lake is still as a liquid sky:  
 And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,  
 They pass like thoughts o'er a clear, blue eye.  
 The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre binds  
 Is as light as the clouds that are borne by the winds.  
 Soft over its bosom the dim vapors hover  
 In morning's first light : and the snowy winged plover,  
 That skims o'er the deep  
 Where my loved ones sleep,  
 No note of joy on this solitude flings,  
 Nor shakes the mist from his drooping wings.

\* \* \* \*

No chariots of fire on the clouds careered ;  
 No warrior's arm on the hills was reared ;  
 No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown ;  
 No mantle of wrath over heaven was thrown ;  
 No armies of light with their banners of flame,  
 On neighing steeds, through the sunset came,  
 Or leaping from space appeared :  
 No earthquake reeled : no Thunderer stormed :  
 No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed :  
 No voices in heaven were heard ;  
 But, the hour when the sun in his pride went down,  
 While his parting hung rich o'er the world,  
 While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,  
 And his streamers of gold were unfurled ;  
 An everlasting hill was torn  
 From its primeval base, and borne,  
 In gold and crimson vapors drest,  
 To where a people are at rest.  
 Slowly it came in its mountain wrath ;  
 And the forest vanished before its path ;  
 And the rude cliffs bowed ; and the waters fled ;  
 And the living were buried, while over their head  
 They heard the full march of their foe as he sped ;—  
 And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead,  
 The mountain-sepulchre of all I loved !

The village sank; and the giant trees  
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,  
As this tremendous pageant moved.  
The mountain forsook its perpetual throne,  
And came down in his pomp : and his path is shown  
In barrenness and ruin :—there  
His ancient mysteries lie bare ;  
His rocks in nakedness arise ;  
His desolations mock the skies.  
Sweet vale, Goldau, farewell !  
An Alpine monument may dwell  
Upon thy bosom, O my home !  
The mountain—thy pall and thy prison—may keep thee ;  
I shall see thee no more ; but till death I will weep thee ;  
Of thy blue dwelling dream wherever I roam,  
And wish myself wrapped in its peaceful foam.

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## EXERCISE CVII.

*Valedictory Address.*—PUTNAM.

We thank you, friends, who have come hither on this occasion, to encourage and cheer us with your presence. We thank you, who have gone so far and learned so much, on your journey of life, that you so kindly look back and smile upon us just setting out on our pilgrimage. We thank you who have climbed so high up the Hill of Science, that you condescend to pause a moment in your course, and bestow a cheering, animating glance on us, who, almost invisible in the distance, are toiling over the roughness of the first ascent. May you go on your way in peace, your path, like the sun, waxing brighter and brighter till the perfect day; and may the light of your example long linger in blessings on those of us who shall survive to take your places in the broad and busy world !

We thank you, respected instructors, for your paternal care, your faithful counsels, and affectionate instructions. You have opened before us those ways of wisdom which are full of pleasantness and peace. You have warned us of danger, when dangers beset our path; you have removed obstacles, when obstacles impeded our progress; you have corrected us when in error, and cheered us when

discouraged. You have told us of the bright rewards of knowledge and virtue, and of the fearful recompense of ignorance and vice. In the name of my companions, I thank you—warmly, sincerely thank you for it all. Our lips cannot express the gratitude that glows within our hearts; but we will endeavor, with the blessing of heaven, to testify it in our future lives, by dedicating all that we are, and all that we may attain, to the promotion of virtue and the good of mankind.

And now, beloved companions, I turn to you. Long and happy has been our connection as members of this school;—but with this day it must close forever. No longer shall we sit in these seats to listen to the voice that woos us to be wise; no more shall we sport together on the noisy green, or wander in the silent grove. Other scenes, other society, other pursuits await us. We must part;—but parting shall only draw closer the ties that bind us. The setting sun and the evening star, which have so often witnessed our social intimacies and joys, shall still remind us of the scenes that are past. While we live on the earth, may we cherish a grateful remembrance of each other; and, oh! in Heaven, may our friendship be purified and perpetuated!—And now to old and young, to patrons and friends, to instructors and each other, we tender our reluctant and affectionate farewell.

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#### EXERCISE CVIII.

*Debate on the Character of Julius Cæsar.*—KNOWLES.

1st SPEAKER, (*Chairman.*)

Gentlemen,—You have assembled to discuss the propriety of calling Cæsar a great man. I promise myself much satisfaction from your debate. I promise myself the pleasure of hearing many ingenious arguments on each side of the question. I promise myself the gratification of witnessing a contest, maintained with animation, good humor, and courtesy.

You are assembled, gentlemen, to discuss the merits of a man, whose actions are connected with some of the most interesting events in Roman story. You have given the subject due consideration.—You come prepared for the contest; and I shall not presume to offer any opinion, re-

specting the ground which either side ought to take. My remarks shall be confined to the study of oratory—and, allow me to say, I consider oratory to be the second end of our academic labors, of which the first end is, to render us enlightened, useful, and virtuous.

The principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter; it is the more important, and its highest efforts are called—oratory.

If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in oratory. In any enlightened community, you will find numbers who are highly skilled in some particular art or science, to the study of which they did not apply themselves, till they had almost arrived at the stage of manhood. Yet, with regard to the powers of speech,—those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals; and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep,—with regard to those powers, how few surpass their fellow-creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few deserve distinction!—how rarely does one attain to eminence!

The causes are various; but we must not attempt, here, to investigate them. By doing so, we might alarm many a formidable adversary; we might excite a suspicion that we wished to undermine the foundations of modern literature; although our only aim should be to render them sound and durable, and to despoil the edifice of a few monastic features, that mar the harmony, and take from the general effect of the structure.

I shall simply state, that one cause of our not generally excelling in oratory, is, our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking—of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas, almost insensibly; we consider it as a thing that is natural to us; we do not regard it as an art:—it is an art,—a difficult art,—an intricate art;—and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency.

In the infant, just beginning to articulate, you will ob-



serve every inflection that is recognized in the most accurate treatise on elocution ;—you will observe, farther, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen men,—men of education,—erudition ;—ask them to read a piece of animated composition,—you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen, that can raise, or depress his voice,—inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires. What has become of the inflections, the cadences, and the modulation of the infant ? They have not been exercised ; they have been neglected ;—they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use :—they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused ; and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing !

Oratory is highly useful to him that excels in it. In common conversation, observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates, and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance ; he commands the respect of his auditors ; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business, the same superiority attends him. He communicates his views with clearness, precision, and effect ; he carries his point by his mere readiness ; he concludes his treaty before another man would have well set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship ?—how happy is his friend ! Of charity ?—how fortunate is the distressed ! Should he enter the Legislature of his country, he approves himself the people's bulwark !

That you will persevere in the pursuit of so useful a study as that of oratory, I confidently hope.

Gentlemen, the question for debate is—

#### WAS CÆSAR A GREAT MAN ?

2d SPEAKER.—Sir, I am unpractised in the orator's art ; nor can I boast that native energy of talent, which asks not the tempering of experience, but, by its single force, effects what seems the proper achievement of labor and of years. Let me, then, hope that you will excel in favor, as much as I shall fall short in merit.

“ Was Cæsar a great man ? ”—What revolution has taken place in the first appointed government of the uni-



verse—what new and opposite principle has begun to direct the operations of nature—what refutation of their long-established precepts, has deprived reason of her sceptre, and virtue of her throne, that a character which forms the noblest theme that ever merit gave to fame, should now become a question for debate ?

No painter of human excellence, if he would draw the features of that hero's character, needs study a favorable light, or striking attitude. In every posture, it has majesty; and the lineaments of its beauty are prominent in every point of view. Do you ask me, "Had Cæsar genius?"—He was an orator. "Had Cæsar judgment?"—He was a politician! "Had Cæsar valor?"—He was a conqueror! "Had Cæsar feeling?"—He was a friend!

It is a generally-received opinion, that uncommon circumstances make uncommon men—Cæsar was an uncommon man, in common circumstances. The colossal mind commands your admiration, no less in the pirate's captive, than in the victor of Pharsalia. Who, but the first of his race, could have made vassals of his savage masters, mocked them into reverence of his superior nature, and threatened with security the power that held him at its mercy? Of all the striking incidents of Cæsar's life, had history preserved for us but this single one, it would have been sufficient to make us fancy all the rest;—at least we should have said, "Such a man was born to conquest, and to empire!"

To expatiate on Cæsar's powers of oratory, would only be to add one poor eulogium to the testimony of the first historians. Cicero, himself, grants him the palm of almost pre-eminent merit; and seems at a loss for words to express his admiration of him. His voice was musical, his delivery energetic, his language chaste and rich, appropriate and peculiar. And it is well presumed, that, had he studied the art of public speaking, with as much industry as he studied the art of war, he would have been the first of orators. Quintilian says, he would have been the only man capable of combating Cicero. But granting them to have been equal in ability, what equal contest could the timid Cicero,—whose nerves fail him, and whose tongue falters, when the forum glitters with arms,—what equal contest could he have held with the man whose vigor chastised the Belgæ, and annihilated the Nervii, that

maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces on the spot !

His abilities as a master of composition, were undoubtedly of the first order. How admirable is the structure of his Commentaries ! what perspicuity and animation are there in the details ! You fancy yourself upon the field of action ! You follow the development of his plans, with the liveliest curiosity !—You look on with unwearied attention, as he fortifies his camp, or invests his enemy, or crosses the impetuous torrent !—You behold his legions, as they move forward, from different points, to the line of battle—you hear the shout of the onset, and the crash of the encounter ; and, breathless with suspense, mark every fluctuation of the awful tide of war !

As a politician, how consummate was his address !—how grand his projections !—how happy the execution of his measures ! He compels the vanquished Helvetii to rebuild their towns and villages ; making his enemies the guards, as it were, of his frontier. He captivates by his clemency, the Arverni, and the Ædui, winning to the support of his arms the strength that had been employed to overpower them. He governs his province with such equity and wisdom, as add a milder, but a fairer lustre to his glory ; and, by their fame, prepare the Roman people for his happy yoke. Upon the very eve of his rupture with Pompey, he sends back, on demand, the borrowed legions ; covering with rewards the soldiers that may no longer serve him ; and whose weapons on the morrow, may be turned against his breast,—presenting here a noble example of his respect of right, and of that magnanimity, which maintains that gratitude should not cease, though benefits are discontinued. When he reigns sole master of the Roman world, how temperate is his triumph !—how scrupulous his respect for the very forms of the laws !—He discountenances the profligacy of the patricians, and endeavors to preserve the virtue of the state, by laying wholesome restraints upon luxury. He encourages the arts and sciences, patronizes genius and talent, respects religion and justice, and puts in practice every means that can contribute to the welfare, the happiness, and the stability of the empire.

To you, sir, who are so fully versed in the page of history, it must be unnecessary to recount the military ex-

plots of Cæsar. Why should I compel your attention to follow him, for the hundredth time, through hostile myriads, yielding, at every encounter, to the force of his invincible arms? Full often, sir, have your calculations hesitated to credit the celerity of his marches; your belief recoiled at the magnitude of his operations; and your wonder re-perused the detail of his successive victories, following upon the shouts of one another. As a captain, he was the first of warriors; nor were his valor and skill more admirable, than his abstinence and watchfulness; his disregard of ease and his endurance of labor; his moderation and his mercy. Perhaps, indeed, this last quality forms the most prominent feature in his character; and proves, by the consequences of its excess, that virtue itself requires restraint, and has its proper bounds, which it ought not to exceed;—for Cæsar's moderation was his ruin!

That Cæsar had a heart susceptible of friendship, and alive to the finest touches of humanity, is unquestionable. Why does he attempt so often to avert the storm of civil war?—Why does he pause so long upon the brink of the Rubicon?—Why does he weep when he beholds the head of his unfortunate rival?—Why does he delight in pardoning his enemies,—even those very men that had deserted him?

It seems as if he lived the lover of mankind, and fell—as the BARD expresses it—vanquished, not so much by the weapons, as by the ingratitude of his murderers.

If, sir, a combination of the most splendid talents for war, with the most sacred love of peace,—of the most illustrious public virtue, with the most endearing private worth,—of the most unyielding courage, with the most accessible moderation, may constitute a great man,—that title must be Cæsar's!

3d SPEAKER,—No change, sir, has taken place in the first appointed government of the universe:—the operations of nature acknowledge, now, the same principle that they did in the beginning; reason still holds her sceptre; virtue still fills her throne; and the epithet of great does not belong to Cæsar!

I would lay it down, sir, as an unquestionable position, that the worth of talents is to be estimated only by the use

we make of them. If we employ them in the cause of virtue, their value is great;—if we employ them in the cause of vice, they are less than worthless,—they are pernicious and vile. Now, sir, let us examine Cæsar's talents by this principle, and we shall find, that, neither as an orator, nor as a politician,—neither as a warrior, nor as a friend,—was Cæsar a great man.

If I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country." Sir, it is the love of parent, brother, friend!—the love of MAN!—the love of honor, virtue, and religion!—the love of every good, and virtuous deed!—I say, sir, if I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country!" Without it, man is the basest of his kind!—a selfish, cunning, narrow speculator!—a trader in the dearest interests of his species!—reckless of every tie of nature—sentiment—affection!—a Marius—a Sylla—a Crassus—a Catiline—a Cæsar! What, sir, was Cæsar's oratory?—How far did it prove him to be actuated by the love of country? It justified, for political interest, the invader of his domestic honor:—sheltered the incendiary!—abetted treason!—flattered the people into their own undoing!—assailed the liberties of his country, and bawled into silence every virtuous patriot that struggled to uphold them! He would have been a greater orator than Cicero!—I question the assertion;—I deny that it is correct!—He would have been a greater orator than Cicero!—Well!—let it pass—he might have been a greater orator; but he never could have been so great a man. Which way soever he had directed his talents, the same inordinate ambition would have led to the same results; and, had he devoted himself to the study of oratory, his tongue had produced the same effects as his sword, and equally desolated the human kingdom.

But Cæsar is to be admired as a politician! I do not pretend to define the worthy speaker's idea of a politician; but I shall attempt, Mr. Chairman, to put you in possession of mine. By a politician, I understand a man who studies the laws of prudence and of justice, as they are applicable to the wise and happy government of a people, and the reciprocal obligations of states. Now, sir, how



far was Cæsar to be admired as a politician? He makes war upon the innocent Spaniards, that his military talents may not suffer from inaction. This was a ready way to preserve the peace of his province, and to secure its loyalty and affection. That he may be recorded as the first Roman that had ever crossed the Rhine in a hostile manner, he invades the unoffending Germans, lays waste their territories with fire, and plunders and sacks the country of the Sicambri and the Suevi. Here was a noble policy!—that planted in the minds of a brave and formidable people, the fatal seeds of that revenge and hatred, which finally assisted in accomplishing the destruction of the Roman Empire! In short, sir, Cæsar's views were not of that enlarged nature, which could entitle him to the name of a great politician; for he studied, not the happiness and interest of a community, but merely his own advancement, which he accomplished—by violating the laws, and destroying the liberties, of his country.

That Cæsar was a great conqueror, I do not care to dispute. His admirers are welcome to all the advantages that result from such a position. I will not subtract one victim from the hosts that perished for his fame; or abate, by a single groan, the sufferings of his vanquished enemies, from his first great battle in Gaul, to his last victory under the walls of Munda,—but I will avow it to be my opinion, that the character of a great conqueror does not necessarily constitute that of a great man; nor can the recital of Cæsar's many victories produce any other impression upon my mind, than what proceeds from the contemplation of those convulsions of the earth, which, in a moment, inundate with ruin the plains of fertility and the abodes of peace; or, at one shock, convert whole cities into the graves of their living population!

But Cæsar's munificence, his clemency, his moderation, and his affectionate nature, constitute him a great man! What was his munificence, his clemency, or his moderation?—The automaton of his ambition! It knew no aspiration from the Deity. It was a thing from the hands of a mechanician!—an ingenious mockery of nature! Its action seemed spontaneous,—its look argued a soul;—but all the virtue lay in the finger of the operator. He could possess no real munificence, moderation, or clemency, who ever expected his gifts to be doubled by re-

turn,—who never abstained, but with a view to excess; nor spared, but for the indulgence of rapacity.

Of the same nature, sir, were his affections. He was, indeed, a man of exquisite artifice; but the deformity of his character was too prominent;—no dress could thoroughly hide it:—nay, sir, the very attempt to conceal, served only to discover, the magnitude of the distortion. He atones to the violated and murdered laws, by doing homage to their manes; and expiates the massacre of thousands, by dropping a tear or two into an ocean of blood!

4th SPEAKER.—Sir, to form an accurate idea of Cæsar's character, it is necessary that we should consider the nature of the times in which he lived; for the conduct of public men cannot be duly estimated, without a knowledge of the circumstances under which they have acted. The happiness of a community resembles the health of the body. As it is not always the same regimen that can preserve, or the same medicine that can restore, the latter; so the former is not always to be maintained by the same measures, or recovered by the same corrections. There was a time, when kingly power had grown to so enormous an excess, as rendered its abolition necessary for the salvation of the Roman people.—Let us examine whether the times in which Cæsar lived, did not call for, and justify, the measures which he adopted,—whether the liberty of the Republic had not degenerated into such a state of anarchy, as rendered it expedient that the power of the empire should be vested in one man, whose influence and talents could command party, and control faction.

The erroneous ideas that we have formed concerning Roman liberty, have induced us to pass a severe judgment on the actions of many an illustrious man. The admirers of that liberty will not expect to be told that it was little better than a name. True liberty, sir, could never have been enjoyed by a people who were the slaves of continual tumults and cabals; whose magistrates were the mere echoes of a crowd; and among whom virtue itself had no protection from popular caprice, or state intrigue. By the term liberty, I understand a freedom from all responsibility, except what morality, virtue, and religion im-



pose. That is the only liberty which is consonant with the true interests of man,—the only liberty that renders his association with his fellow permanent and happy,—the only liberty that places him in a peaceful, honorable, and prosperous community,—the only liberty that makes him the son of a land that he would inhabit till his death, and the subject of a state that he would defend with his property and his blood! All other liberty is but a counterfeit,—the stamp a cheat, and the metal base;—turbulence—insolence—licentiousness—party ferment—selfish domination—anarchy,—such anarchy as needed more than mortal talents to restrain it; and found them in a Cæsar.

I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression. How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them. Ask them, “What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong-holds?” They will answer, “A Roman legionary.” Demand of them, “What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness?” They will inform you, “A Roman quæstor.” Inquire of them, “What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death?” They will reply to you, “A Roman consul.” Question them, “What haughty conqueror led through his city their nobles and kings in chains; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators’ shows for the amusement of his fellow-citizens?” They will tell you, “A Roman general.” Require of them, “What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke?—enforced the most rigorous exactions?—inflicted the most savage punishments, and showed the greatest *gust* for blood and torture?” They will exclaim to you, “The Roman people!”

Yes, sir, that people, so jealous of what they called their liberties, to gratify an insatiate thirst for conquest, invaded the liberties of every other nation; and on what spot soever they set their tyrant foot, the fair and happy soil of the freeman withered at their stamp! But the retributive justice of Heaven ordained that their rapacity should be the means of its own punishment. As their

territories extended, their armies required to be enlarged, and their campaigns became protracted. Hence the citizen lost in the camp that independence which he had been taught in the city; and, being long accustomed to obey, implicitly, the voice of his general, from having been sent forth the hope, returned the terror of his country. Hence, sir, their generals forgot, in foreign parts, the republican principles which they had imbibed in the forum; and, long habituated to unlimited command, from being despots abroad, learned to be traitors at home. Hence, sir, Marius returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the daggers of assassins; and, with cool ferocity, marched to the Capitol, amid the groans of his butchered countrymen, expiring on each side of him.—Hence Sylla's bloody proscription, that turned Rome into a shambles,—that tore its victims from the altars of the gods,—that made it death for a man to shelter a person proscribed, though it were his son, his brother, or his father; and never suffered the executioners to take breath, till senators, knights, and citizens, to the number of nine thousand, had been inhumanly murdered!

Such, sir, were the events that characterized the times in which Cæsar lived. To such atrocities were the Roman people subject, while the rivalry of their leading men was at liberty to create divisions in the state. Had you, sir, lived in those times, what would you have called the man, that would have stepped forward to secure your country against the repetition of those horrid scenes? Would you not have styled him a friend to his country,—a benefactor to the world,—a great man,—a demi-god? Was not Cæsar such a character? Observe what use he makes of power.—He does not employ it to gratify revenge, or to awe his countrymen: on the contrary, the whole of his conduct encourages confidence and freedom; while he reforms the government, and enacts the wisest laws for the preservation of order, and for the happiness of the community. They who object to the character of Cæsar, condemn it, principally upon the score of his having erected himself into the sole governor of the Republic.—But let it be remembered, that the happiness of a state does not depend so much upon the form of its government, as upon the manner in which that government is administered. A country might be as prosperous and

free under what was anciently called a tyranny, as where the chief power was vested in the people.

In short, sir, when Cæsar created himself dictator, and thereby destroyed, virtually, the republican form of government, he usurped no more than the people did, when they erected themselves into a republic, and thereby destroyed the monarchy; and the existing circumstances which rendered the act of the latter expedient, were not more urgent than those which gave rise to the conduct of the former.

Cæsar, sir, was a great man !

5th SPEAKER.—Cæsar, sir, was not a great man. He who for his own private views disobeyed the order of the senate, from whom he held his power—he who seduced from their duty, the soldiers whom he commanded in trust for the Republic—he who passed the Rubicon, though, by that step, he knew he must inundate his country with blood—he who plundered the public treasury, that he might indulge a selfish and rapacious ambition—he against whom the virtuous Cato ranked himself, whose very mercy the virtuous Cato deemed a dishonor to which death was preferable,—was not a great man.

“Cæsar erected himself into a tyrant, that he might prevent a repetition of those atrocities which had been committed by Marius and Sylla !” What does the gentleman mean by such an assertion ? Cæsar pursues the same measures that Marius and Sylla did—why ?—To prevent the recurrence of the effects which those measures produced ! He keeps his eye steadfastly upon them—follows them in the same track—treads in their very foot-prints—why ?—That he may arrive at a different point of destination ! What flimsy arguments are these ! What were Sylla and Marius, that Cæsar was not ? If they were ambitious, was not he ambitious ? If they were treacherous, was not he treacherous ? If they rebelled, did not he rebel ? If they usurped, did not he usurp ? If they were tyrants, was not he a tyrant ?

You were told that the people, from their long-continued service in the army, gradually lost the spirit of independence, and that the calamities of the state arose from that cause. Granted.—It follows, then, that a spirit of independence was necessary for the prosperity of the state ;

and, consequently, that the way to put a stop to its calamities, was to revive that spirit. Did Cæsar do this? The gentleman says, he had the happiness of his country at heart. From his own argument, it follows, that this was the way to secure the happiness of his country. Did Cæsar adopt it? Was it to revive in his countrymen the spirit of independence, that he audaciously stepped from the rank of their servant to that of their master? Was it to preserve the integrity which fosters that spirit, that he corrupted the virtue of all that came in contact with him, and that he dared to tempt? Was it for the regeneration of the republic, that he converted it into a tyranny? Was it to restore the government to its ancient health and soundness, that he filled all the offices of the state with his own creatures, the instruments of his usurpation? Was it to reanimate the people with a sense of their own dignity, that he called them *Bruti* and *Cumæi*—that is, beasts and fools—when they applauded the tribunes for having stripped his statues of the royal diadems with which his flatterers had dressed them? These were the acts of Cæsar. Did they tend to restore the ancient virtue of the Roman people? No, sir; they tended to annihilate the chance of its restoration—to sink the people into a viler abasement—to rob them of the very names of men.

But the gentleman has brought forward a very curious argument, for the purpose of proving that the Romans were incapable of being a free people; namely, that their magistrates were the mere echoes of the people. He adverts, I suppose, to what were called the tribunes of the people,—officers that acted particularly for the plebeian orders, and were generally chosen from their body. But those magistrates, or tribunes, were, it seems, the mere voices of the people, and that circumstance rendered the people incapable of being free! To me, at least, this is a paradox. Who elected these tribunes?—The people. What were they?—The representatives of the people. Whose affairs did they manage?—The affairs of the people. To whom were they responsible?—The people. What should they have been, then, but the voices, or, as the gentleman has expressed it, the echoes of the people? But this circumstance rendered the Roman people incapable of being free! Did it shackle them to have a control over their tribunes? Did it enslave them to have a voice



in their own measures? Did it sell them into bondage to have the disposal of their own affairs? If it did, I should advise you, sir, not to meddle with that honest man, your steward. Bid him let what farms he pleases; demand what fines he pleases; cultivate what land he pleases; fell what timber he pleases; keep what accounts he pleases; and make what returns he pleases; lest, by impertinently meddling with your servant, in your own affairs, you rob yourself—ruin your estate—become involved in debt—and end your days in prison!

The admirers of Cæsar, and, of course, of that form of government which was anciently called a tyranny, are extremely fond of underrating the character of the Romans, as a free people; their liberty they always represent to us as something bordering on excess; and, following the idea that extremes meet, they describe it as verging into that extreme which naturally leads to despotism. But the hypothesis, which is not borne out by facts, is good for nothing. It was not the liberty which the plebeians enjoyed, that was the cause of their final enslavement.—It was the senate's jealousy of that liberty,—the senate's struggles for the control of that liberty,—the senate's plunder of that liberty,—the senate's desire to annihilate that liberty, which left it in the power of any crafty knave, miscalled a great man, who was sufficiently master of hypocrisy and daring, to set his foot on both the senate and the people, and make himself, as Cæsar did, the tyrant of his country!

6th SPEAKER.—It is not, Mr. Chairman, my present object to answer the arguments which have been so ably brought forward to support the negative of this question. I rise, to submit a few observations upon the nature of the question itself. I take the liberty of stating, that I think it an injudiciously selected question,—a vague and indefinite question,—a question which does not receive from every mind the same interpretation. I dare assert, Mr. Chairman, that, in this very assembly, there are various and different opinions with respect to what constitutes a great man. Some will tell you, that greatness consists in rank,—some, in exploits,—some, in talents,—some, in virtue. Thus, sir, the very premises of our discussion are unsettled and wavering; and, from unsettled

and wavering premises, what can proceed, but indefinite and inconclusive arguments. Already do the gentlemen on the opposite side endeavor to strain your question to the construction, that greatness essentially consists in goodness; and they may quote Mr. Pope, and say, "'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great." Others, again, may insist that greatness depends upon rank, and exclaim with Milton, "Worthiest, by being good, far more than great or high." Where are we to rest, sir, upon this doubtful basis?—This "neither sea nor good dry land!" I confess, Mr. Chairman, that, until this point shall have been disposed of, I cannot hope for an end to the debate; and, therefore, propose, as an amendment, that previously to the farther discussion of the question, we shall determine, "what it is that constitutes a great man?"

7th SPEAKER.—Mr. Chairman, I object to the amendment on two grounds; first, because it is indecorous, with regard to you; secondly, because it is uncalled for, with regard to the question. Your experience, sir, could never have allowed you to propose a question that required revision; and had you proposed such a question, it would have been our duty to receive it without comment. The question in point does not require revision. You do not ask, if Cæsar was a great warrior, or a great politician; but, if he was a great man. Surely, sir, in these enlightened times, we do not inquire what it is that constitutes a great man. Do we not refuse the name of man to him that violates the laws of morality and religion? And, if we wish to express that a person is eminently virtuous, do we not use that name without a single epithet? To say of any one that he is a man, is to give him credit for the noblest endowments of the heart. To say that he is not a man, is to leave him destitute of any generous principle. The question cannot be viewed in any light but one, namely, as inquiring whether Cæsar was a man of great virtues, and justifiable conduct? If he was so, our opposition will be fruitless—if he was not so, those gentlemen exert their eloquence to little purpose.

Upon what ground are we to acknowledge that Cæsar was a great man? For my part, I am at a loss to account for the infatuation of those who call him so; for his chief merit seems to have consisted in his talents as a warrior;



and those talents he certainly employed in a cause that cannot be defended, upon any principle of morality or religion. What species of beings are we, that we laud to the skies those men whose names live in the recollection of a field of carnage, a sacked town, or a stormed citadel?—that we celebrate, at our convivial meetings, the exploits of him, who, in a single day, has more than trebled the ordinary havoc of death? that our wives and daughters weave garlands for the brow, whose sweat has cost the groans of widows and of orphans?—and that our very babes are taught to twine the arms of innocence and purity about the knees that have been used to wade in blood?—I say, what species of beings are we, that we give our praise, our admiration, and our love to that which reason, religion, interest, every consideration, should persuade us to condemn,—to avoid,—to abhor!

I do not mean to say, that war ought never to be waged:—there are, at times, occasions when it is expedient, —necessary,—justifiable. But who celebrates with songs of triumph those commotions of the elements that call the awful lightning into action,—that hurl the inundating clouds to earth,—and send the winds into the deep to rouse its horrors? These things are necessary; but we hail them not with shouts of exultation; we do not clap our hands as they pass by us; we do not throng in crowds to their processions; we shudder as we behold them! What species of beings are we? We turn with disgust from the sight of the common executioner, who, in his time, has despatched a score or two of victims; and we press to the heels of him, that in a single day, has been the executioner of thousands!

Let us not call Cæsar a great man, because he was a great warrior. If we must admire him, let us seek some other warrant for our applauses, than what proceeds from the groans and writhings of humanity!

Let us, then, sir, first examine his youth;—and here we are struck with his notable adventure with the pirates. These freebooters took him as he was sailing to Rhodes; they asked twenty talents for his ransom; and in derision of their moderation, he promised them fifty—the *onus* of which act of liberality was borne by the honest Milesians, who raised the money by a voluntary tax. He spent thirty-eight days with those pirates; joined in their diver-

sions; took his exercises among them; wrote poems and orations, which he rehearsed to them, and which, indeed, pirates as they were, they did not admire; and, in short, lived among them with as much security, ease, and honor as if he had been in Rome. And what was the sequel? His ransom arrives; they keep their compact; set him at liberty: he departs; arrives at Miletus; mans some vessels in the port of that place; returns; attacks these same pirates; takes the greater number of them prisoners, and crucifies them to a man!

Was this a great act in Cæsar? True! he had promised to do so, when they showed no great relish for the songs and speeches which he had written among them; but should he have kept his promise? True! they were a banditti,—they had deprived him of his liberty;—but he had eaten at their board; he had partaken of their diversions; he had slept among them in sacred security; he had railed at them without retort; threatened them, and only excited delight at his freedoms;—should he, Mr. Chairman, have crucified them? crucified them to a man? Was there not one, at least, he might have spared? one bluff face, whose humor and confidence had pleased him above the rest? one hand, whose blunt officiousness he more particularly remembered? O, Mr. Chairman, do we admire the attachment which a wild beast displays toward its attentive keeper; do we applaud that sacred and general principle of nature, which allows kindness to obliterate the sense of injury; and shall we give our sanction, praise, and admiration, to this exploit of Cæsar's?

What do we find him next about? He produces the images of Marius! that man, who, as my worthy friend has said, returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the blows of his assassins; and marched to the Capitol amidst the groans of his butchered countrymen, expiring on each side of him. This was not following the steps of Marius; it was justifying them; it was expatiating upon them, in the language of veneration and triumph! it was inviting to the standard of his ambition, every recreant that would sell the vigor of his arm to any cause, no matter how bloody, how unnatural, how immoral, how sacrilegious!

I shall not comment upon the circumstance of his having been two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in debt,

before he obtained any public office; neither shall I dwell upon his exhibition of three hundred and twenty pair of gladiators; his diversions in the theatre; his processions and entertainments,—in which, as Plutarch says, he far outshone the most ambitious that had gone before him; and by which he courted the favor of the vile, the witless, the sensual, and the venal. I shall not expatiate upon the share he had in Catiline's conspiracy; I shall not track him in his military career, by pointing out the ruin which he left behind him at every step: I shall simply answer those gentlemen, who argue, that Cæsar usurped the supreme power for the public good, by examining the characters of the men who abetted him.

Were your country, sir, in a state of anarchy; were it distracted by the struggles of rival parties, drawn out, every now and then, in arms against one another; and were you, sir, to attempt a reformation of manners, what qualifications would you require in the men, whom you would associate with you in such an undertaking? What would content you? Talent?—No! Enterprise?—No! Courage?—No! Reputation?—No! Virtue?—No! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all of these: nor yet should that content you. They must be proved men; tested men; men that had, again and again, passed through the ordeal of human temptation, without a scar, without a blemish, without a speck! You would not inquire out the man who was oppressed with debts, contracted by licentiousness, debauchery, every species of profligacy! Who, sir, I ask, were Cæsar's seconds in his undertaking? Crebonius Curio, one of the most vicious and debauched young men in Rome; a creature of Pompey's, bought off by the illustrious Cæsar! Marcus Antonius, a creature of that creature's; a young man so addicted to every kind of dissipation, that he had been driven from the paternal roof,—the friend and coadjutor of that Clodius who violated the mysteries of the Bona Dea, and drove into exile the man that had been called the father of his country! Paulus Æmilius, a patrician, a consul, a friend of Pompey's,—bought off by the great Cæsar with a bribe of fifteen hundred talents! Such, sir, were the abettors of Cæsar. What, then, was Cæsar's object? Do we select extortioners to enforce the laws of equity? Do we make choice of proflig-

gates to guard the morals of society? Do we depute atheists to preside over the rites of religion? What, I say, was Cæsar's object? I will not press the answer: I need not press the answer: the premises of my argument render it unnecessary. The achievement of great objects does not belong to the vile; or of virtuous ones to the vicious; or of religious ones to the profane. Cæsar did not associate such characters with him for the good of his country: his object was the gratification of his own ambition, the attainment of supreme power; no matter by what means accomplished; no matter by what consequences attended. He aspires to be the highest—above the people! above the authorities! above the laws! above his country! and, in that seat of eminence, he was content to sit, though, from the centre to the far horizon of his power, his eyes could contemplate nothing but the ruin and desolation by which he had reached to it!

8th SPEAKER.—Mr. Chairman, I solicit your attention.

The gentleman says, we ought not to rejoice at the triumphs of the warrior! Is this position, sir, to be received without the least restriction? Let us detect the sophistry of those who support the negative of the question.

A caitiff enters your house at the dead hour of the night, prepared for robbery, and grasping the instrument of murder! You hear the tread of unknown feet—you rise, come upon the intruder, resist him, and lay him prostrate! Shall your wife shudder, when you approach to tell her she is safe?—Shall your children shrink from you, when you say you have averted the danger that threatened their innocent sleep? Why should they not? I'll tell you, sir:—because you have followed the dictates of reason, of affection, of nature, and of God. Had you not been alarmed,—notwithstanding this imminent danger, had you risen in safety, and had you found the ruffian dead at your chamber-door, without a mark of violence upon him,—his ready weapon lying by his hand,—had you then called your family to behold the spectacle, what would they all have done? Would not some have fallen upon their knees?—would not others have stood with uplifted hands?—would not all have been transfixed with gratitude,—with adoration,—that their Almighty guard had stretched his arm between them and destruction, and



marked a limit which the murderer should not pass, without the penalty of death? And is the question changed, because you are the instrument of God? It would be preposterous to say so. If, then, your wife, your children, and family, shall bless the hand that has been the means of their preservation,—if they shall weep for gratitude, and press to you on every side, rejoicing in the protection of your arm,—shall he not hear the voice of gratulation, whose skill and valor have saved the lives of thousands,—have defended cities of matrons and children, not from unexpected destruction, but from destruction, again and again anticipated,—approaching before their eyes, and, at every step, acquiring additional horror!

Sir, there are warriors whose victories should be celebrated with shouts and songs,—for whose brows our wives and daughters should weave garlands, and whose knees our infants should embrace;—such warriors as guard the boundaries of their native land! Though they have waded through blood, fair is their aspect, Religion is the motto of their standard, and Mercy glances from their sword.—And had not Cæsar been such a warrior? Who were the enemies over whom he triumphed before his rupture with Pompey? Barbarians, that lived by predatory warfare!—The people whose ancestors had once sacked Rome!—who were the restless invaders of the Roman territory, and, in one of their incursions, annihilated a consular army of a hundred and twenty thousand men!—a nation of robbers!—ignorant of the laws of arms,—regardless of leagues and treaties,—the bloodhounds of havoc,—that destroyed for the mere *gust* of destroying!

But a very curious attack has been made upon the character of Cæsar, namely, that he put a few pirates to death! I question if the worthy gentleman understands what a pirate of those times signified. Probably, he conceives him to have been a rough, honest, free, merry kind of fellow, that loved a roving life, and indulged himself, only now and then, in a little harmless plunder! He will not expect to be told, that he was a man, enrolled in a formidable band,—possessing, at times, a fleet of a thousand galleys,—making frequent descents upon the Italian coasts; plundering villas,—temples,—and even towns!—carrying off consuls and their lictors!—tearing virgins from the arms of their aged parents!—murdering, in cold blood,

the prisoners whom they had taken, particularly Romans;—and spreading such terror over the seas, that no merchant-vessel dared to put out of port, and large districts of the empire were threatened with famine! Surely the gentleman must be ignorant of these facts; otherwise, he would not have chosen so untenable a position for attack. As to Cæsar's forgetting that the pirate had been his host, it might indeed have been some ground for animadversion, had he ever remembered that he was so. Some gentlemen, truly, may be so much in love with hospitality as to admire it, though it should be forced upon them with handcuffs and fetters; and may have so curious a taste for visiting, as never to go abroad, except upon the requisition of a bailiff; or value an entertainment, unless the host turns the key upon them, and feasts them in a dungeon, with walls a yard thick, and windows double-barred. But, as such fancies cannot be called common, Cæsar, I think, may escape without censure for not having indulged in them.

And Cæsar is to be condemned, because he produced the images of Marius, and revived his memory and honors! Now, sir, I conceive a weaker ground of accusation could not have been selected; for the mere circumstance of Marius's having been related to Cæsar by marriage presents a very natural excuse for such a proceeding,—particularly as it took place upon the death of Cæsar's aunt, who was the wife of Marius. I fear the worthy gentleman does not follow Bacon's recommendation, and chew and digest the nutritious food which historical reading presents to the mind; otherwise, he must have perceived that Cæsar's conduct on this occasion not only admitted of excuse, but even challenged commendation. Let him return to the page which he has examined, I fear, too superficially, and he will find, that, up to that time, several of Sylla's partisans,—partisans in his murders,—remained in Rome,—lived there, in peace, in safety,—perhaps in power: he will find the general assertion, that Cæsar's conduct in having revived the memory of Marius, incensed the nobility; and the particular assertion, that Catulus accused him before the senate.—This Catulus had been the distinguished friend of Sylla; had been raised by Sylla to the consulship; and, at Sylla's death, had preserved his remains from the deserved dis-



honor of an ignominious burial; had procured him the most magnificent funeral that had ever been seen in Rome, and caused the vestals and pontifices to sing hymns in praise of the man, who, as it has been justly said, converted Rome into a shambles with his butcheries!—He will find, that Cæsar answered the invectives of Catulus, and was acquitted with high applauses; and that he, thereupon, attacked the remaining partisans of Sylla, brought them to trial, and having convicted such as had imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, caused them to be condemned to death, or to perpetual banishment!

Let us, sir, do justice to the dead, though their interests be parted from ours by the lapse of a hundred generations;—and, as this noble act of Cæsar's followed the revival of his uncle's honors, let us believe that he revived his uncle's honors for the purpose of performing this noble act,—that the memory of Sylla's enemy, being opposed to the memory of Sylla, might deprive it of that power which gave impunity to murder, and guarded sacrilege from vengeance!

As to the assertion, that Cæsar's aims may be ascertained by examining the character of those whom he associated with him, it must go for nothing. The gentleman must recollect, that those very men had been the abettors of Pompey,—had been employed by Pompey,—ay! and with the sanction of the senate,—in carrying on the measures which he adopted against Cæsar.

Our cause may rest upon one single fact:—Rome was happy, prosperous, and honored, under Cæsar's government; and I shall have the hardihood to assert, that he, whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation, deserves to rule it.

9th SPEAKER.—Sir, if you are not indebted to the gentleman that has just addressed you, I am sure the fault is not his. He has made you a present of a wife, and a fine thriving family, with all the happy *et ceteras*. Allow me, sir, to pay my compliments to you, in your new character—allow me to congratulate you upon your having escaped the bachelor's tax,—allow me to give you joy of a title, which becomes your grave deportment,—which you wear with a peculiar grace,—and which, I fervently trust, you will wear long!

Here, Mr. Chairman, I feel myself tolerably bold, for I have a good cause; and that is more than half the battle—sir, it is the whole of the battle,—it is the victory itself,—for, though Truth should be repulsed a hundred times, she will be triumphant at last. Defeated again, and again, she returns unwearied, whole, and confident, to the charge,—because she is immortal!

“As easy may you the intrenchant air

With your keen sword impress, as make her bleed.”

But this kind of style does not belong to me, Mr. Chairman. Unfortunately, I am a fellow so given to jesting, that I am always thought to be most in jest when I appear to be serious: therefore, sir, I must talk to you in my own way—catching at the ideas just as they present themselves; and giving them to you without examination, or order, or system, or any thing else that bespeaks a man of a sedate habit of thinking,—confiding every thing, as I said before, to the goodness of my cause.

And, first of all, sir, I have not the least idea of calling a man great, because he has been a great conqueror! I do not like what are called your great conquerors! your gentlemen that have slain their tens of thousands, and fought more battles than they are years old! I care not in what cause they may have been engaged;—that is the last consideration: for the very best cause may be intrusted to the very worst man,—that is, with respect to morals, principles, and so forth. It is not virtue that is requisite to form such characters; it is the contempt of death,—enterprise,—cunning,—skill,—resolution;—and these may be found in a man who does not possess one single recommendation besides. How many a renowned general has turned his arms against the very cause, in whose defence he first took them up!—as Cæsar did;—Cæsar, who was commissioned by his country to subdue the Gauls, and then commissioned himself to subdue his country! I wonder that any man, who has a regard for common sense, or plain honesty, can so far forget himself, as to justify Cæsar’s conduct in this particular.

I shall state a very simple case to you, Mr. Chairman. You have a very large estate: you employ a couple of stewards to assist you in the management of it; and you send one of them to reside in the most distant part of it.

Well, sir, this steward is a fellow of address : he manages his little government very skilfully ; keeps your tenants in due subjection, and your servants in admirable order ; at the same time, taking care to secure himself in their good graces, by indulgences, and gifts, and flatteries, and every effective means of engaging esteem. Well, sir, in process of time, you determine to dismiss this steward ; but you retain the other—you recall him, that he may give an account of himself, and receive his discharge. Does he obey you ? No—he does not stir a step ! He sets his arms akimbo, and thus accosts your messenger :—“ Mr. Jack—or Thomas—or William—or Walter—present my duty to my master, and say, that when steward such-a-one receives his discharge, I’ll accept mine.” I should like to see your face, Mr. Chairman, upon your receiving his message. I need not follow the supposition farther. You would do what you could. You would have him fined,—imprisoned,—hanged.—And yet, sir, such a man,—though acting upon a larger scale,—was the immortal Cæsar. It makes one sick to hear the cause of such a man advocated !—And let me recall to the recollection of those gentlemen, the truth, that greatness cannot consist in any thing that is at the disposal of chance ; or, rather, that exists by chance.—Had not fortune favored Cæsar in his first battles, he would have been recalled, perhaps, brought to trial, and banished ; and then he would have been little Cæsar.

And now, sir, in the name of common sense, what mighty acts did Cæsar perform, when he became the master of his country ? We are told that the servile senate created him reformer of manners,—a fine reformer of manners, whose own manners stood so much in need of reforming !—Sir, they should have rather made him inspector of markets ;—for it was in that capacity he shone the most conspicuously. It is said, he limited the expense of feasts, and that his officers used to enter the houses of the citizens, and snatch from off their tables any meats that were served up contrary to his prohibition ! I should like to see a constable enter my parlor at dinner-time, and hand away a dish just as it had been placed upon the table ! But the best of it is, his restrictions affected certain orders only. Men of rank might do as they pleased. They might have their litters, and their embroidered

robes, and their jewels,—ay ! and, I dare say, their dishes without limit of number, or of quality, or of variety. Give me no great Cæsar for the governor of my country. Give me such government as leaves the management of a man's table to himself ! Give me such cities as have markets without informers !—where a cook may ride in a carriage as fine as his own gilt and figured pastry ; and a pin-maker may set you down to as many different dishes as there are minikins in a row !

In fine, Mr. Chairman, my opinion of Cæsar is this :—He was a very fine fighter,—a very bad patriot,—a very selfish master,—and a very great rogue !

10th SPEAKER.—Sir, if my worthy friend has presented you with a wife and family, the last speaker is not behind hand with him ; for he has given you a large estate to maintain them,—an estate so large, as to require two stewards to manage it !

As to the gentleman's eloquence in opposition to Cæsar's greatness, he, himself, tells you what degree of importance you are to attach to his opinions ; for he very ingenuously says, you are not to expect anything serious from him ; but that you must accept of undigested ideas, and rash conclusions, in the place of sober reflection, and logical reasoning : his arguments, therefore, pass for nothing ; and do not add to the strength of his cause, or subtract from that of ours.

In one instance, however, I shall comment upon what he has said ; because a man should not be frivolous even in his jesting. I allude to his wit, respecting the restraints that Cæsar laid upon luxury. Surely, the gentleman cannot have been so great a victim to his mirth, as to have laughed away the fruit of his academic labors ! Surely, he cannot have forgotten that Cæsar had proud authority for the policy he pursued in the respect alluded to ! Surely, he remembers a few of the laws of Lycurgus, particularly that which prescribed the diet of the Spartans, and enjoined all ranks to eat without distinction in one common hall, where the simplest repast was provided ! Surely, I need not remind him, that the heroes of Greece fared upon black broth, and drew their glory no less from the moderation of their appetite, than from the excess of their courage and patriotism.



The gentleman says, it makes him sick to hear the cause of such a man as Cæsar advocated! I shall prescribe for his sickness. Let him take a dose of common sense, and use a little mental exercise:—that will remove his sickness.

Cæsar, sir, was a man of stupendous loftiness of mind! A man above all influence of fortune!—Himself, where other men would have been—nothing! Observe him, when he is surprised by the Nervii. His soldiers are employed in pitching their camp.—The ferocious enemy sallies from his concealment, puts the Roman cavalry to the rout, and falls upon the foot. Every thing is alarm, confusion, and disorder! Every one is doubtful what course to take!—Every one but Cæsar! He causes the banner to be erected,—the charge to be sounded,—the soldiers at a distance, recalled,—all in a moment! He runs from place to place,—his whole frame is in action,—his words—his looks—his motion—his gestures, exhort his men to remember their former valor! He draws them up, and causes the signal to be given,—all in a moment! The contest is doubtful and dreadful!—Two of his legions are entirely surrounded! He seizes a buckler from one of the private men,—puts himself at the head of his broken troops!—darts into the thick of the battle!—rescues his legions, and overthrows the enemy.

But, if you would contemplate Cæsar in a situation where he is peculiarly himself, observe him attempting to cross the sea in a fishing-bark. A storm arises; the waves and winds oppose his course; the rowers, in despair, desist from their labor!—Cæsar, from the time he had entered the boat, had sat in silence, habited in the disguise of a slave, unknown to the sailors or the pilot.—Like a genius who could command the elements, he stands before the master of the vessel, in his proper shape, and cries, “Go on boldly, my friend, and fear nothing! Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes along with thee!”

Really, sir, I cannot command my patience, when I hear those gentlemen indulge themselves in invectives against a man, the twentieth part of whose excellence, divided among the whole of them, would make them heroes.

I shall certainly vote for the affirmative of the question.

11th SPEAKER.—I regret, Mr. Chairman, that I must dissent from the last speaker, with regard to his admiration of Cæsar.—I cannot, I confess, behold those incidents he has just named, in Cæsar's life, in the same light that he does. When Cæsar was surprised by the Nervii, he had a great cause at stake; and his conduct was the natural result of that consideration. That consideration made him collected, and gave him coolness to employ the readiest means of extricating himself from the danger that threatened him. Besides, he was no raw commander; he had subdued the Helvetians, the Germans, and the Belgians: nor was his rescuing the two legions that were surrounded by the enemy so wonderful an exploit. He was joined, at that critical moment, by the force that he had left to guard his baggage;—nor was his success more the consequence of his courage in leading his men into the thickest of the fight, than of the enthusiasm of his soldiers who followed their general, and whose dearest honor was, then, most particularly concerned in his safety.

Cæsar, an ambitious general, attempted to cross the sea in a fishing-bark!—A lover swam across the Hellespont!—Cæsar's fortunes and life were at stake.—He had only a handful of men with him, and Antony was loitering, as he supposed, near Brundisium,—Leander had his mistress at stake!—I will not, Mr. Chairman, trespass any longer on your patience. I am sure you will agree with me, that great exploits must have noble ends—and then, indeed, they make the executor great.

“Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool,—the more a knave.  
Who noble ends, by noble means, obtains,  
Or, failing, smiles, in exile or in chains,—  
Like good Aurelius, let him sigh, or bleed  
Like Socrates—that man is great indeed.”

12th SPEAKER.—Mr. Chairman, a gentleman has said that the man whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation, deserves to rule it. With equal confidence, I assert, that the man who obtains the rule of his country, by violating its laws,—how much soever he may contribute to make it happy, prosperous, and great,—does not deserve to rule it. He sets a bad example,—an example, the more pernicious, as his virtues seem to pal-



liate the atrocity of his usurpation. He leaves it in the power of any wretch, who may possess his ambition, without his excellence, to quote his name, and use it as an authority for the commission of similar crimes.

No gentleman has yet presumed to say that Cæsar's conduct was sanctioned by the laws of Rome,—those laws that guarded more cautiously against the approaches of tyranny than against the invasion of a foreign enemy,—those laws which justified any private man in putting to death the person whom he could afterward prove to have been guilty of meditating usurpation. Cæsar, then, did not deserve to rule his country; for he violated its laws. A good man respects the laws of his country: Cæsar was not in this view a good man,—Cæsar was not in this view a great man; for goodness is an essential part of greatness.

Let us now examine how far he deserved to rule his country, because, as it has been said, he secured its happiness, prosperity, and greatness. Sir, I do not believe that he accomplished any such object. To dispose of all offices and honors, just as his own interest, or fancy, directed his choice of candidates; to create new offices for the gratification of his favorites and creatures,—making the public property the recompense of public delinquency; to degrade the venerable senate, by introducing into it persons whose only claim to that dignity was their servile devotion to his interests,—common soldiers,—the sons of freedmen,—foreigners, and so forth;—I say, sir, to adopt such measures as these, had not a tendency to secure the happiness or prosperity of his country. But upon what ground does the gentleman assert, that Cæsar secured the greatness of his country? Was it by extending the fame of its arms? There was another kind of fame, which the Roman people valued more than the fame of their arms,—the fame of their liberty! There was another kind of greatness, dearer to their pride than all the wealth or honor that could result from foreign victory,—that kind of greatness which gloried, not in the establishing, but in the destroying of tyranny; which drove a Tarquin from the throne, and cast an Appius into prison; which called their proudest heroes from heads of armies, and the rule of conquered nations, into the equal ranks of private citizens.

A gentleman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property; and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river?—Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished on the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause?—Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part?—Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon! Compassion!—What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon!—What was the Rubicon?—The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province?—From his country. Was that country a desert?—No: it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant!—Love was its inhabitant!—Domestic affection was its inhabitant!—Liberty was its inhabitant!—All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream?—A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water; and heard groans instead of murmurs!—No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

Again. It has been observed, "How often did he attempt a reconciliation with Pompey, and offer terms of accommodation!" Would gentlemen pass tricks upon us for honest actions? Examine the fact. Cæsar keeps his army on foot, because Pompey does so. What entitles either of them to keep his army on foot? The commis-

sion of his country. By that authority, they levied their armies;—by that authority, they should disband them. Had Cæsar that authority to keep his army on foot?—No. Had Pompey?—Yes. What right, then, had Cæsar to keep his army on foot, because Pompey did so? His army! It was the army of his country,—enrolled by the orders of his country,—maintained by the treasure of his country,—fighting under the banners of his country,—seduced by his flatteries, his calumnies, and his bribes, to espouse the fortunes of a traitor. Sir, he never sincerely sought an accommodation. Had he wished to accomplish such an object, he would have adopted such measures as were likely to obtain it. He would have obeyed the order of the senate; disbanded his troops; laid down his command, and appeared in Rome a private citizen. Such conduct would have procured him more dignity, more fame, more glory, than a thousand sceptres;—he would not have come to parley with the trumpet, and the standard; the spear, and the buckler;—he would have proved himself to have been great in virtue.

Upon the same principle, his clemency must go for nothing:—clemency!—to attribute clemency to a man, is to imply that he has a right to be severe,—a right to punish. Cæsar had no right to punish. His clemency!—it was the clemency of an outlaw—a pirate—a robber—who strips his prey—but then abstains from slaying him!

You were also told that he paid the most scrupulous respect to the laws. He paid the most scrupulous respect to the laws!—he set his foot upon them; and, in that prostrate condition, mocked them with respect!

But, if you would form a just estimate of Cæsar's aims, look to his triumphs after the surrender of Utica—Utica, more honored in being the grave of Cato, than Rome in having been the cradle of Cæsar!

You will read, sir, that Cæsar triumphed four times. First, for his victory over the Gauls; secondly, over Egypt; thirdly, over Pharnaces; lastly, over Juba, the friend of Cato. His first, second, and third triumphs were, we are told, magnificent. Before him marched the princes, and noble foreigners of the countries he had conquered; his soldiers, crowned with laurels, followed him; and the whole city attended with acclamations. This was

well!—the conqueror should be honored. His fourth triumph approaches—as magnificent as the former ones. It does not want its royal captive, its soldiers crowned with laurels, or its flushed conqueror, to grace it; nor is it less honored by the multitude of its spectators;—but they send up no shout of exultation; they heave loud sighs; their cheeks are frequently wiped; their eyes are fixed upon one object, that engrosses all their senses—their thoughts—their affections.—It is the statue of Cato!—carried before the victor's chariot! It represents him rending open his wound, and tearing out his bowels; as he did in Utica, when Roman liberty was no more! Now, ask if Cæsar's aim was the welfare of his country? Now, doubt if he was a man governed by a selfish ambition! Now, question whether he usurped, for the mere sake of usurping? He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not content to cause the statues of Scipio and Petreius to be carried before him; he must be graced by that of Cato! He is not content with the simple effigy of Cato; he must exhibit that of his suicide! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty: they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last—fatal struggle!

Mr. Chairman, I confidently anticipate the triumph of our cause.

13th SPEAKER.—Sir, with great reluctance, I present myself to your notice at this late hour. We have proved that your patience is abundant,—we cannot presume that it is inexhaustible. I shall exercise it only for a few moments. Were our cause to be judged by the approbation which our opponents have received, it would appear to be lost. But that is far from being the case, Mr. Chairman. The approbation they receive is unaccompanied by conviction.—It is a tribute,—and a merited one,—to their eloquence, and has not any reference to the justice of the part they take. Our cause is not lost,—is not in danger,—does not apprehend danger. We are as strong as ever,—as able for the contest, and as confident of victory. We fight under the banners of Cæsar; and Cæsar never met an open enemy without subduing him.



We grant that Cæsar was a usurper; but we insist, that the circumstances of the times justified his usurpation. We insist, that he became a usurper for the good of his country; for the salvation of the republic; for the preservation of its very existence! What must have been the state of Roman liberty, when such men as Marius and Sylla could become usurpers?—monsters, against whose domination, nature and religion exclaimed!

Gentlemen talk very prettily about the criminality of usurpation. They know it is a popular theme. All men are tenacious of their property; and the gentlemen think that, if they can carry the feelings of their auditors along with them, in this respect, they may be certain of success in every other. We have not any objection to their flattering themselves with such fancies; but the cause of justice shall not be sacrificed to their gratification: surely those gentlemen must be ignorant of the state of the republic in those times; surely they have never heard, or read, that massacre was the common attendant of public elections; that the candidates brought their money—openly—to the place of election, and distributed it among the heads of the different factions,—that those factions employed force and violence, in favor of the persons who paid them; and that scarce any office was disposed of without being disputed, sword in hand, and without costing the lives of many citizens!

A gentleman very justly said, that the love of country is the first, the second, and the last principle of a virtuous mind. Now, sir, it appears that the Roman people sold their country!—its offices—its honors—its liberty; sold them to the highest bidder,—as they would sell their wares—a sheep—or the quarter of an ox; and that, after they had struck the bargain, they threw themselves into it, and fought manfully for the purchaser! Cicero and Cato lived in these times,—Cicero, that saved Rome from the conspiracy of Catiline,—Cato, who would not survive the liberty of his country. The latter attempted to stop the progress of the corruption; but his efforts were fruitless. He could neither restrain its progress, nor mitigate its virulence. Thus, sir, the independence of the republic was virtually lost, before Cæsar became a usurper; and, therefore, to say that Cæsar destroyed the independence, or liberty of his country, is to assert that he destroyed a nonentity.



It was happily remarked, that the power of interfering with the tribunes was fatal to the Roman people. Yes, sir, it was fatal. The tribunes ought to have been independent of the people, from the moment of their entering on their office to that of their laying it down. You were told, the people had a right to the direction of their own affairs. Yes, sir, they had a right. We do not dispute that. But it was a right by the abandonment of which they would have been gainers. It was a fatal right, by grasping which, they lost every thing. It was an inconsistent right; for they stood as much in need of being protected from themselves, as of being protected from the nobility. Why does any man put his affairs into the hands of another, but because he cannot manage them so well himself? If he cannot manage them so well himself, why should he interfere with the person to whose conduct he intrusts them? Because he has a right! I know he has; but it is an unfortunate right, for it leaves it in his power to ruin himself, in spite of good counsel and friendship!

Gentlemen talk of what are called the people, as if they were the most enlightened part of the community! Are they the guardians of learning?—or of the arts?—or of the sciences? Do we select counsellors from them?—or judges?—or legislators? Do we inquire among them for rhetoricians?—logicians?—or philosophers?—or, rather, do we not consider them as little cultivated in mind?—little regulated by judgment?—much influenced by prejudice?—greatly subject to caprice!—chiefly governed by passion!—of course, sir, I speak of what are generally called the people—the crowd, the mass of the community. But you ask me for a proof of the bad effects that resulted to the Roman people, from the liberty they possessed, of legislating directly for themselves. Look, sir, to the proceedings of the forum!—What they did, they undid; what they erected, they threw down: they enacted laws, and they repealed them; they elected patriots, and they betrayed them; they humbled tyrants, and they exalted them! You will find, that the great converted the undue power, which the people possessed, into the means of subjugating the people. If they feared a popular leader, it was only necessary to spread by their emissaries a suspicion of his integrity, or set the engine of corruption to

work, upon that frailest of all fortifications, popular stability;—and thus, sir, they carried their point, humbled their honest adversaries, and laughed in the face of the wisest and most salutary laws.

Mr. Chairman, I think that the times in which Cæsar lived, called for, and sanctioned, his usurpation. I think his object was, to extinguish the jealousies of party; to put a stop to the miseries that resulted from them; and to unite his countrymen. I think the divided state of the Roman people exposed them to the danger of a foreign yoke; from which they could be preserved, only by receiving a domestic one. I think that Cæsar was a great man; and I conclude my trial of your patience, with the reply made to Brutus by Statilius, who had once determined to die in Utica with Cato; and by Favonius, an esteemed philosopher of those times. These men were sounded by Brutus, after he had entered into the conspiracy for murdering Cæsar. The former said: he “would rather patiently suffer the oppressions of an arbitrary master, than the cruelties and disorders which generally attend civil dissensions.” The latter declared, that, in his opinion, a “civil war was worse than the most unjust tyranny.”

CHAIRMAN.\*—Gentlemen, I have listened, with the highest gratification, to your debate; and I rise, not so much to attempt any thing like a decision of the subject, by putting it to vote, as to give a brief summary of the arguments advanced on both sides of the question, and venture a few suggestions, embracing my views, as an individual, on the topics under discussion.

The advocates of Cæsar have pleaded his cause with warmth and eloquence. They have done justice to his splendid qualities as a warrior, to the amiable traits of his personal character, to the loftiness of his genius, and its singular versatility. They have shown us the hero in the

\* Mr. Knowles's eloquent debate, having been written for a particular class of his own pupils, contained, in its original form, several personal allusions, inapplicable to other classes. These have been necessarily omitted; and the farther liberty has been taken of adding a concluding address from the Chairman, for the purpose of giving a regular close to the discussion, and a definite view of the question.—It may interest the numerous admirers of the accomplished and lamented elocutionist, Mr. W. H. Simmons, to be informed that his first public appearance, in youth, was as a speaker in this debate, under the tuition of the compiler's father.

battle-field, amid the shock of the encounter. They have not failed to display his consummate generalship, his unparalleled ascendancy over the spirit of his troops, the ardor and certainty with which he ever grasped at victory, and compelled her, as it were, to follow in his footsteps. We have heard of his mastery in the art of oratory. We have been shown the *man*, in his native clemency and generosity; and had his advocates chosen, we might have been reminded that as a scholar, a poet, an astronomer,—let his reform of the calendar testify,—ay, and even, (what is of some moment in these modern days of bridges, viaducts, and rail-roads,) that, as a practical architect and engineer,—witness his ever-memorable bridge over the Rhine,—he surpassed all the eminent names of antiquity. Every noble attribute of character has been justly assigned to him—with the exception of purity of motive.

The respondents in our debate have, accordingly, rested the main stress of their argument on this capital defect in Cæsar's character. They have involved the necessity of pure intention, as the prime element of even political greatness. Tried by this standard, (may I be permitted to say?) Cæsar falls. Dazzled by the prize of universal sovereignty, he rushes to seize it, and feels not, till too late, that, in the act, he has trampled on the prostrate liberty of his country. He would rule his countrymen, for their good, he fondly hopes. But his determination to *rule* is uppermost. For this end he toils, he bleeds, he watches; and woe! to whomsoever shall withstand him. As he strides onward to his object, the sacred claims of country—friendship—consanguinity, are, to him, but as the threads of the gossamer; and we behold, with horror and disgust, a colossal self, erected upon the ruins of a universal desolation.

Reviewing the ground which, in the course of the discussion, we have surveyed, we shall all, I presume, agree in awarding to Cæsar the greatness of the military character. In war, he stands forth the hero. We shall all concede the stupendous character of his genius, as a man of intellect, and a man of action. The transcendent meed of *moral* greatness we cannot accord to him; save in a few detached attributes. His character had not the vital unity of an *unsullied conscience*.

His political greatness was that of a successful partisan, —not of a patriot. If we wish to see his character in its true light, let us place him, for a moment, by the side of our own revered Washington. Can we award the same epithet to both alike? As Americans, we revolt at the idea.—We should consider Washington's name as desecrated by the contact. His motives were purely patriotic,—Cæsar's were personal and selfish.

In a word, it seems to me, that we ought to regard Cæsar as a man of great traits in *intellect* and *action*, but *not* possessed of *true greatness of character*.

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### EXERCISE CIX.

*Scene from King Richard II.—SHAKSPEARE.*

A Room in the Palace.—King Richard, Bolingbroke, and Norfolk.

*Boling.* First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven;—  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live:  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this:  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hushed, and naught at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had returned  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
 Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:  
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;  
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable  
 Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop:  
 By that and all the rights of knighthood, else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;  
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?  
 It must be great, that can inherit us  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true;—

*Boling.* Look,—what I speak my life shall prove it  
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,  
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;  
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge  
 That ever was surveyed by English eye,—  
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
 Complotted and contrived in this land,  
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
 Farther I say,—and farther will maintain  
 Upon his bad life,—to make all this good,—  
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;



Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood :  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice, and rough chastisement ;  
And by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !  
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this ?

*Nor.* Oh ! let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul ;  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest !  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers :  
The other part reserved I by consent ;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—  
I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honorable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,—  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :  
But, ere I last received the sacrament,  
I did confess it, and exactly begged  
Your grace's pardon ; and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault : as for the rest appealed,  
It issues from the rancor of a villain,

A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom :  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me :  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :  
This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed ;  
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—  
Norfolk, throw down ; there is no boot.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame !  
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name  
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)  
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here ;  
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breathed this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :  
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay ;  
A jewel in a ten times barred-up chest.  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honor is my life ; both grow in one.  
Take honor from me, and my life is done :  
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try ;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

*Boling.* O God defend my soul from such foul sin !  
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this outdared dastard ? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue ; but to command :  
 Which, since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day ;  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate ;—  
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—  
 Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms  
 Be ready to direct these home alarms.

### EXERCISE CX.

*Scene from the Merchant of Venice.*—SHAKSPEARE.

Venice—A Street.

[*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*]

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master : the fiend is at mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away :* my conscience says—*No, take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels :* well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ; *via !* says the fiend ; *away !* says the fiend, *for the heavens ; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,*—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not ; budge,* says the fiend ; *budge not,* says my conscience : conscience, say I, you counsel well ; fiend, say I, you counsel well : to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who, (bless the mark ! ) is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself : certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience,

to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

[*Enter old GOBBO, with a basket.*]

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to Master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my own father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not; I will try conclusions with him.

*Gob.* Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning; but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* Sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit.—Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aside*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beseech you; talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, Master Launcelot; talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is deceased, or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, Heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father ?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son : give me your blessing, father : truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; but, in the end truth will out. — I am your son.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up ; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that : but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and, I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, thou art mine own flesh and blood. [*Launcelot here presents the back of his head.*] Worshipped might he be ! what a beard thou hast got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present ; how 'gree you now ?

*Laun.* Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground : my master's a very Jew ; give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as there is any ground. — O rare fortune ! here comes the man ; to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

[*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.*]

*Bass.* See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodgings. [*Exit a servant.*]

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* Heaven bless your worship !



*Bass.* Gramercy ; wouldst thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and long is, I serve the Jew ; and I have a desire, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence !) are scarce cater-cousins :

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall fructify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both ;—What would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit ; Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my Master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well ; go, father, with thy son ;— Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out ;—give him a livery [to his followers. More guarded than his fellows' ; see it done.

[*Exeunt Bassanio, &c.*

*Laun.* Father, in !—I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well ; [looking on his palm,] if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune ; go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives ; and then to 'scape drowning thrice ; here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good girl for this gear. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

## EXERCISE CXI.

*Scene from the Vespers of Palermo.*—MRS. HEMANS.

SCENE.—A Valley, with Vineyards and Cottages.

*Group of Peasants*—PROCIDA, disguised as a Pilgrim, among them.

*First Peasant.* Ay, this was wont to be a festal time  
In days gone by! I can remember well  
The old familiar melodies that rose  
At break of morn, from all our purple hills,  
To welcome in the vintage. Never since  
Hath music seemed so sweet. But the light hearts  
Which to those measures beat so joyously  
Are tamed to stillness now. There is no voice  
Of joy through all the land.

*Second Peasant.* Yes! there are sounds  
Of revelry within the palaces,  
And the fair castles of our ancient lords,  
Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may hear  
From thence the peals of song and laughter rise  
At midnight's deepest hour.

*Third Peasant.* Alas! we sat  
In happier days, so peacefully beneath  
The olives and the vines our fathers reared,  
Encircled by our children, whose quick steps  
Flew by us in the dance! The time hath been  
When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er  
The storm might gather. But this yoke of France  
Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily  
As on the crested chieftain's. We are bowed  
E'en to the earth.

*Peasant's Child.* My father, tell me, when  
Shall the gay dance and song again resound  
Amid our chestnut-woods, as in those days  
Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous tale?

*First Peasant.* When there are light and reckless hearts  
In Sicily's green vales. Alas! my boy, [once more,  
Men meet not to quaff the flowing bowl,  
To hear the mirthful song, and cast aside  
The weight of work-day care:—they meet to speak  
Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper thoughts  
They dare not breathe aloud.

*Procida.* [*From the back-ground.*] Ay, it is well  
So to relieve th' o'erburdened heart, which pants  
Beneath its weight of wrongs ; but better far  
In silence to avenge them !

*Second Peasant.* What deep voice  
Came with that startling tone ?

*First Peasant.* It was our guest's,  
The stranger pilgrim, who hath sojourned here  
Since yestermorn. Good neighbors, mark him well :  
He hath a stately bearing, and an eye  
Whose glance looks through the heart. His mien accords  
Ill with such vestments. How he folds round him  
His pilgrim cloak, e'en as it were a robe  
Of knightly ermine ! That commanding step  
Should have been used in courts and camps to move.  
Mark him !

*Second Peasant.* Nay, rather, mark him not: the times  
Are fearful, and they teach the boldest hearts  
A cautious lesson. What should bring him here ?

*First Peasant.* He spoke of vengeance !

*Second Peasant.* Peace ! we are beset  
By snares on every side ; and we must learn  
In silence and in patience to endure.  
Talk not of vengeance ; for the word is death.

*Procida.* [*Coming forward indignantly.*] The word is  
death ! And what hath life for thee,  
That thou shouldst cling to it thus ? thou abject thing !  
Whose very soul is moulded to the yoke,  
And stamped with servitude. What ! is it life,  
Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice  
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast  
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest e'en then,  
Strangers should catch its echo ?—Is there aught  
In *this* so precious, that thy furrowed cheek  
Is blanched with terror at the passing thought  
Of hazarding some few and evil days,  
Which drag thus poorly on ?

*Peasants.* Away, away !  
Leave us ; for there is danger in thy presence.

*Procida.* Why, what is danger ?—Are there deeper ills  
Than those ye bear thus calmly ? Ye have drained  
The cup of bitterness, till naught remains  
To fear or shrink from—therefore, be ye strong !

Power dwelleth with despair.—Why start ye thus  
 At words which are but echoes of the thoughts  
 Locked in your secret souls?—Full well I know,  
 There is not one among you, but hath nursed  
 Some proud indignant feeling, which doth make  
 One conflict of his life. I know *thy* wrongs,  
 And *thine*—and *thine*;—but if within your breasts  
 There is no chord that vibrates to my voice,  
 Then fare ye well!

*First Peasant.* [*Coming forward.*] No, no! say on, say  
 There are still free and fiery hearts e'en here, [on!  
 That kindle at thy words.

*Second Peasant.* If that indeed  
 Thou hast a hope to give us.

*Procida.* There is hope  
 For all who suffer with indignant thoughts  
 Which work in silent strength. What! think ye Heaven  
 O'erlooks th' opposer, if he bear awhile  
 His crested head on high?—I tell you, no!  
 Th' avenger will not sleep.—It was an hour  
 Of triumph to the conqueror, when our king,  
 Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair morn,  
 On the red scaffold died. Yet not the less  
 Is Justice throned above; and her good time  
 Comes rushing on in storms: that royal blood  
 Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,  
 And hath been heard. The traces of the past  
 Fade in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth Heaven forget.

*First Peasant.* Had we but arms and leaders, we are men  
 Who might earn vengeance yet; but wanting these,  
 What wouldst thou have us do?

*Procida.* Be vigilant!  
 And when the signal wakes the land, arise!  
 The peasant's arm is strong; and there shall be  
 A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye well!

## EXERCISE CXII.

*Successful Attempt to Raise the Wind.*—DICKENS.

Dialogue adapted from Martin Chuzzlewit.

*Speakers.*—Tigg;\* *Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch, apprentices to Pecksniff, the architect; and Mark Tapley, waiter, &c., at the Blue Dragon.*

SCENE.—Mr. Pecksniff's Office:—Martin and Tom, seated at a table; the former drawing, the latter writing accounts.

*Tigg.* [*peeping at the young men in silence, and unobserved by them, for some time before speaking,*] I am not industrious myself, gents both; but I know how to appreciate that quality in others. I wish I may turn gray and ugly, if it isn't, in my opinion, next to genius, one of the very charmingest qualities of the human mind. Upon my soul I am grateful to my friend Pecksniff for helping me to the contemplation of such a delicious picture as you present. You remind me of Whittington, afterward thrice lord-mayor of London. I give you my unsullied word of honor, that you very strongly remind me of that historical character. You are a pair of Whittingtons, gents, without a cat; which is a most agreeable and blessed exception to me; for I am not attached to the feline species. My name is Tigg: how do you do?

You know Chevy Slyme? [*bowing low, and kissing his hand to Martin.*] You will understand me, when I say that I am the accredited agent of Chevy Slyme,—that I am the ambassador from the court of Chiv. Ha! ha!

*Martin.* Heyday! What does he want of me?

*Tigg.* If your name is Pinch—

*Martin.* It is not:—that is Mr. Pinch.

*Tigg.* If that is Mr. Pinch, [*kissing his hand to Tom,*] he will permit me to say that I greatly esteem and respect his character, which has been most highly commended to me by my friend Pecksniff. If that is Mr. Pinch, I will venture to express a hope that I see him well, and that he is suffering no inconvenience from the easterly wind.

*Tom.* Thank you,—I am very well.

*Tigg.* That is a comfort. [*Whispering in Tom's ear, but quite loudly,*] I am come for the letter.

*Tom.* For the letter! What letter?

\* Tigg is, in appearance, a dilapidated dandy, with a profusion of whisker and moustache.



*Tigg.* The letter which my friend Pecksniff addressed to Chevy Slyme, Esquire, and left with you.

*Tom.* He did not leave any letter with me.

*Tigg.* Hush! It's all the same thing,—though not so delicately done by my friend Pecksniff as I could have wished,—the money. [*Nods.*]

*Tom.* The money!

*Tigg.* Exactly so. [*Holding out his hand, and working his fingers.*]

*Tom.* There must be some mistake. I had no such commission whatever.

*Tigg.* Have the goodness to make that statement again.

*Tom.* I had no such commission, I assure you.

*Tigg.* [*Drawing a chair, and sitting down.*] Then, I tell you what it is, gents, both. There is, at this present moment, in this very place, a perfect constellation of talent and genius, who is involved, through what I cannot but designate as the culpable negligence of my friend Pecksniff, in a situation as tremendous, perhaps, as the social intercourse of the nineteenth century will readily admit of. There is actually at this instant, at the Blue Dragon, in this village,—an alehouse, observe,—a common, paltry, low-minded, clodhopping, pipe-smoking alehouse,—an individual, of whom it may be said, in the language of the poet, that nobody but himself can in any way come up to him,—who is detained there for his bill. Ha! ha! for his bill!—I repeat it,—for his bill.

Now we have read of Fox's Book of Martyrs, I believe; and we have heard of the Court of Requests, and the Star Chamber. But I fear the contradiction of no man, alive or dead, when I assert that my friend Chevy Slyme being held in pawn for a bill, beats any amount of cock-fighting with which I am acquainted.

Don't mistake me, gents both. If it had been for any thing but a bill, I could have borne it, and could still have looked upon mankind with some feeling of respect. But when such a man as my friend Slyme is detained for a score,—a thing in itself essentially mean,—a low performance on a slate, or possibly chalked upon the back of a door,—I do feel that there is a screw of such magnitude loose somewhere, that the whole framework of society is shaken, and the very first principles of things can no longer be trusted. In short, gents both, when a man like Slyme

is detained for such a thing as a bill, I reject the superstitions of ages, and believe nothing. I don't even believe that I don't believe.

*Tom.* I am very sorry, I am sure. But Mr. Pecksniff said nothing to me about it; and I could not act without his instructions. Wouldn't it be better, sir, if you were to go to,—to wherever you came from,—yourself, and remit the money to your friend?

*Tigg.* How can that be done, when I am detained, also; and when, moreover, owing to the astounding, and, I must add, guilty negligence of my friend Pecksniff, I have no money for coach-hire?

Come here, [*pointing out,*] you see a fellow down there, in a red waistcoat and no neckcloth?

*Tom.* Of course I do.—That's Mark Tapley, of the Blue Dragon.

*Tigg.* Mark Tapley, is it? Then Mark Tapley had not only the great politeness to follow me to this house, but is waiting now, to see me home again. And for that act of attention, sir, I can tell you that Mark Tapley had better, in his infancy, have been fed to suffocation by Mrs. Tapley, than preserved to this time.

*Tom.* [*Calling to Mark Tapley.*] Come up, Mark! [*Mark enters.*] What's the matter between Mrs. Lupin and this gentleman?

*Mark.* What gentleman, sir? I don't see no gentleman here, sir, excepting you and the new gentleman, [*bowing awkwardly to Martin;*] and there's nothing wrong between Mrs. Lupin and either of you, Mr. Pinch, I'm sure.

*Tom.* Nonsense, Mark!—You see Mr.—

*Tigg.* Tigg. Wait a bit. I shall crush him soon. All in good time.

*Mark.* Oh! *him!*—Yes, I see *him*. I could see him a little better if he'd shave himself, and get his hair cut. [*Tigg shakes his head indignantly, and strikes his chest.*] It's no use. If you knock ever so much in that quarter, you'll get no answer. I know better. There's nothing there but padding; and a greasy sort it is.

*Tom.* Nay, Mark, tell me what I ask you. You're not out of temper, I hope?

*Mark.* [*Laughing.*] Out of temper, sir!—why, no, sir. There's a little credit,—not much,—in being jolly, when

such fellows as him is agoing about like roaring lions: if there is any breed of lions, at least, as is all roar and mane.—What is there between him and Mrs. Lupin, sir? Why, there's a score between him and Mrs. Lupin. And I think Mrs. Lupin lets him and his friend off very easy, in not charging 'em double price for being a disgrace to the Dragon. That's my opinion. I would not have any such Peter the Wild Boy as him in my house, sir, not if I was paid race-week prices for it. He's enough to turn the very beer in the casks sour with his looks: he is: so he would, if it had judgment enough.

*Tom.* You're not answering my question, you know, Mark.

*Mark.* Well, sir, I don't know as there's much to answer, farther than that. Him and his friend goes and stops at the Moon and Stars, till they've run a bill there; and then comes and stops with us, and does the same. The running of bills is common enough, Mr. Pinch. It isn't that we object to: it's the ways of this chap. Nothing's good enough for him: all the women is dying for him, he thinks, and is overpaid if he winks at 'em; and all the men was made to be ordered about by him. This not being aggravation enough, he says this morning to me, in his usual captivating way, "We're going to-night, my man."—"Are you, sir?" says I. "Perhaps you'd like the bill got ready, sir?" "Oh! no, my man," says he: "you needn't mind that: I'll give Pecksniff orders to see to that."—In reply to which the Dragon makes answer, "Thankee, sir; you're very kind to honor us so far. But as we don't know any particular good of you, and you don't travel with luggage, and Mr. Pecksniff ain't at home, (which, perhaps, you mayn't happen to be aware of, sir,) we should prefer something more satisfactory;"—and that's where the matter stands. And I ask any lady or gentleman, possessing ordinary strength of mind, to say whether he's a disagreeable-looking chap or not.

*Martin.* [*Interrupting Tigg, who is going to burst out upon Mark.*] Let me inquire what the amount of this debt may be?

*Mark.* In point of money, sir, very little. Only just turned of three pounds. But it isn't that: it's the—

*Martin.* Yes, yes; you told us so before,—Pinch,—a word with you.

*Tom.* What is it? [*Drawing close to Martin, who retires to a corner.*]

*Martin.* Why, simply,—I am ashamed to say,—that this Mr. Slyme is a relation of mine, of whom I never heard any thing pleasant; and that I don't want him here, just now, and think he would be cheaply got rid of, perhaps, for three or four pounds. You haven't enough money to pay this bill, I suppose? [*Tom shakes his head.*] That's unfortunate, for I am poor, too; and in case you'd had it, I'd have borrowed it of you. But if we told this landlady we would see her paid, I suppose that would answer the same purpose..

*Tom.* Oh! dear, yes. She knows me.

*Martin.* Then let us go down at once, and tell her so; for the sooner we are rid of their company the better. As you have conducted the conversation with this gentleman, hitherto, perhaps you'll tell him what we purpose doing; will you?

*Tom.* Certainly.—Mark, we'll satisfy Mrs. Lupin about this account. [*Mark nods and retires.*]

*Tigg.* [*Seizing Tom by both hands, and shaking them long and warmly.*] I assure you, sir, that my faith in any thing and every thing is again restored. It is not so much for the temporary relief of this assistance that I prize it, as for its vindication of the high principle, that Nature's nobles feel with Nature's nobles; and that true greatness of soul sympathizes with true greatness of soul, all the world over. It proves to me that, like me, you admire genius, even when it is coupled with the alloy occasionally visible in the metal of my friend Slyme; and, on behalf of that friend, I thank you, as warmly and heartily as if the cause were my own.

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### EXERCISE CXIII.

*The Alehouse Orator.—Anon.*

SCENE.—An Alehouse.—Mr. Rogers, Grocer, Broker, &c.

*Mr. R.* [*entering, followed by the rest.*] I tell you it is so. Grocer. Very extraordinary!

*Mr. R.* Not at all extraordinary, not at all. Why is it extraordinary? Why should it be extraordinary? Prove it to be extraordinary.

*Grocer.* Oh! if you come to that,—

*Mr. R.* Come to that! but we must come to that. We stand, in these times, upon a calm elevation of intellectual attainment, and not in the dark recesses of mental deprivation. Proof is what I require; *proof*, and not assertions, in these stirring times. Every gen'lem'n that knows me, knows what was the nature and effect of my observations, when it was in the contemplation of the Old Street Suburban Representative Discovery Society, to recommend a candidate for that place in Cornwall—I forget the name of it. “Mr. Snobee,” said Mr. Wilson, “is a fit and proper person to represent the borough in Parliament.” “Prove it,” says I. “He is a friend to reform,” says Mr. Wilson. “Prove it,” says I. “The abolitionist of the national debt—the unflinching opponent of pensions—the uncompromising advocate of the negro—the reducer of sinecures, and of the duration of Parliament—the extender of nothing but the suffrages of the people;” says Mr. Wilson. “Prove it,” says I. “His acts prove it,” says he. “Prove them,” says I. And he could not prove them; and the borough didn't have him; and if you carried this principle to the full extent, you'd have no debt, no pensions, no sinecures, no negroes, no nothing. And then, standing upon an elevation of intellectual attainment, and having reached the summit of popular prosperity, you might bid defiance to the nations of the earth, and erect yourselves into the proud confidence of wisdom and superiority. This is my argument; and if I was a member of the House of Commons to-morrow, I'd make them shake in their shoes with it.

*Grocer.* Well, I always do say, that of all the gentlemen I have the pleasure of meeting in this room, there is not one whose conversation I like to hear so much as Mr. Rogers's, or is such improving company.

*Mr. R.* Improving company! you may well say I'm improving company; for I've improved you all to some purpose; though, as to my conversation being, as my friend, Mr. Ellis, here, describes it, that is not for me to say any thing about. You, gentlemen, are the best judges upon that point. But this I will say, when I first came into this parish, and first used this room, ten years ago, I don't believe there was one man in it who knew he was a slave, and now you all know it, and *writhe*



under it. Inscribe *that* upon my tomb, and I'm satisfied.

*Grocer.* Why, as to inscribing it on your tomb, of course, you can have any thing chalked up as you like to pay for; so far as relates to yourself, and your affairs; but when you come to talk about slaves, and that there gammon, you'd better keep in the family: 'cos I, for one, don't like to be called them names night after night.

*Mr. R.* You *are* a slave, and the most pitiable of all slaves.

*Grocer.* Very hard if I am; for I got no good out of the twenty millions that was paid for 'mancipation, anyhow.

*Mr. R.* A willing slave; resigning the dearest birth-rights of your children; neglecting the sacred call of Liberty, who stands imploringly before you, appeals to the warmest feelings of your heart, and points to your helpless infants,—but in vain.

*Grocer.* Prove it!

*Mr. R.* Prove it! What! bending beneath the yoke of an insolent and factious oligarchy; bowed down by cruel laws; groaning beneath tyranny and oppression on every hand, on every side, and in every corner! "Prove it!"

*Broker.* Ah! to be sure, Mr. Rogers; ah! to be sure; that's the point!

*All.* Of course, of course!

*Broker.* You had better let him alone, Tommy; he can tell what's o'clock, by an eight-day, without looking at the minute hand, he can. Try it on some other suit; it won't do with him, Tommy.

*Mr. R.* What's a man? What's an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon by every oppressor? Is he to be knocked down at every body's bidding?—What's freedom? Not a standing army.—What's a standing army? Not freedom.—What's general happiness? Not universal misery.—Liberty ain't the window tax, is it?—The lords ain't the people, are they? Answer me that. *Prove that!* But I scorn to throw away my words on a set of men who are willing to be the victims of an aristocratical, tyrannical, usurping, overbearing—

[*Exit Mr. R.*

*All but Grocer.* Wonderful man! Splendid speaker!

*All as before.* Great power!

*Gro.* Ay! But he didn't "PROVE it," though, for all that.

## EXERCISE CXIV.

"*Excelsior*."\*—LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
    "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
    "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
    "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
    "Excelsior!"

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"—  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
    "Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;—  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
    "Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
    "Excelsior!"

\* Higher!

A traveller,—by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
“Excelsior!”

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,—  
“Excelsior!”

THE END.



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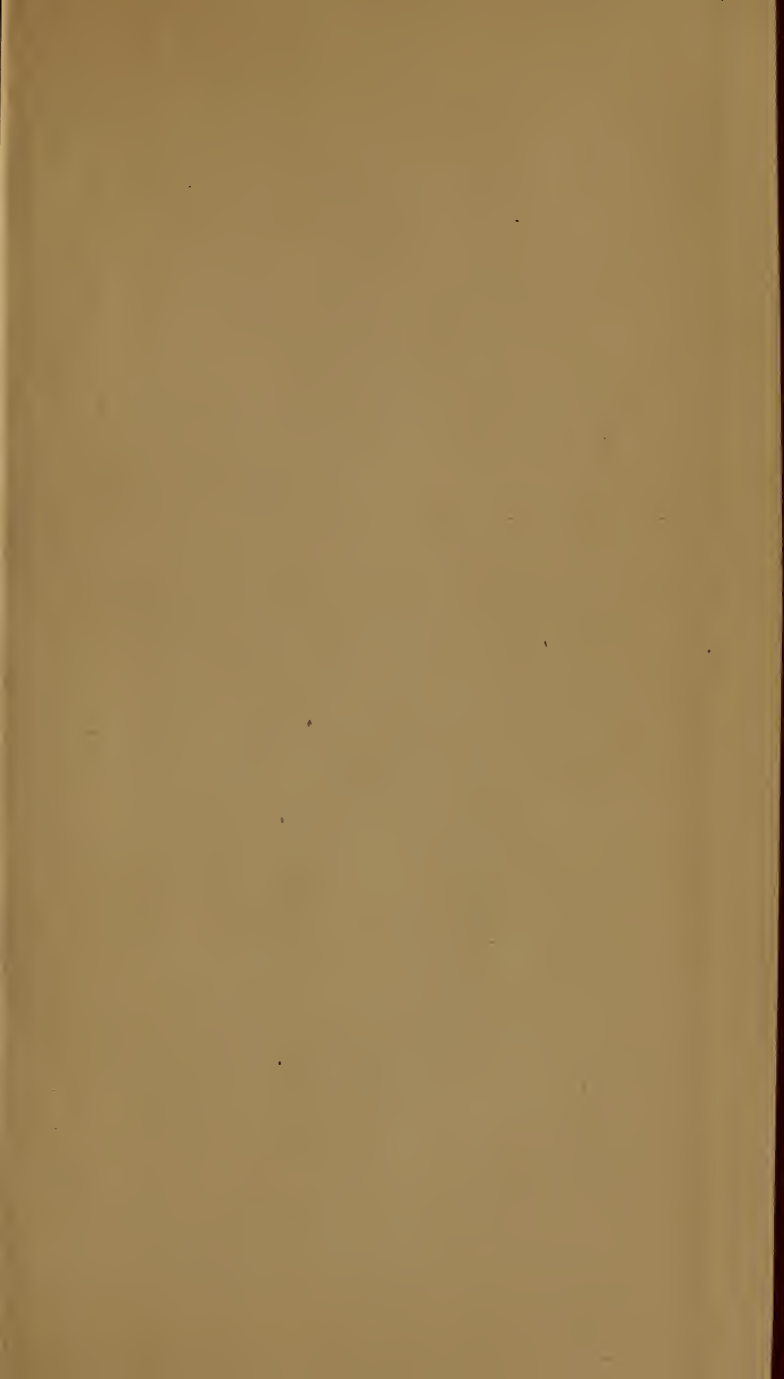


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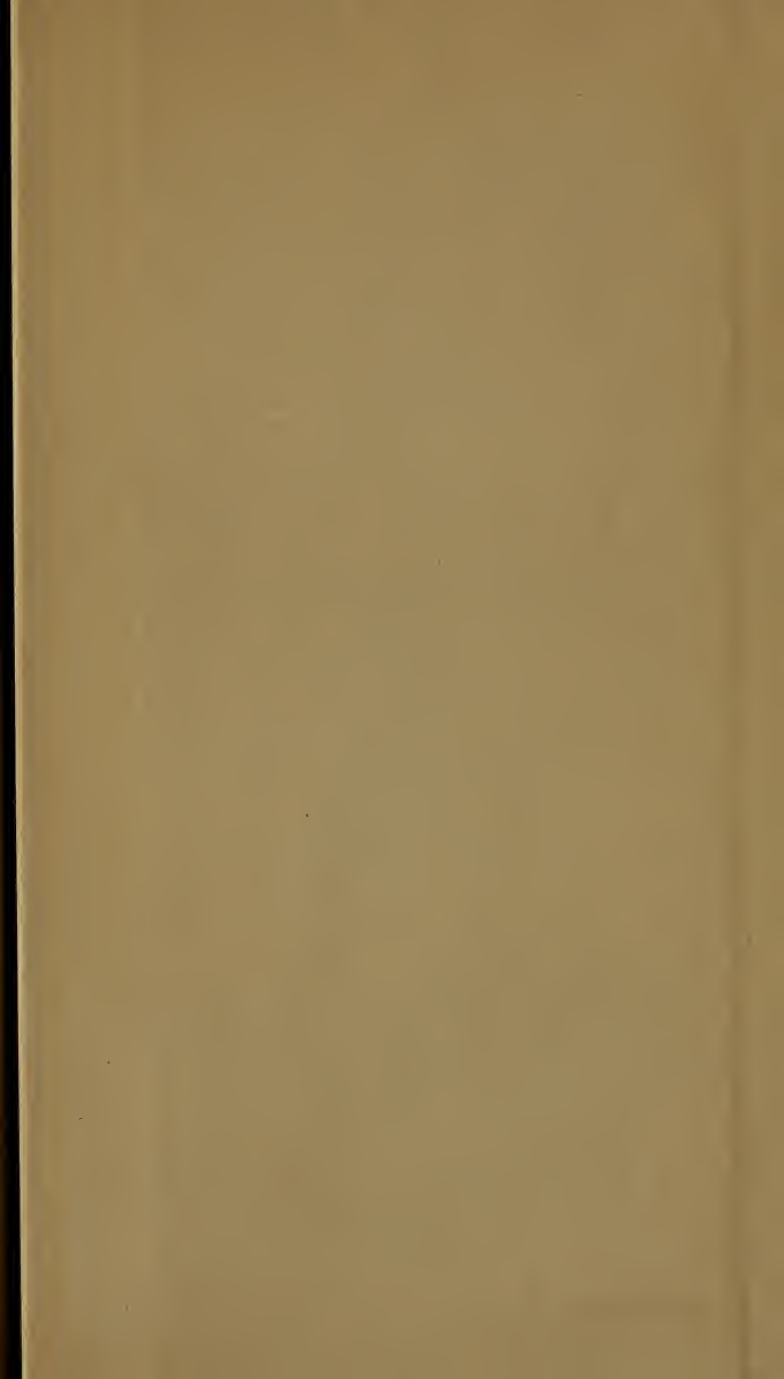


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